

issue #24

heartbreak

50¢

heartattack

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distribution

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- #3-#6, #11, & #15-#16 the usual shit
- #17 interview with 'zine editors
- #18 the sex issue
- #19 1997 Poll results
- #20 DIY issue
- #21 response to the DIY issue
- #22 The Women's issue part 1 of 2
- #23 The Women's issue part 2 of 2

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

COMPUTER INFO: *Heartattack* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

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STORES

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DEADLINES: *Heartattack* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st	:	April 1st
July 1st	:	October 1st

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Kent "Ruff!! Ruff!!! Grrrr!!!" McClard
Lisa "I'm not surprised by that." Oglesby
Leslie "The points don't matter?" Kahan

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS:
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CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *Heartattack* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

COVER PHOTOS: Serene photo by ???

CONTRIBUTE!

Heartattack is an open forum. If you would like to contribute a column, letter, artwork, article or interview then please feel free. We do of course reserve the right to reject anything for any reason, but to be honest we rarely end up rejecting anything. Don't wait around for us to ask. If you feel that you have something worth contributing then just do it already.



A Food Not Bombs/Local Unions demo against poloitician Loyde Axeworthy (humanitarian of the year according to the "Binia Brith")



JOHN WAYNE

John Wayne was a Nazi. He liked to play SS. Kept a picture of Adolf tucked in his cowboy vest. Sure he would string up your mother. Sure he would torture your pa. Sure he would march you up to the wall. Sure he would hang you by your last ball.

He was a Nazi. But not anymore.
He was a Nazi. Life evens the score.

John Wayne slaughtered our Indian brothers. Burned their villages and raped their mothers. Now he has given them the white man's lord. Live by this, or die by my sword.

John Wayne killed a lot of gooks in the war. We don't give a fuck about John anymore. We all heard his tale of blood and gore. Just another pawn for the capitalist whore.

John Wayne wore an army uniform. Didn't like us reds and fags that didn't conform. Great white hero had so much nerve. Lived much longer than he deserved.

Late show Indian or Mexican dies. Klan propaganda legitimized. Hypocrite coward never fought a real fight. When I see John I am ashamed to be white. Death bed Christian of this you avowed. If God's alive, you're roastin' now. Well, John, we got no regrets. As long as you died a long and painful death.

CORPORATE DEATHBURGER

Ronald laughs as millions starve and profits ever increase. Your stenching farts as they smile. They say they try to please. Plastic chairs and fake shakes to help it all go down. Polluting your children with their lies and trying to destroy your mind.

Corporate deathburger, Ronald McDonald. Golden arches and Ronald smiles.

Change from your five, ankles deep in blood. Make it your career, sell billions every year.

Ronald laughs as billions starve and profits ever increase. Feeding all your grain to cows. Dead children rest in peace. The stench of humans rotting. Smells just like fish filet. Your sign forgets to mention 50,000 starved today.

Change from your five. Torture camp for cows. Slaughter and starvation from death corporation.

You say you're Christians but you're a fake. Multinationals on the take. Starving children deserve a break today.

—M.D.C.

The first time I heard "John Wayne Was A Nazi" I was completely blown away. There was nothing subtle about M.D.C.'s message. They attacked the very structure of our society with a clarity and viciousness that was simply mind blowing. Every song was a lesson. They held nothing back and made no apologies. They let me see my world in a way I had never understood before. I could not escape their message, and I would never be able to forget what they had shown me. They were shocking and terrifying and radical in a very real sense. They were terrorists attacking the American way of life. They turned the American Dream upside down and exposed the dark underbelly of a society grown fat on death and deceit. M.D.C. made me into a vegetarian and they forever altered the way I would look at corporations and the police state that protects the wealth of these corporations from the masses that have been transformed from human beings into consumers.

For several years I have felt alienated by punk rock and hardcore. I became interested in this music because I felt alienated by society. Something didn't fit. Some part of me felt lost in a world I didn't understand and had not created. Punk spoke to me. The minute I discovered it I was fascinated by the intensity and by the jarring brutality of the message. Punk and hardcore were bombs being dropped on the world. It was pure rebellion. Pure angst and dissatisfaction. It was enlightening, scary, and it was a lot of fun. It has taken me years to understand the complexities of some of the ideas that were spawned in my brain because of punk rock. I still feel alienation and dissatisfaction with this world, and now, for instance, I truly understand what "Property Is Theft" means. After thirty-two years of life I have not once been anything but a trespasser. I have lived my entire life on other people's property. I am not an owner. I am a renter. I have worked full time for the last eight years of my life so that I could pay them for the right to have a place to sleep, for the right to have a place to cook my dinner, for the right to exist.

I may well "own" Ebullition, but the cold hard truth is that I own nothing of value. If tomorrow I fall down the stairs on the way out of "my" apartment and break my neck and end up paralyzed then I will lose everything because I make a living by doing physical work. I am a worker. And if I stop working then I lose my life. I am truly just moments away from being homeless. In contrast, the people that own this society are free to work or play. It matters not what they do. They can do virtually nothing for as long as they live and they will always be wealthy. The American Dream is such a sham. The vast majority of wealth in this country was not acquired through hard work, or ingenuity, but rather it was stolen from the very blood of those that lived here before Europeans came and declared this land as their land. You walk into a bank with a loaded gun and demand that the Bank Of America give you all their money and the police state hunts you down and either shoots you dead or locks you in prison. But every dollar that is locked away in the Bank Of America was stolen by a country that stole the land and labor and lives of those that lived here before us. And then this country of thieves went to other lands and looted the resources and enslaved the people so that

America could amass wealth to store in the banks of America. This isn't just the story of America. It is the story of all human history. Wealth doesn't just appear out of nowhere. It is taken. In order for one man to be a billionaire millions of others must give something up.

If it was up to me I would redistribute the world's wealth evenly to every person on the planet. I have nothing to lose and everything to gain. America is said to be a democracy, but the truth is that when the Constitution was designed the rich white men that created it wanted to make sure that their wealth would be protected from the whims of the masses. Their fear was that the masses would vote to redistribute their wealth. So they created a system of checks and balances in order to protect the wealthy few from the will of the majority. In a pure democracy there would be no inequality because the people would periodically vote to redistribute the wealth. If put to a vote, would the masses A) vote to redistribute Bill Gates' billions in wealth, or would they B) vote to let Bill Gates keep his wealth because he earned it? My vote is on A. But that will never be put to a vote because we live in a society designed to protect the owners from the consumers. The police state doesn't exist to enforce justice, it exists to protect the rich. The crime is that Bill Gates can be worth over a billion dollars while people in his own city are homeless and hungry.

But what does this have to do with my alienation with punk rock and hardcore? Everything. Sometimes I wonder if I have lost my vision, my anger, my angst. When I find myself bored at almost every gig I go to I start to think that maybe it is me. Maybe I am getting old, and maybe I am jaded, and maybe I just don't care. Fuck that. I am still on fire. I still get angry. I am still at war with this society. In fact my discontent is more potent than ever.

A few weeks ago I was looking for something to listen to and I came across my M.D.C. discography CD. I put it on, and I was once again shocked and amazed. It was so intense and so angry and so revolutionary. I was almost embarrassed by how radical it was. I felt as though I could be arrested for blaring such discontent into the air. It was just as real and just as true as ever. It made me angry just as it did fifteen years ago.

I love punk rock and I love hardcore, but I am bored and disinterested in the vast majority of the drivel that is called "hardcore" today. I used to think that punk would be destroyed by the mainstream as the suits and ties that own the world finally figured out a way to market the discontent and sell it back to us for a tidy profit. They tried, and they are still trying every day. But the biggest destructive force to the radical intent of the punk movement has come from within the scene itself. In the '80s we called it "college rock" and over the years it was called "alternative" and then "indie rock" and now it is called "emo."

I don't care what punk rock sounds like. I simply don't care. What I care about is the intent and the content. The purpose. My problem with hardcore today is that the vast majority of it is vacuous nothingness. It is all about art and nothing about angst.

Emo was born in the mid to late '80s in Washington, DC with bands like Rites Of Spring, Embrace, Beefeater, Ignition, and later it would

be carried on by bands like Verbal Assault, Still Life, Jones Very. Embrace was just as intense as M.D.C. ever was. "Do Not Consider Yourself Free" was the first song that ever made me cry. Embrace took the discontent that had been created by the political anger of M.D.C., Dead Kennedys, D.R.I., and hundreds of other hardcore bands and transformed this anger into pain. They made it personal. Embrace looked at the painful reality of the world and tried to make it personal. The music was softer and over the years it became more and more polished, but the content remained. The angst was transformed but it was never lost.

Today what is called "emo" and ultimately a lot of what is called "hardcore" has no content, no message, no angst what so ever. The most common form of emotion that is displayed by most bands today is love and happiness. Smile and be happy. The world is a beautiful place and we should all get along and rock out and have fun. Most of these bands are offering the same version of life that NBC offers on Friday nights with their family orientated sitcoms.

So I go to shows now and I see band after band playing music. Rarely am I challenged or threatened. Instead I am bored by kids trying to rock me. And I am not blaming anyone. People are going to do what they want to do and I support their ability to do whatever it is that they want to do. But it doesn't mean that I have to enjoy it. Doing reviews for *Heartattack* is the same painful process. I have heard it all before. Even the bands that have political lyrics often just regurgitate the same old party line in such a benign way; even the bands with creative things to say often sing in the most distorted styles preventing anyone from having any fucking idea what they are talking about unless you happen to be reading their lyric sheet (if there is a lyric sheet to read, of course). Everything, at some point, becomes form over function.

And then there are the hordes of mosh metal bands and youth crew bands with their carbon copied lyrics about how you shouldn't backstab your friends, or how friendship is forever, followed by the straight up metal bands with their so-called "evil" religious metaphors. I didn't embark on my seventeen years of straight edge because I was shown the light by some twit singing about how friendship is forever and the beat down he will dish out to the ones that betray him. And I certainly didn't get involved in hardcore to get in touch with my demonic side or to have biblical sounding mouth diarrhea spewed at me.

Honestly I think that I could write five or six stock reviews and then just substitute the names and use those for the vast majority of the stuff I review. Really, sometimes I just feel like this stuff is being churned out by a computer somewhere that has been programmed to create bands based on a fixed set of rules for band creation.

Add to that a million pop punk bands with lyrics that are about as interesting as a trip to the dentist, and you are left with an entire scene of nothingness. And I make no claim that every band should be stark raving mad with political content. And I am not opposed to personal lyrics and messages about daily life, but I require some contact. Some point of ignition where the music and words reach out and incite a response from

me. I want the human experience.

Last week in Los Angeles a fifty year old man killed a teenager with a .357 magnum because the kid took a plastic pumpkin from his yard. This year two kids walked into a high school with some guns and killed a bunch of their fellow students. Last year a black man was dragged to death behind a truck by some white guys in Texas. A gay kid was killed in Wyoming when some straight kids strapped him to a fence and beat him to death. This week Martha Stewart made 1.2 billion dollars when her company's stock went public. She made 1.2 billion dollars while people went hungry and were without homes. This week in your town someone was murdered and someone was raped and someone went to jail because they wanted to "steal" something from someone better off than them.

This year a corporate giant like Target, or Walmart, or K-Mart will open up a new franchise in your town and force locally owned businesses to shut their doors; taking away people's jobs and funneling all of the local community's money back to some corporate office in some far away place so that they can open yet another outlet to drive more locally owned businesses under and take away more jobs and make more money so they can open another franchise. Like some great cancer corporations are slowly but surely putting all the world's resources into the hands of the few. You think inequality can't get any worse? Someday there won't be any countries or regional differences or local flavor because someday corporations will own everything and every place will be exactly the same as every other place with the same McDonald's and Duncan Donuts and Taco Bell and Walmart and 7-11 and Circle K. You think the government sucks? Wait till you are owned by the corporations. Instead of being a citizen of the United States Of America, or Great Britain, or Brazil you will be a citizen of Coca-Cola, PepsiCo., Microsoft, or Disney. Do you think that at some point corporations will think to themselves, "Hey, I think I am big enough now. I'll leave a little for the next fellow."

And in the big picture of life on Earth the environment is being wasted by the rich and powerful so that some corporation can make that much more money. In Serbia a people divided by hate and racism kill and rape each other, and the US along with the UN goes in and drops bombs on them in order to resolve the problem. Billions of dollars of bombs were dropped and people were killed. Those bombs were made with our tax dollars just like the countless guns and bullets that are given away by our government to foreign groups in order to assure our way of freedom and liberty by destabilizing third world countries, killing protesters, and striking fear into the hearts of anyone that dares to dream of a better life.

But what does the average hardcore band have to say? Nothing.

To be fair, I realize that there are lots of bands today that do have great things to say, and I realize that there are lots of people out there with great hearts and minds. And I also realize that there were morons involved in hardcore-way back when, and sure enough there were a ton of shitty bands with nothing better to do then make

a racket. I am not so dense or so egotistical to believe that it was so much better then or that it is so much worse now. And to be honest I don't expect anyone to live up to my expectations because I sure as hell don't plan to live up to anyone's expectations of me. Life is short and it goes by quick and the end is always closer than we might expect. I don't know right from wrong, and I don't wish to tell anyone what to do or how to think. I simply want to express my disinterest and frustration. I don't expect anyone to change simply because I wrote some whining diatribe in these pages.

We live in a world that can be incredibly harsh and hard. We live in a world that can be unfair and very unjust. And the vast majority of us live in a world that we do not control nor own. Hardcore however is ours, at least for the time being. It can be anything we want. If you like using it to preen and rock out and to dull your senses then by all means have a nice party. But in my opinion hardcore has no finer moment than when it expresses the human experience. Sometimes that does indeed mean expressing feelings of love, joy and happiness, but also rage, frustration, confusion, angst, fear, alienation, compassion and anger.

In no way is any of this meant as an attack on music. It is an attack on content, or more appropriately, the lack of content. I don't care what you like your hardcore to sound like. I just don't care. What I don't understand is where did the rage go? Where did the anger and angst and idealism go? What happened to the ideas? What happened to the emotion? Hardcore has and always will be a way of life to me. It has never and never will be an anesthetic. If I want to tune out and forget about life then I can always watch television. I want music to touch my soul, to inspire my heart, to stimulate my mind, to feed my passion for life, to revitalize me. Maybe I am out of touch, but most bands today do nothing for me. And maybe your life is enriched by these same bands. I don't know. Right now I feel alienated by the very music that I turned to when I felt alienated by the outer world. And so I lash out. —Kent

"I didn't want to see people hurting people, but I refuse to close my eyes. So in front of me I see ugly people seething and believing ugly lies. And yes, of course, I'm scared of being hurt and yes, of course, I'm scared of being wrong but at the same time my silence will convict me and the evil will carry on. If I can

do some good, I want to do it. If I have a choice, I want to make it. It's my responsibility that life lives, selfishness gives, and death becomes natural. So you can stay cool behind your window and choose the view you want to see but as long as there are others held captive then do not consider yourself free." —Embrace

"Say I should shut my mouth. Make me quit my thoughts. Can't stop me from thinking about the hope I had. Property is theft. Property is theft. This was just another day. Hear what they have to say. Why should they want to stop the youth. Maybe its because we know the truth. Money runs the world. God the only way. Don't think you can win, because they'll just make you pay. Property is theft. Property is theft." —T.S.O.L.

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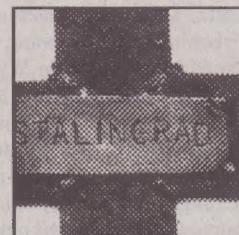
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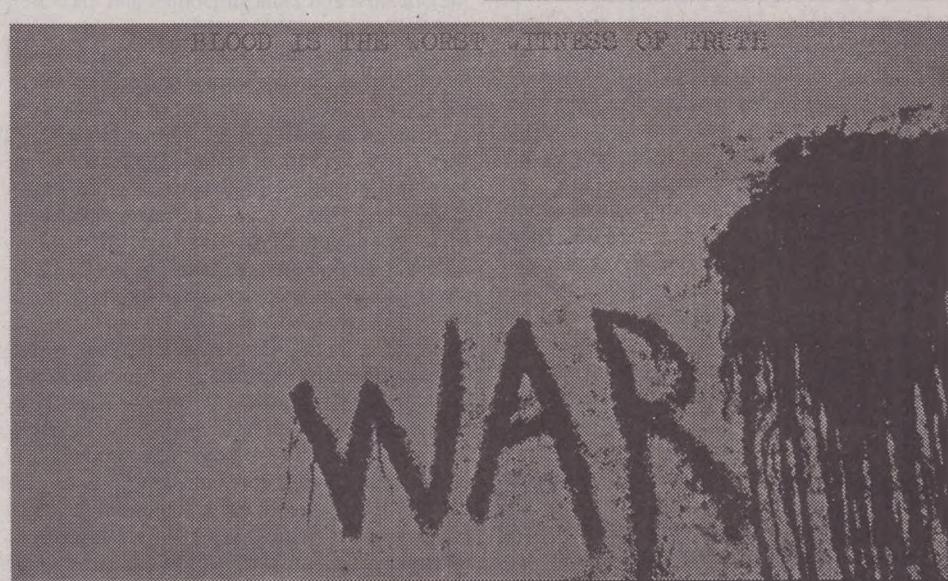
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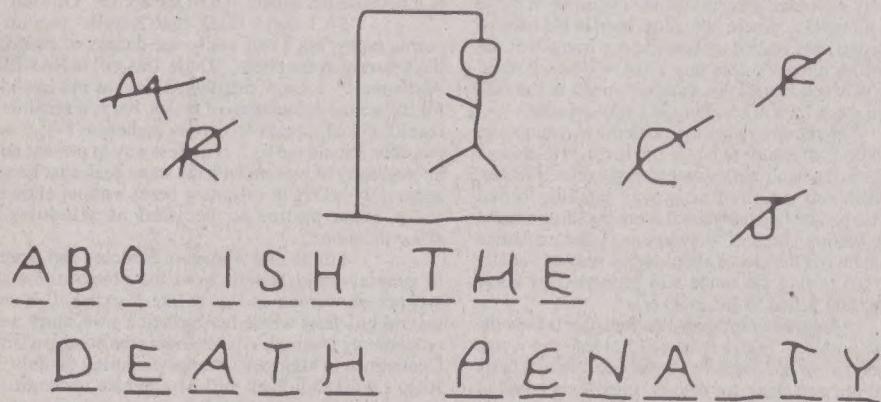
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HeartattaCk,

I'm writing in response to a letter by Matt in the Bastard in HaC #23 since, for the most part, I am the subject of that letter. Unfortunately, this is not as well written as I would like it to be since I kind of had to hurry in hopes of getting it submitted for #24. It is,

however, as sincere and honest as I can make it.

Regrettably, most of Matt's letter about my relationship with Alison and the way I have dealt with him is true. Alison and I did have an unhealthy relationship that was occasionally abusive. We argued often and intensely which, sadly, is a common trait amongst my relationships. I know that I am difficult to get along with on a daily basis, even in an intimate context. I suppose it's because sometimes I have a hard time seeing the other person's point of view initially. This is my fault. What was different with this relationship between Alison and I, was that our arguments, when particularly bad, would degenerate into us not listening to each other and just yelling and screaming and sometimes getting violent with each other.

This brings me to something I want to say, although I feel it's pretty worthless and petty for wanting to, and this will all probably come across as me being defensive. Maybe I am being defensive. I don't know.

The thing is that we were both abusive to each other. We had both called each other names, hit each other, and thrown things at each other among other

Also, I don't know how much can really be expected from the punk scene. Should everyone have gotten together and beaten me up? I think the scene is imperfect and I don't think there is anything anyone could do but talk to me. I have discussed all of this with just about everyone I know and I have also shown everyone Matt and Alison's account of events in the restraining order they have against me. So everyone knows their side of the story, too.

I'm not proud of the way things have turned out at all, but I have nothing to hide either. I'm just trying to accept responsibility for everything I've done. I've made a lot of mistakes over the last few years and I would like to apologize to anyone I have wronged or hurt. This includes Matt, Alison, Austin, Ami, Melanie and the rest of the Fairfield scene.

—Vernon Hadley/115 Del Norte Court
Fairfield, CA 94533-2216

HaC and readers,

This is kind of late, but I'm writing to follow-up on a letter in #21 about an incident at the Converge/Today Is The Day show in Boston last summer (98). In that letter Luke described how a young girl was beaten up by a man at the show, an event that thankfully never took place. It turns out he just got his facts screwed up about an incident that, though not quite as dramatic as he thought, was still pretty fucked up.

I've put this response off a long time, and

happened, even if it wasn't the worst case scenario. We were all starting to feel responsible too. There's not a lot of solace to be found in taking a stand when all it gets you is a trip to the E.R. and another medical bill to deal with.

So, this letter is getting long despite my best intent. I've put most of this behind me now. I still believe in HC/punk and I'm not gonna be beaten down. Maybe I'm a bit more jaded, though. I look at these exponentially growing throngs of kickboxing boys on testosterone highs and wonder how many more innocent people will be brutalized, and how many will stand by and accept violent attitudes and people until it happens to them—but I feel vindicated by all the support I've gotten from people in Boston in the aftermath. So in closing I'd like to thank all those people who were there for us that night and afterwards and everyone who takes a stand against macho bullshit.

Thanks,

—Jeff; XpassingphaseX@yahoo.com

HeartattaCk,

I just finished reading issue #22, the first half of the "women's issue." I want to congratulate Lisa, Kent and Leslie for the outstanding job on this issue. I'm sure you'll get a ton of letters about the same things I'm going to write about, so I'll try not to be redundant.

First, just like most of the other people who read #22, I wish that every issue could be a women's issue. But what makes any cultural product a "women's" product? What percentage of the people who produce something have to be women in order to make it a women's product? If a 'zine is produced by two guys who have a sizable percentage of female columnists, is that a women's 'zine? If a 'zine is created almost entirely by men but read almost entirely by women, is that a women's 'zine? What if it's created almost entirely by women but read equally by women and men? The point is this: people will inevitably say that they wish every issue could be a women's issue, but what does that mean?

Second, I predict that you'll receive a lot of letters about the photo by Kandis in the middle of the women's columns. I think that a lot of the letters may accuse HeartattaCk of peddling pornography, degrading women, etc. Personally, I thought it was brave and daring and necessary for HeartattaCk to run something like that. If Kandis is the subject of the photo as well as the photographer, how could that possibly be exploitation or degradation, especially considering that the point of the piece was celebration of masturbation and sexuality? Does anybody think that the photo of Daryl Vocat which runs in every single issue is pornography? Is it because he's a guy? Is it because the photo is nonsexual (which is open to interpretation)? Is it because it's small? All of the above? Or what?

So I don't think that Kandis' picture is pornography, but I can easily see dozens of hardcore boys staring at the photo: "Dude, this girl is NAKED!! Awesome!!" I know that the photo was not intended for the sexual stimulation of males, but is it possible to restrict visual images to certain audiences? If it was possible, should we try? Is there a way to present nude photography of women with the same goals that Kandis apparently had (I'm assuming here) without allowing those same photos to be used as windows of objectification?

I think that women in hardcore and women in general could benefit from the observations and artwork of women and girls like Kandis. I've seen several girl-fests where masturbation workshops were prominently featured. (I'm attending the Southern Girls' Conference in Memphis, Tennessee during the July 31/Aug. 1 weekend; there will be a female masturbation workshop there, too.) I think that women would benefit from demystifying sex and masturbation and their bodies in such a way that would empower them instead of oppressing them. But again, how can women present this information to each other without permitting it to collapse into the same old cycle of objectification/exploitation which plagues any mediated vision of nudity? For example, there is a women-produced video about female ejaculation out there (I think Good Vibrations carries it) that I'm sure has been viewed by many horny men in addition to many curious women.

Third: why are men so threatened by women's spaces? I can't tell you how many fests and conferences I've been to where some guy gets all pouty

L, E, T, T, E, R, S,

things. It was not one sided. That it was both of us is something I feel didn't come across in Matt's letter which obviously, due to the present nature of his relationship with Alison I can hardly hold him accountable for.

I'm not trying to place the blame on her or take any of it away from me or even say that it's all right since we both abused each other. What I'm saying is that we are both responsible for the failure of our relationship and the things we have done to each other. I don't think the fact that it was both of us makes me look any better and I'm still guilty of what I did.

I would like to say that I appreciate and respect Matt's decision to not go into the details of Alison's relationship with me and to only write about the incidents he was involved in that were relevant to the topic he was discussing. He's right, he was not there when Alison and I were together and doesn't know what really happened between us.

That said, for the most part I agree with his account of the two fights with him and the third one I tried to start. There is only one thing I dispute and that is that I did not throw Alison to the ground. We did shove each other once, though; Matt's police report even says this. I know this doesn't make me look any better but I'm just trying to tell the truth. All three times I saw them together I felt a tremendous amount of jealousy. Matt was able to have a healthy relationship with Alison and make her much happier than I could and that fucking hurt. I was selfish and not able to control my emotions which made me feel like a pathetic piece of shit and made me even more angry and I took it out on him. I'm sorry.

I don't blame them for taking legal action. I can see that I really didn't leave them with any other choice (although at the time I was less than thrilled about it) and actually due to the legal action I ended up in an anger management class that I feel I have learned quite a lot from.

As for the local scene and how it should have acted, I don't know. I am not the voice for this scene and I can only speak for myself. I can say that the scene here consists of about ten people, half of which live in the same house and at the time all of this happened, my best friend and also my then girlfriend lived there and I was always there, so it would have been uncomfortable for them to be there. Maybe that can explain some of the feelings they have of being ostracized.

I'm finally getting it done because Luke's letter was misleading in a few respects that, as you will see, are important to me. I have decided not to describe all the gory details (which I've gotten pretty good at by now), mostly in the interest of brevity. Basically, two muscle-bound men were making everyone at that show feel uncomfortable and had already been in a few fights. A girl got hurt thanks to their "dancing," her sister reacted by kicking the meathead who did it, and he came incredibly close to punching her in the face.

Probably the only reason he didn't was that the crowd separated them. This is basically the reason for this letter—Luke stated in his letter that the crowd did nothing while a girl was beaten up; in fact the opposite was true. Because some kids put their bodies in the way a disaster was prevented. I was one of those bodies, though I got there late; I had been in the back of the club and only rushed up because my friend was the intended recipient of this guy's fist. While I stood silently between them I got a sucker-punch in the face from the guy's friend, resulting in a broken nose.

Ironically, rather than kick the two thugs out, the Middle East bouncer made US leave. He shoved ten bucks in my hand and told me to make myself scarce, meanwhile my swollen nose was gushing blood everywhere. The two meatheads were parading around the club yelling "faggot" at everyone (Luke explained later that he felt the crowd should have reacted vocally to this, but in fact the tirade was prompted by gutsy kids who had yelled at the attacker).

Another point raised in the letter is how the band did nothing. In my opinion Converge did worse than nothing—at one point the singer, Jake, threw a body bag into the pit asking for it to be filled by the end of the set. I wrote to Jake later and he defended the joke, saying it was directed only at a friend of his. He seemed honestly concerned at least, and said that, among other things, Converge planned on playing only all ages shows in MA from now on (that show was 18+). I don't hold Converge responsible by any means. I only think they underestimated the influence they had on the already volatile mood in the pit.

The basic point of Luke's letter was that he felt bad, almost responsible, for not doing anything while a show was ruined by these assholes. The fucked up thing he made me realize was how bad all of us who HAD done something felt afterwards. We all wondered if we couldn't have reacted differently to prevent what

because the women and/or girls are having a "girls only" or "women only" event or workshop. The guy cries "reverse discrimination!" and then suddenly everything centers on HIS alleged sense of oppression instead of the day-to-day oppression that women actually face. I've seen a lot of these women-only events work out just fine without hurting any guys at all. So guys, tell me, why are you so afraid of letting women have a few hours alone? What do you think will happen that will hurt you so much that you have to raise a big stink about it? Do you think that women are trying to "get you back" for past incidents, or that they're going to somehow secede from male society, or that they're gonna talk about you and you can't defend yourself, or what?

I don't have any answers to the questions I've asked in this letter. I just want to stimulate some discussion. Please e-mail me at robinbanks@disinfo.net (or PO Box 4964/Louisville, KY 40204-0964) if you'd like to discuss these issues. Thanks to Lisa, Leslie and Kent, and a BIG thanks to all the women who contributed to *HeartattaCk* #22. I can't wait to see #23.

—Robin Banks

HeartattaCk

"Ask yourself this... who are we fighting? Ourselves or the enemy?" —Jonathan Lee.

This letter is to him, and anyone who agrees with him. I am fighting everyone that perpetuates the oppression that I suffer. I don't give a fuck if you are part of the "scene"

or not. I'll fight you whoever you are. The hardcore/punk scene is no safe haven. Sexism exists on a daily level for most women involved in the scene. That's partly because of different people's attitudes of what it means to be a part of this scene and because of the scene's diversity in itself.

An example: A boy at work (Revelation Records) said he'd broken up with his girlfriend because she'd asked if they could take a break. He said this meant he had to dump her because she'd be "dirty" if they got back together. A day later he passed a comment on a woman partially clothed in a magazine ad, saying that she was a "slut," presumably because she was mostly naked. He's a kid, and he obviously has issues, but these issues are part of the bigger picture that is one of the reasons/manifestations of women's oppression. This is why I find them offensive, both on a personal and a political level. I object to ANY woman being called a slut. That word is pathetic.

Now, I'm not saying that this scene is your scene. But kids at Rev are likely to be kids at shows, or at some of the shows that are happening. This hardcore/punk scene has no selection procedure (which is a good thing). We have our friendship groups for that. I have no fear of offensive behaviour/language when I hang out with my friends. Some places are safe. But the hardcore/punk scene is not one of those places. That is why we must fight ourselves, educate each other, and always be changing and growing.

I'll stay preaching to the converted for as long as I want thanks very much. Don't tell me what I need to do. Fuck you. I will do whatever I want. And what I want is a community that I feel safe and respected in. Honestly, I couldn't give two hoots about the outside world at this time in my life. I don't care enough about people; I care about making myself happy in this bubble I have created. And you can't argue that we don't like living in a bubble, otherwise we wouldn't devote our lives to "the scene." I don't shut people out, but I won't seek them out either.

You cannot decide for the rest of us "what all this political mindfulness and activism is all about." For some it may be out in the real world, as you advocate. But others have other, more pressing issues, and simply strive to make their immediate environment as liberating as possible. It's not surprising it's the white male preaching about this, is it?

It is hardly like we don't NEED to focus on the scene. It is hardly like all the problems of "the community" have been solved/eradicated and that everything here is heavenly. Don't you read the magazine you write for?

But, anyway, the part of your column which really irritated me was the "just because you're not a female doesn't make an issue like breast cancer or rape or abortion ANY LESS IMPORTANT to your life." Er, FUCK YOU. That is absolute bollocks. I fully, one hundred percent think that no matter how much your mother/friend/sister/partner being "affected by it" upsets

you (poor baby), you STILL have NO COMPREHENSION AT ALL of what it is like to have an abortion, or such like. You can empathise, sympathise and have a shitload of emotions about going through any of the traumas that affect women only, I'm not denying that, but you will NEVER go through it yourself.

No matter how involved you are with someone who has an abortion, you do not have the same amount of guilt. Sure it can theoretically be fifty percent "your decision" and you can hold their hand in the waiting room and cry with them before and after, or whatever. But you don't sign that piece of paper. You don't make the final choice. You don't have the operation. You don't have the same guilt. You don't have a fetus taken from your body. You don't even have a fucking womb.

How would you understand about breast cancer? Do you have breasts? Are you judged by your body? Do strangers comment on how much they'd like to touch your breasts? Do strangers come up to you in the street and touch your breasts? Well, men do that to me, and to every other girl/woman out there. You would have no idea how the removal of your breast would make you feel less of a woman? And furious with yourself for caring? For subscribing to society's bullshit about it being important how big breasts are. How would you know about how important reconstructive surgery would be for your self-esteem? Or how angry does it make you that so little money is given in medical research to breast cancer, precisely because it is a "women's issue"?

Attitudes that are as well-intentioned as yours make me so angry. You try so hard, and yet you don't think about what you are saying. YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE A WOMAN. You will always have the privilege of being a man. No matter how sensitive and emotionally connected with women you may be, you do not have a vagina, ovaries, womb, clitoris, breasts, etc... You will never understand the oppression. You will never be treated a certain way or suffer any of the myriad of ways that women suffer at the hands of men.

Sure, gender issues affect you, but not to the same extent, do you understand yet? Am I getting through? "Men's issues"—fucking liberal wank. Fuck men's issues. How many men are beaten and raped a minute? How many women? How many countries is abortion still illegal? Do you even know? "Making an issue black and white is counterproductive." Crap. Fucking crap. Clouding the issue of women's rights is one of the methods that it used to maintain the status quo. Throwing in all kinds of "other factors" to confuse the issues. The issue is black and white. A woman gets to choose whether she carries the child inside of her.

Pretending that the concept that one class (men) like the power (and the rewards that follow) they have over another class (women) isn't black and white is wrong. "Counterproductive"—what kind of word is that when talking about feminism? This isn't about being productive. This is a war.

Read: *The Dialectic of Sex* by Shulamith Firestone and *Right Wing Women* by Andrea Dworkin and then come back and fight me.

—Vique Simba; viquesimba@aol.com



Hey HeartattaCk folk,

Geez, I pick up my first issue in almost a year and find this person Robyn just slamming away at my band, our local club, and our entire west coast scene!! Now I remember why I haven't read this zine in a while!! Ha! Ha! Ha! (just a joke, hee hee...) Ha! I just have to clear up a few things which are total crap. Granted, there was a surly element at the show at Gilman that night who wanted to hear music not politics. But isn't this the case at most punk clubs in just about any scene? The larger shows attract a wider audience, which is sure to include people not interested in the political aspects of our scene. It's ridiculous to put the blame on Gilman St., Capitalist Casualties or any band for the behavior of a handful of people. I don't believe either band appreciated the heckling from the crowd but both My Lai and Axiom stood their ground and had their say like any strong minded punk band would do in that situation.

What really disturbed me was having my band labeled as rockstars—what a complete fucking joke that was... and you know, fuck this... I don't need to list any fucking resume stating my punk credentials. It's obvious Robyn made face value judgments on our

entire scene based the actions of (maybe) 6 people. If you don't like CC, you're not the first, OK? We're just a hardcore punk band like thousands before us. I did say before our set that we don't talk much between songs. I said this before about 85% of our shows the last 3 years (people who saw us on tour last year know this), it was in NO WAY meant to demean the statements made by My Lai and Axiom during the show. It was in NO WAY meant to agree with the heckling that took place. It's something we state before our set with no malice towards anyone, period. I never thought this statement would be so misunderstood, and in the future I'll refrain from using it during our sets. My only worry is that both bands took this statement the same way. So if you guys did, I offer any apologies... these words were not meant to be offensive or divisive. Besides, we were real rockstars playing in front of 30-40 people at Gilman a few months earlier!! C'mon, every local knows our so-called local following is zip, nil, zilch, etc. Gilman was packed cuz Phobia was up from LA!! Sincerely, fuck the popularity contest bullshit.

But other than that, we still want people to have fun at shows (what a fucking crime!!). The punx work hard during the week and if we didn't have Gilman St. and all its dedicated staff busting their collective asses to give the kids (and us old folk) somewhere to meet, converse, play and let off steam, etc., we'd be fucked.

Solidarity,
—Jeff/CC/6w; akautsch@aol.com



HeartattaCk,

For quite some time, the issue of sexism and misogyny in the punk scene really ate at me. And, as with most wimmin's issues, I felt I was alone. So one day in early September last year, a few of us wimmin were hanging out and got

to talking about how our local scene doesn't really care about us as wimmin. And so that night The X-Womyn Collective was born. Two of us do a punk feminist 'zine and we have had countless encounters with those men/boys who think that feminism and wimmin's rights don't pertain to them and they don't care to get involved. We see wimmin everyday being called "bitches" and "sluts," etc., in our punk scene. We hear stories of wimmin being assaulted and raped by our fellow punks and other acts of blatant disrespect—and decided it was time we called the "counter-cultured" punks on their shit. We started this whole project as an experiment of sorts—we wanted to know if we were the only ones that were sick of the hypocrisy. It turns out it's not just us—it's not just here in our scene, and it's not just in the U.S. It happens in every scene in every town in the world. That's scary and pathetic. We wanted our voices to be heard, but we didn't want it just to be the few of us. We wanted every punk womyn to stand up and say, "Enough of the bullshit! You are all hypocrites!"

So here we are, almost a year old with over 300 punks (men and wimmin)-involved. In some ways we are empowered to know that there are wimmin just like us, tired of the same old game. In other ways we are disappointed that this happens to wimmin everywhere. We shouldn't need to exist in a counter-cultural setting, but the reality of it is that we must exist. Our goal is to spread the message that we belong in punk rock, we are the fed-up-of-being-silent other half. Wimmin have every right to be involved and visible in punk. Wimmin have every right to be involved and visible in hardcore. Wimmin have every right to be involved and visible in indie rock. Wimmin have every right to be involved and visible in every music scene and every aspect of life. We're not here to hold your coats. Our music, 'zines, art, politics and voices should be heard, seen and accepted, not dismissed because we're PMS-ing or because we're feminists who hate anything with a penis. As our "mission statement" proclaims—we, as punk womyn and men, are sick of seeing our scenes and communities perpetuating the hierarchy of sexism that we are supposed to oppose. Although the theory of punk rock promotes the idea of a non-sexist, non-racist community, we rarely see this in our sub-culture. Punk is still dominated by men—in our music, politics, 'zines, and actions. The X-Womyn Collective was created as a place where womyn are just as much a part of our scenes as anyone else. By promoting music, 'zines and art created by womyn, we are claiming our space in the punk rock community. This game isn't fun anymore. It's time for things to change. Despite the name, men who believe in fighting sexism within the punk community are welcome as well.

This isn't about reverse sexism/discrimination, it's about NO sexism. We invite EVERYONE who is dedicated to resisting sexism in the punk scene to join. As of now, the Collective exists purely online (unfortunately) but we encourage anti-sexist activism in all its forms, online and in our daily lives. If you are interested in joining us or want to see what we do, visit our website at http://gurlpages.com/nolabel/x_womyn. And thank you to *HeartattaCk* and all of the other punk 'zines that allow our voices to be heard.

Yours in revolution and unity,

—The X-Womyn Collective; http://www.gurlpages.com/nolabel/x_womyn
Because we believe punk rock isn't just for your boyfriend anymore.

To *HeartattaCk*,

This is in response to the fellow in #23 who wanted to know when it's appropriate to call the cops. He said he was an anti-authoritarian who was getting beat up by his girlfriend's ex, who was also being mean to the girlfriend. I don't necessarily believe the letter writer when he says that others in the scene wouldn't come to his rescue. He gives no examples where he approached even a single person and explained the situation and requested help. From the letter, it sounded like he just expected everyone to be psychic and understand exactly what was happening and come running to his defense. Frankly, I wouldn't have come to his defense either because on the surface, it just seems like a lame lovers triangle. He stole the guy's girlfriend and now the guy is upset. Hmmm. Sure it's immature to chase him around at a fast-food restaurant, but I don't see that the letter writer deserves any sympathy. If they'd been mature, he would've expressed his intentions, the girl would've dumped the first boy and then—and only then—they could get it on without guilt. If that'd happened, I doubt the ex would be picking fights.

Still, the question is a good one. So let's assume the letter writer is perfectly innocent and the ex is evil incarnate. Is it still okay to call yourself an anti-authoritarian and sic the cops on the guy? No. Don't be a hypocrite. What did calling the cops help? He doesn't say whether he's still getting beat up but I can't imagine that the cops resolved anything. All the letter writer did was bring increased police scrutiny on the scene. But let's go to the extreme and ask if an anti-authoritarian should call the cops if someone is trying to murder him or her? Yes, it's okay. But chances are it won't work. The number of killers who ignore restraining orders is in the thousands. And the number of times that the harasser has filed counter-charges and brought the law down on the victim is almost as high.

Calling the cops is a game of Russian roulette: You never know if you'll get your own head blown off. But the reality is that the law-enforcement system is the only one we've got for dealing with such matters. If we lived in an anarchist system and neighbors not only knew each other but protected each other, then of course there'd be no reason to call the authorities. We don't live in such a land, though. If there were another avenue, I'd say take it. Calling the cops should be an absolute last resort. And while it shouldn't be praised, it should be understood as an unfortunate necessity in certain extreme cases.

That said, I don't think it was an extreme case worthy of calling the cops in the letter writer's case. He was being chased around in circles at a McDonalds. It wasn't a life-threatening situation. And you make your bed, you lie in it. If you steal somebody's lover, you shouldn't be surprised when revenge is sought. Getting your ass whipped now and then by jealous exes is the price you pay for being a Romeo—and you shouldn't be surprised when nobody wants to risk their neck to defend you, lover boy.

—John Johnson/PO Box 8145/Reno, NV
89507; imagine@hushmail.com

HeartattaCk readers,

Do you think it's OK to rape and beat up your girlfriend. Do you think it's alright to beat up queers, are people of color less worthy of being on this planet than you (if you're white). Do women have equal rights to men, is eating dead animals natural, etc., etc., and the list goes on and on. I hope you answer NO to all the above questions, but

there seems to be an alarming amount of bands and 'zines that are moaning about people being PC all the time. Well wouldn't it be nice to live in a world without the above problems, but as Ice-T once said, "SHIT AIN'T LIKE THAT, IT'S REAL FUCKED UP," and these are issues that people have to deal with every day, so please help people that are trying to make this world a better place rather than knocking them down. And hey, believe it or not, you can still have fun and enjoy life. Politically Correct is about change for the positive so we can make this world around us a better place to live in for everyone, and sure I know nothing huge will change in my lifetime but I'd rather live a life with less hate. I wouldn't expect everyone to give a shit (it would be nice) but please, please, please support the people that are trying to change for the better.

—Darren/Brighton, UK;
tadpole_is_dead@hotmail.com

P.S. The 1999 More Than Music fest inspired me (I learn a lot), and it was good to see bands that actually give a shit (Anti-Product/Bread & Circuits). It's good to see punk is still alive and fighting.



Dear HaC and Caroline Hostetler,
Iwant to thank you big for "Crazy On The Inside," the article on depression in women in issue #22. As a woman who has suffered through depression, I had already come to many of the same conclusions expressed in the article about the nature of depression and the need for a populace more educated in matters regarding mental illness. Being a woman who has suffered through depression, however, I also welcome regular reminders, like your article, that I am not the only one struggling through it. Both your honesty and your bravery impress me, Caroline, because I know it is hard to claim some degree of craziness and risk gross misconceptions about who you are and what you can or cannot do.

I want to share a couple of my experiences that might prove helpful to somebody else. First, I tried both therapy and medication, and though I am doubtful that medication would have worked without therapy, I am positive that therapy would not have worked for me without simultaneous medication. I think that people too often are hesitant to go on anti-depressants (I certainly was) because they see it as an easy way out, a happy pill, a way of circumventing self-reliance. In fact, anti-depressants do nothing but stabilize you—leaving you able to deal with life's normal up's and down's with a little more control and agility (and with plenty of opportunities to be self-reliant). It took me three attempts to go off medication, three relapses, lots of conversations with friends, and writing an article for my 'zine to fully accept the help of medication without guilt, and I cannot describe how much happier I am because of it.

Another key factor in my depression has been my obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD). I diagnosed myself with OCD long after I had been-diagnosed with mild clinical depression. Upon retrospect, I think my depression grew out of my OCD and my obsessive tendencies to demand that everything be perfect and controllable. I did so by performing small, irrational rituals and creating unreachably high expectations for myself. Without knowledge of the patterns and motivations of OCD, I began to hate my rituals for alienating me from "normal" people, and I despised myself for always failing my expectations. I fell rather quickly into a habit of depression. I think that if I had known more about OCD and depression, I could have recognized the traps that I was about to fall into, and avoided having to fight my way out of them some years later. My advice is this: if you think you or someone you know might have Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD), OCD, depression, or any other mental disorder, start educating yourself about it immediately. Talk to other friends who have these problems, find a good therapist, or just go to the library and start reading about mental illnesses. No matter what, you should know that there is something you can do, it is not your fault that you are feeling this way, and there is nothing really "wrong" with you. There is a lot to be learned from any mental illness.

For the second issue of my 'zine, I am gonna have my friends write about their neuroses and/or mental disorders. It is good to remind ourselves that everyone is a little bit crazy, just some more than others. Which is a good thing, when I think about it, because I tend to

like crazy people more.

—Meredith Walters/677 Elkmont Dr./Atlanta, GA 30306; mwalters@uclink4.berkeley.edu

HeartattaCk,

This letter is in response to Mike O'Brien's column in HaC #22.

Obviously you're not into punk for the politics or music. It seems to me all that punk is for you is a medium to show off your mapliness in the "mosh pit."

I see it as very hypocritical for you to consider yourself punk, at the same time put down a peaceful, free thinking culture. Hippies have a lot more in common with punk than a bunch of patriotic, redneck motorheads. Making fun of drum circles, naturalness, peace and love as well as glorifying multinational automobile manufacturers all have nothing to do with punk in my eyes.

As far as the "hippies worshipping of the five fingered leaf"; this generalization is no different than saying punks worship alcohol.

Unfortunately you are not alone. There are many like you. Here in Seattle, people like you are infamous for ganging up on and beating up peaceful punks and hippies.

Drawing divisions is not an "aesthetic" problem. It is one that goes much deeper than the skin and violates any human's right to equality.

It is evident, Mike, that you are stuck in the infant years of punk. Does the word "progression" mean anything to you?

Peace and Respect,
—Nick/Disarmament Fanzine/PO Box 33326/Seattle, WA 98133-0326; disarmamentzine@hotmail.com

HeartattaCk,

I recently returned from six months in Australia on a student exchange from Indiana University to Wollongong University in New South Wales. This change of scenery gave me the opportunity to do a lot of reflecting and introspection of what hardcore is and what it should be in my mind. Being disconnected from the community I had for so long been a part of I was more easily able to recognize the flaws and chains of a foreign community which had in some cases been out of sight or thought for me at home. Opening up the new issue of *HeartattaCk* brought me back to many of the discussions and events that had helped reshape my thoughts in Australia. So naturally I said to myself, "Hey, let's go write something."

Okay, so with the introduction out of the way lets begin on the body (wouldn't want to forsake those well manufactured rules and regulations of the written word). When I began reading the letters the first thing I noticed was what I'd like to talk about. I noticed people continually critiquing the scene. Blah blah blah I remember five years ago when the scene was so much better, etc., etc. All this is good and healthy for a scene but needs to be criticized. Not reflection and desire to change things or resurrect some forgotten attributes but the mentality that says we are flowing through a scene. I find big problems in the way people view themselves and what is going on with them and around them. If we are only a scene then I think that invalidates a number of the complaints and problems found within the "scene." The word scene promotes an image of Billy and Sarah running home after school on a Friday night to go to a show and dance with the best of them and then go back home and at the points before and after they are returning to mainstream society outside the scene. They move in and out of the scenery. It turns hardcore into a location or boxes it up into a little area where it exists as a separate entity to all of these other little boxes we fit into which define our lives, i.e. church, school, work, playtime, etc. Like in a play where the sections are divided into acts which are further divided into scenes. We are in the scene labeled Hardcore but after the show we'll go to the movies and reintroduce ourselves to the other scene from which we came.

I see big problems with this because it means that we, as the members of this scene, recognize it to be an incomplete part of our lives. It exists as a location, something we go to and be a part of but are able to come home to. The problem arises in the language and ideas represented during the time we set aside for the

scene. We call for ideas and actions which can only be accurately described as revolutionary when put against most of the interactions taking place in those other boxes we see ourselves in. Yet, we also recognize in the way we define what we are doing as an incomplete part of our lives which functions as a place to go or an area to act within and not as a fully functioning entity in which these ideas and actions called for and commented on can be implemented because we are all to busy catching the next bus back to those other boxes.

So what does this seemingly all knowing writer say should be done. We need to change the mentality through which we seek action. The problem is we have created a mirror of the society we wish to dispose of. While attempting to create an atmosphere where we can communicate our ideas and bring about our various visions of a better world we have also created a system where bands and individuals express themselves through the actions of the dominant culture, commodification and consumerism. Yes we say things radically to those professed in dominant culture but we express them in the ways that dominant culture has set aside for us to. We express them as a non-threatening force because we find ourselves working towards selling and making products.

The idea of making your own product and getting it out to the world can be very threatening and can be a force for change but not when it exists as a piece of a consumption based ideology, i.e. hardcore. So what do we do. We redefine ourselves. We no longer allow ourselves to be a scene set aside for Friday night dancing and a fifth of the paycheck to go to records and T-shirts. We turn ourselves into a community interacting, interdependent, and outwardly effecting. Interacting because we increase communication and how and why we see each other or are with each other so that it is not just a time within its own box. Interdependent because we help one another and become a necessary part of others lives and truly care about the ways we act and how it effects them our human and non-human brothers and sisters. Outwardly effecting because we become and example and a force that is no longer dependent on the dominant cultures tools of existence and can truly begin change. Okay, this may all sound really fucked and fanatical in a way, to which I agree but I also think that most of what is said in hardcore is the same but people don't realize what it means because they are viewing through the lenses provided by dominant society. For example, the idea of destroying sexism has ramifications that honestly go to destroying the heart of dominant society and culture. It honestly means creating a world free of gender hierarchies which in turn demands an end to other hierarchies which continue to fuel said gender hierarchies and if you honestly follow the line of what needs to be done to really destroy the thousands of years of gender superiority and inferiority passed through the genes of said culture then you have to destroy the cultures means of expressing and fulfilling those hierarchies. It means creating a system where there is no group or faction of society able to simply reap the benefits of others toil. It means to really end sexism we would have to restructure society so that there was no active constant hierarchy. It means we would no longer be able to work an 8 hour day in front of a computer so we can go out on a Friday night while people have to work 12 hours a day just so on Friday night they don't starve to death. Sexism exists as an single rung of the ladder of a hierarchical ladder in which our society is defined in which every characteristic we have of no real value to society, i.e. skin color, becomes the dominant definitions of our place within it. So here it is, if we are not willing to do the work ourselves that others have to do to continually feed the various appetites of our society than we will never be able to destroy the hierarchies from which those individuals have been given the yoke.

Okay, I'll try to step away from the tangent. So maybe changing the way we look at the scene isn't all that big of a step when considering what would need to be done in order to really bring about the changes we wish for.

We have to create a society where we are dependent on one another not simply profiting off of one another. For some people this is already the case and pockets of Hardcore prove that we don't need to be in step with dominant culture. Okay, so does this mean no longer making records because they are products and simply fuel the capitalist ownership contest. No, but records have to become secondary and the people have to become primary. Okay, so I once met these girls who, in their local scene, were trying very hard to fight

the way boys treated girls. They began working really hard to address the issues behind those boys actions and to draw attention to actions of individuals who continually used wimmin in the scene as objects to be fucked, ridiculed, diminished, or simply ignored. But what happened was all too typical. Since boy A was in a band and boy B had a record label the girls voices were lost. No one was ready to stop buying boy B's records simply because he sexually assaulted a girl and no one was willing to stop supporting boy A's band simply because he was a rapist. Well, not nobody, but very few indeed. The point is that when it came down to it two things stopped people from being ready to say "no we won't accept actions which hurt us." One, people viewed the product as the important thing. Lets face it, boy A's band was really good and Boy B's record label put out some good shit, why give that up. But that is an automatic function of a scene. It is the dominant culture with a new background for the actors to perform. Instead of buying from the Gap we're buying from Shit On This Records (no offense if there is actually said label). Instead of reading the Bible we are reading *HeartattaCk* but as far as actions go we are still playing out the stage directions given in the former. We've made up a system that says fuck this and fuck that but is actually continually dependent on this and that. Two, people are unable to go beyond the defined functions of an individual in dominant society. In dominant society. So maybe Boy A did rape so-and-so but I'm not supporting the act of the rape I'm supporting the band on the record. I'm not supporting the individual, I'm supporting an entity of which he is a part and therefore it's okay.

If you buy a record you are buying that record and are able to divorce yourself from the further ramifications of doing so just like in dominant society we can fill up our cars and destroy the environment while supporting multinational death squad corporations but still define their actions as their and the ensuing destruction as overall and not individual instead of recognizing the part we and they as individuals play. interestingly enough if you looked at the real life examples of person B's record label he put out bands that openly spoke against sexism and violence against wimmin while wimmin in his community (and the bands) were actively saying "hey this guy..." Bands and audience were/are able to miss the point.

But don't walk away from hardcore for those reasons. Instead fight them. A community is both a well defined thing and a slippery fluctuating thing not so easily understood. So for that reason I won't go into the masses of defining what a community is because ultimately we need to create communities that function for our needs and which interact with our ideas so I'd say that first we need to recognize that we need to do so and then begin discussion on what that is. I see a couple important things to be discussed coming out of this. 1) Not everyone in the "scene" has these desires. Some people simply like the music. That's fine, but for people looking for more we need to make things up so that our needs are answered. If done right we can still have shows and still sell records so that we don't have to marginalize individuals who don't agree. If done right we can prove that the hang-ups of dominant society aren't necessary so people can decide that they should go to show for more than just the music. 2) A very important point brought up by a friend in Australia that there are people who will want to be in communities we won't want (sounds like a five year old's playhouse club, I know, but I don't know how to better say it). For example, racist skinheads want to be a part of the hardcore scene and therefore would want to be a part of a hardcore community. So no, I don't think we create a fascist state in which we say "no fascists" but simply recognize that we can make a community where their ideas will not hold the merit they do in dominant culture, where interest in racism and racial dogma will not exist making them either disenchanted or in opposition to us but not with us.

The difference in a community and a scene lies here. In a scene people are often as they are now unwilling to exert time or money into supporting the individuals in the scene in need or to build a scene, i.e. giving their money to a punk cooperative youth center. Where as in a community people would be interested in giving what they can to help look after one another and create a venue. Ever notice how if there is no venue for bands only one or two or ten people will actively work to change that and create one but once there is one fifty or a hundred or however many kids will come to a show. Scene mentality, it'll destroy for sure. Maybe it already

has. I hope not. Okay, a lot has been said and probably said in a redundant and simplified way, but it was late at night when I started and it's really late now so what I got is what you get. People who agree/disagree with what I said or are interested in hearing stories about kangaroos breaking into tents and eating all my food please e-mail me so we can duke it out and create the type of discussion these scene sickened communities in hiding need. People who feel personally offended because they sexually assault wimmin and sell records and think it was unfair for me to target them because they are not so bad, just when they're drunk, fuck off.

—Matthew Kocher/315 E 8th Street # 23/ Bloomington, IN 47401; xpitmasterx@yahoo.com

J₈

To Joe Hays, whose letter was printed in issue #22 of *HeartattaCk*, and to all other readers as well...

Joe, when it comes to the punk/hc scene, it appears that most people involved see the community as a place where those who have been directly affected by, (and not necessarily directly affected by) the general state of things today, and realize that if it's people who cause it, then it's people who can change it. I know that's how the editors of *HeartattaCk* see things, and I know that's what they want the purpose of their publication to facilitate. I think it's a very worthy first step towards a solution to create a forum for everyone with the same motivation in mind to communicate with each other, learn more from each other, feel encouraged and inspired, and thus, work together towards a change. That's the only way to do it short of really good luck, don't you think?

From reading this and other publications and just talking to people, I have gathered that people agree with this. They see that in order to change what they feel needs to change, it needs to begin with themselves. They know that to end intolerance, they need to be tolerant themselves. And if they want people to stop and think about why they must hate others with differences from themselves instead of communicating with each other and understanding the fact that everyone has their reasons for what they believe, whether someone else sees something totally mistaken about it or not, (be it misinformed or what ever the case, everyone has their reasons) then they must change their outlook on this as well.

I've noticed that there seems to be a few key issues when it comes to the punk scene that everyone seems to have adopted as the important issues. Veganism, straightedge, abortion, racism, religion, sexism, and DIY seem to be the issues that everyone has decided to deal with, and although all of these things are important in their own right, there are many other things, some so small that they don't even qualify as a category, that are just as important, and are a simple change that can be made and a small step closer to achieving a larger goal. I think everyone should try to look for these little things which can be as simple as rethinking how you perceive things, considering the fact that outside influences may have a greater effect than you think on your perceptions, how much does "being cool" affect the decisions you make.

These are things that I just wanted to bring up to you, Joe. I don't mean to imply that any of the above instances apply to you, although it probably sounds like I am, but I read your letter in issue #22 and from what I got out of it, you seem like someone who is just as interested in seeing things change for the better as the rest of us. It's just that I see hostile confrontations as a primary reason for the current state of things. You pointed out that when the early American explorers arrived in South and Central America, that they were appalled that there were people in the world who worshipped gods other than the god they believed to be the one true god. It seemed to them that these people were worshipping idols, which in their culture, a culture where you were only allowed to believe what you were told to believe, was an absolutely immoral practice. So a hostile confrontation ensued, which you know as well as I, did absolutely no good towards their purpose in the end, which was to make the native peoples see how wrong they were, it only further discouraged them from considering what the explorers were trying to communicate to them. In fact, by letting their outrage at the native peoples contradiction to their beliefs control them, they were actually going against their own convictions as well. I was raised a Christian from the age of five, and though I no longer subscribe to the Christian faith, I am well aware that Christianity teaches

you that even though there will be those who do live as the Bible says is right, you are to love them as you would love God. This is clearly not what those early American explorers practiced when they hostilely forced their views on the natives.

Think about it, Joe. Do you see punk as a way of life where intolerance practiced as violence is realized to be the wrong way to change things? I know you don't agree with the general teachings of Christianity, but don't you see that irately criticizing someone who does goes completely against the ethics of punk? Much like the early American explorers deeds went completely against their Christian beliefs. Don't you see that your only building up more walls with your harsh words than tearing them down? If you can say to Zeke that he's a type of person that you don't want in your scene because he believes differently than you, then you really have no place in the scene yourself. Now, you called Zeke on the fact that he said the Bible teaches "love and not hate" and you said that this was entirely untrue because of the whole homosexual ordeal, well take it from someone who has been schooled for years on the teachings of Christianity. Yes this is true. As I said before, the Bible states that although there are ways of life that are not acceptable by God, you are not to show them hate, but love. Whether or not all Christians practice this is much the same as whether or not all those who call themselves punk live by those ethics.

Sure, you find some of the ideas of Christianity objectionable. So do I. So do plenty of other people. But just as you want to find effective ways to end racism and sexual intolerance, you should do the same with your stance on Christian views, and I'm telling you now, just as a point of advice, that I don't think hostility is the key.

I was concerned that you criticized Zeke for listening to Born Against by saying that it went against everything he stands for, when in fact, you don't know everything that he stands for, and when you yourself call yourself a part of the punk scene when the words you wrote contradict everything it stands for.

You say that religion has no place in the scene, but it is actually so much apart of it if it affects its members in such dramatic ways. If it is your belief that something needs to be done about it, then yes it is apart of the scene.

In closing, I'd just like to say that I hope you think about all that have said, Joe. And if you don't like people preaching to you, think about why you need to preach your standards to them. By the way, I don't think punk was ever intended to be anti-establishment. You see, punk itself is an establishment. It is merely against those who use establishment to gain selfish control and power.

Sincerely, Bobbi Leykam/3233 Morganford Rd. #2/St. Louis, MO 63116

Dear HeartattaCk,

I am writing to give you a little scene report from Greensboro, NC, and to get some things off my chest. I have just moved from rural North Carolina to Greensboro to go to school. I had always heard rumors about the Greensboro scene and how awesome it was, but judging from what I've seen so far, it is far from that. Apparently, Greensboro had a heyday back around 1993-1995 with bands like Blownapart Bastards, Unsettled, Rent America, and Divide & Conquer. I missed that, but what I see now is probably the same people—only jaded from years of punkdom.

I went to see a band called Face Down In Shit last week. All of Rent America is in this band and I was expecting the same kind of rough but excellent punk with inspiring lyrics which would make me want to smash the state. Instead, they played slow 5 minute songs which lasted forever and made jokes about being "stoner core." This was pretty well received by the Greensboro punks, all of whom seemed to be fully wasted from their 40s and weed. The band was a total Black Sabbath rip off and the crowd was completely into themselves and their own inside jokes. I loved Rent America in high school and even saw them once and was blown away. This was surely not the same people! Not only were there not inspiring lyrics, there were no vocals at all.

A few days later, I caught a band called Uwharria. A flyer said they are ex-members of Blownapart Bastards, Oi Polloi, Divide & Conquer, and several others... Greensboro All-Stars. I guess the reason

I'm writing this is because I know the singer, Rick Spencer, writes for this 'zine, and I guess this is a good place to reach him, because I don't have their address. Face Down In Shit was totally apolitical and I knew there was no way Uwharria would be, but in fact, they were. I expected songs about oppression, US foreign policy, sexism, and so forth, but I didn't get it. Uwharria only sings about nature and makes a strong point of it. I guess that's OK. I mean, I want to save the environment too. But their lyrics aren't even about environmental problems, they're about loving nature. They've got songs about bald eagles and jaguars eating people and trees. Really hippy stuff, though their music was like a cross between old COC, Accused, and Crudos. I was disappointed about their subject matter, but then Mr. Spencer (and I do use that term because he is old and very straight looking) went so far as to say homophobia, war and class issues and things most punk bands sing about don't mean shit to any species but ours. I guess this is true, but for someone to say that is totally offensive. Their whole concept is that they talk about things that are important for the world as a whole, not just one species. They said humans are a burden on the earth and that we should get eaten by jaguars and bears to stop our resource consumption. This is completely ludicrous. Uwharria said they don't care anything about punk rock or people in general. If so, why play for us? Why not sleep in the woods—or better yet, kill yourself and let the vultures eat you?

Uwharria was going to record the next day for an album after only being together 8 days! Yes, 8. I don't doubt that they'll be the next big thing. Musically, they were awesome! But I question the direction they're taking and taking people with them.

People seemed to like Uwharria, but again, I was treated like an outsider as people hugged each other, set off fireworks, and talked in small circles. Greensboro sucks. I want to go back to high school!

Signed,
—Reluctant Greensboro-ite

Whoever you are: Rick Spencer has not written for HaC in years and I have never seen nor heard Uwharria, but even from your description I would have to say that they sound pretty awesome. You might not like their politics, which of course you have every right not to like, but to say that Uwharria is apolitical is completely ludicrous. Your complaints seem a bit self-centered on the human species and it sounds like Uwharria are far too radical for you to understand. I would gladly trade my last 100 show experiences where the average band has less content than a M.A.S.H. rerun for your one experience seeing Uwharria. — Kent



Dear HeartattaCk,

As the ethics of Do It Yourself are diced to bits and put under the microscope, I think that almost everyone involved in DIY has forgotten to take a step back and examine things from a distance.

I must plead guilty to the above as well, but I think that I've since used the same method of thinking that made me realize the value of DIY to see what is really going on here. The method I'm talking about here is the process of taking everything you've ever been told, taught, shown and have learned and questioning its truth and value in life and its place in society.

Now, by looking at the big picture of what's going on here, it's obvious what the problem is. Everyone is SO concerned with doing things exactly their own way, that we become segregated and dramatically divided into separate sects. There will always be conflicting beliefs, but it seems that the more and more the underground scene develops, the more divided we become. It used to be the straight edge kids vs. the vegan kids who used to be straight edge vs. the drunk punks vs. the anarcho punks vs. whoever else. The list goes on and on, and what's worse is that now bands who hold the same beliefs and play the same type of music are fighting because they come from different cities. This is ridiculous. Now, again we are dividing amongst ourselves according to bar codes and stricter ethics.

"Oh no! A bar code! I used to like these guys, but now they're not truly HC," or "Who cares! A bar code doesn't have anything to do with the sincerity of the music!"

Now, I must admit that I unanimously agreed with the people who argued the anti-bar code standpoint.

At second glance though, it seems like it might be doing more harm than good. Yes, music with a bar code has no reason to be reviewed in DIY periodicals because of just the reason many columnists gave—they just don't need the publicity, and the room should be used for lesser known groups. But when I really thought about the message some people gave about bands with bar codes, I had to disagree.

OK, my point is somewhat synonymous with the sample in Oi Polloi's "Bash the Fash." "And they came for the Jews, and I did nothing to help them because I am not a Jew. Then they came for the communists, and I did nothing to help them because I am not a communist. Then they came for the humanists, and I did nothing to help them because I am not a true humanist. Then they came for me, and there was no one left to help me."

What does this say? That just because we have different opinions and hold slightly different ground, we cannot alienate each other and forget that we have a common cause and a common enemy, nit-picking aside.

The bottom line is that if we all can't compromise and help each other, we will NEVER become any sort of threat; never spread any awareness or message and never attain our goal of becoming an effective adversary to injustice in the world. We can continue to do things ourselves our own way, but we can't lose sight of the big picture.

It's all well and good for a band to play shows every week and shout their slogans and spread their word, but the thing is, everyone at the shows knows what they're saying and generally believes in it. All the shows in the world can't change a thing because it's just putting the information into an infinite circle of punk kids, and never dissipating the meaning of the ideas to society. All the 'zines in the world can't do it either because the people who know enough to buy the 'zines and know enough to subscribe to the 'zines, already KNOW ENOUGH. And while I'm at it, why is it that when someone new goes to a show, they are looked down upon or called a poseur by at least a few other people just because they don't have on the right clothes and haven't really had a chance to be exposed to hardcore?

What I'm saying here is that in order to amount to anything at all, this scene is going to have to give up its isolated sanctuary and open the doors to everyone. In the words of The Pist, "We don't want our scene exclusive, we want everyone involved. Everyone who is sincere, if we are to evolve." Unless the masses are gradually educated about social injustice, the hope for any type of social revolution is nothing more than a profane fantasy. Even the most militant anarchists can admit that a violent confrontation would be smashed in a matter of hours or minutes. Besides, true anarchism doesn't support terrorism or random acts of violence as those things hurt people and anarchism is for the people. Violence hurts the innocent, and even the government's puppets shouldn't be taken out on because they are just like everyone else except a tad more brainwashed. Individuals aren't the target here. The target is the system they created and upheld.

"We all say that we're fighting the system, but we can't when we're fighting each other!" is what Whorehouse Of Representatives said, and it's so true. By separating ourselves into ununited groups, crews, collectives and even gangs or packs, we are only destroying everything underground HC and punk has become.

If what all of us are shouting is something that we actually want to see happen, then we can no longer try to keep underground music underground. That doesn't mean we have to give up ethics or sincerity, only that we have to dissipate the message to a broader range of people. I will say that sincerity is an issue. How many kids go to hardcore shows just to get a "rush" and to hit each other with flailing fists? Too many. But, you have to admit that the scene wouldn't grow at all if people weren't welcomed in. Of course you'll always get some bad seeds, but there's also a lot of potential for kids who really care to become exposed to it. How are people exposed to punk rock? Unless your parents brought you up with it (which is not how it happens for 99.999% of us), you either mistakenly walked into a show one day or you gradually got into more and more punk bands starting with radio punk. I bet that there are thousands upon thousands of really sincere kids who are doing a ton for the scene today who got into punk through some band like Rancid or Bad Religion. Most people learn of more and more bands, and eventually

come to despise the bands that got them into punk rock in the first place (myself and many people I know being some of them.)

There is no easy way for kids to get into the scene (at least where I'm from) without there being some sort of mainstream inlet. Sure, I'll admit to being just like most of the other readers. I boycott all major labels, avoid promoter's shows, don't support Epitaph, etc. The funny thing is that we keep lowering the benchmark for what is and isn't truly punk rock.

At this rate, before we know it, the only "real punks" will be three guys/girls living in a mud hut that they built themselves wearing clothes they made themselves and spiking their hair with some sticky substance they mixed themselves. My point is that no one truly obeys the rules of DIY. Many people drive cars or use mass transit, don't farm their own food and (GASP!) BUY EVERYTHING THEY NEED TO LIVE WITH THE AMERICAN DOLLAR! There are things that we've been doing all along that aren't DIY, and as soon as someone realizes it, some 'zine publishes it, and the next thing you know everyone is against it, and anyone who is still doing it is a sellout.

"Submit to views and slowly lose identity. You think you're better, but you sit and yell equality. Realize you can't disguise your apathy. Complain and bitch, but don't do shit is what I see." —Toxic Narcotic

The truth is that we can never be 100% DIY (in the world we live in, it's just impossible), but what we can do is to try to change the way society thinks and works the best we can.

To do this we must stop fighting amongst ourselves and pointing fingers. Whether we've realized it yet, we all have a common cause to pursue and we can only achieve our goals as one. The "community" is small enough as it is without people fighting amongst ourselves.

Yeah, yeah, I know this scene unity stuff is clichéd, but this isn't necessarily even calling for scene unity (although it would be nice), but calling for a common cause to strive for on a larger scale. Even people who "don't want to agree with what they don't like" (97a) can still strive for what they think is right rather than pointing fingers, because sometimes what two opposing sides are fighting for is the same thing.

Yeah, I know this letter started to trail off towards the end, but what can ya do? I'll end this with a quote I guess.

"The music and the feeling of the kids that really care. Stronger when together, strongest when aware... No such thing as us versus you. We've got the same ideas, just different crews!" —Atari

Sincerely,

—Craz Staple of Brainstaple and the Abolition Coalition 'zine/distro at 34 Knollwood Dr./Valatie, NY 12184; AbolitionCo@hotmail.com

Craz: If you want to buy hardcore records that have UPC codes printed on the sleeves then go right ahead. That is your business, just as it is our business whether we are going to review those same records or not. You don't get to decide what we should do, and we don't decide what you should do. If you don't like our politics then don't read our magazine. — Kent (Oh, and by your reasoning I guess we should embrace Pitboss 2000 in the spirit of not "pointing fingers, because sometimes what two opposing sides are fighting for is the same thing." Well, you know, sometimes what two opposing sides are fighting for is NOT the same thing. And in my humble opinion most bands and labels that are really gung ho about UPC codes aren't fighting for anything other than their right to make more money.)

Dear HeartataCk,

Reading Mark Black's letter in issue #22 prompted me to write in. My experience with the "scene" here in London (Ontario) has been much of what Mark wrote about: people losing sight of what punk really means and instead, heading dangerously close (or maybe we're already there) to what we supposedly all despise, and that is consumerism. The "scene" here in London disheartens me so much that I've chosen to largely remove myself from the bulk of it for the most part. I remember over a year ago when we wanted to start up Food Not Bombs... handing out flyers at shows, feeling confident that we would get a good response from people wanting to help out because we thought that punk and politics go hand in hand. We handed out a lot of flyers. Out of the tons

of people who got flyers, only two responded. I don't think that was even 1%. This was not an isolated thing... so many times have my friends and I tried to encourage people to be active... spreadin' the word around the city about demonstrations and other important/crucial political events and activities where support was really needed and not getting that support. To this day, most of the kids in the "scene" here would rather sit at home and watch TV every Saturday afternoon than come and spend even a few minutes helping with Food Not Bombs. I've rarely seen many of the kids here at rallies, demonstrations, or being involved with anything else remotely political. I've since learned not to take it for granted that I could find within this "scene" political people who don't just talk about how shitty the world is ("yeah, racism is bad, heh heh"), but who will actually go out and do something about it.

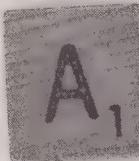
Perhaps I'm just really idealistic to think that punk could be something more than just music (oh yeah, and appearance, of course. Gotta look punk!). I do have faith in punk maintaining the important DIY ethic (largely with regards to music and music-related stuff) but with regards to anything else like activism, well, my experience has shown me that it's not exactly a hotbed of political activism (although this gets a bit sticky because one can argue that all this DIY stuff we do under the umbrella of "punk" is activism... and I don't necessarily disagree with that). Is it different elsewhere or is it largely similar in other places too? Judging from the people I've talked to from other places, it isn't all that much better elsewhere.

I don't want to discredit punk entirely though. There are a lot of punks doing really amazing stuff. And I've met many activists (mostly from places other than London) who consider themselves punk. But then again, I've met many more activists who aren't punk. Or maybe, they're way more punk (without thinking they're punk at all) than most people I've met who actually consider themselves punk. Maybe punk isn't even a variable in this at all.

To anyone reading this from London who I may be pissing off, prove me wrong and DO something! In London, even the DIY ethic is getting lost... very few kids putting on shows, putting out 'zines, running distros, etc., much less giving a shit enough to get off their couches and becoming politically active.

To everyone else out there: don't let them beat you. Do something and get actively involved. Otherwise, you become nothing more than passive consumers of the hardcore "product." Or maybe "the product is you."

—Helen Luu; hluu@julian.ubo.ca



To whom it may concern—basically all of you single-minded, feminist fucks out there...

As you might have guessed already, yes, my subject is on all this feminist bullshit within our movement.

My name of birth is Justin Aloysius Kuhnhen, but I go by Justin Fury. I'm a 23 year old Irish musician/writer/photographer from Seattle, Washington, incarcerated for a second degree assault on a mouthy frat boy which led up to a first degree escape charge.

I'm the lead vocalist for a Seattle HC band by the name of Subclass (subclass, not as in the class that succumbed to the government, but subclass as in us as punk rockers, a subclass of a subculture forced to succumb to certain norms of the government to survive, like money and the sorts). The band is made up of two men and two women so as to be an equal effort with man and woman and to get away and be different from the all-guy, all-girl thing.

All of this has very little to do with my subject, but it does help a point in my argument.

First off, my answer to everyone's question—Who's better than who, male or female?—is, who the fuck cares!

It's not about that, and it shouldn't be like that. But since it is to some of you, then you're no better than a fascist.

No man or woman is better than the other. Man vs. woman, woman vs. man is bullshit! Our movement's not about that, nor has it been or will it ever be. It's about us as a group, men and women, doing what's best for our future on our own terms, living this life to its fullest before it's gone and always remembering that it's not what happens to you, it's what you fuckin' do about it. Doing what we can together

for the better existence of our movement, regardless if you're fuckin' recognized for it.

All this shit about women aren't recognized for their efforts within the movement is granted true to a point, but if shouldn't matter if anybody's recognized, man or woman, unless if it's yourself that gives you your recognition.

I mean, if you guys are that concerned about being recognized for your efforts within the fuckin' movement, then in my opinion you're not punk because punk's not about that. If you care that much about who recognizes you then that means you care about what people think of you, and that's stupid.

You should be content with yourself and your efforts within our movement, once again, man or woman.

Now I'm not saying that women shouldn't be recognized as equals to us men; that's definitely not what I'm trying to say. Women should be treated as equals, in our movement especially. But when it becomes a matter of hating one another just because of one's gender, then that's where it goes wrong.

We need to be as one in our efforts, or our movement's nothing. We all exist on an equal basis. We all have the ability to be just as good as the other. We need each other to survive, that's only human.

So stop the hate, and all you punx out there who get what I'm trying to say, rage on! Wake up, the one-sided views need to stop.

Fuck men, fuck women, fuck that! Fuck you.

Living free and equal in prison, Justin Fury.

—Justin A. Kuhnhen #78611/Washington State Penitentiary/1313 N 13th Ave./Walla Walla, WA 99362/6-F-17

Dear HaC,

This letter is in response to Matt is the Bastard's letter in issue #23, asking if/when it's alright to use police defense.

I've been reduced to call 911 a few times. The police have helped me, but mostly either done nothing or oppressed me.

First of all, I think it's good that you and Alison took action against that asshole by calling the police. You tried to work it out, but he kept attacking you, and putting your lives in danger. What could you do? Let him break your legs, just because it's not punk to take police action?

But, on the other hand, we have to question how much the police really help? I could give a million stories I've seen/experienced, but I'm only going to tell this one.

I was 17, and I'd just gotten off work, and I decided to take a stroll to the University for a punk rock show. As I made my way through the parking lot of the bus/train station, a group of kids started yelling at me, calling me a fag, and regular insecure "tough" guy slander. I turned around and noticed 5 boys who went to my high school who liked to throw me into lockers, etc., on a daily basis.

I ignored them, and hopped on my skateboard and rode away as fast as I could to avoid any conflict. They all chased after me and soon caught up, leaving me surrounded by these idiots. I tried to tell them I don't believe in fighting, and what did they have against me? They responded with, "You're a homo," or something intelligent like that. Then came the fists and kicks.

At first I just took it. Then I thought, "What the fuck!? They're invading my body, and I have a right to defend it." So I grabbed my skateboard and hit one of them in the shoulder. Then they took their belts off and started whipping me. When they figured I'd had enough, they walked away, and I ran to a payphone and called the police. I thought they would protect me (ha).

The operator spoke as if he thought I was prank calling or something. He said, "Alright, we'll send a squad car over soon... bye," and he hung up (all operators are not supposed to hang up until the police get there).

So I sat and waited... and waited. I said, "Fuck it, I'll just take my bus home since I'm at the bus stop anyway." So I waited for whatever came first, the bus or the fuzz. It was neither that came. In fact, it was two much older, bigger guys, kicking my face, head, and stomach with their tough guy steel toed boots. They said, "That's for dislocating our friend's shoulder."

I crawled back up to the phone and called

911 again, as I knew that was my only option of not getting boot stomped. This time I was not as friendly and said, "Where the fuck is that police car you said you sent 30 minutes ago?!" This time they kept me on the line until the cops finally showed up, and those little wieners ran away onto the University campus.

The cops took me in the car and turned on the lights and sirens and drove onto the grass and on the hill where they were running. It was kind of nice to see the fear in their eyes as the cops got all their info.

They asked if I wanted to press charges, and I said yes. Even though there were about 7 people involved, they said I could only press charges on two of them because I couldn't identify the others.

Anyway, time passed, and every month the trial date would change, until the police never called me again. Not much really changed in school either. Is still got picked on constantly, and if they saw me alone on the street, they'd do the exact same thing they did that night. Now it's 2 1/2 years later, and still no trial.

My point is, what good does a police state really do anyway? And this even took place in a middle-upper class suburb. Do you think the police would show up in a lower class, non-white neighborhood over something like this? I don't think so.

After that night I lost the little faith I had in the police, and from then on had mostly negative experiences with them (getting arrested at Critical Mass, hassled for taking walks at night, etc.). I could go on, but I think I've taken up enough space as it is.

To conclude, sometimes it is the only option to use the police, although it seldom seems to do much good. I say it's better to deal with problems by yourself. I am dead set against violence, but if it's self defense, it's not really violence.

Thanks for reading, and write me or die!

Love,

—Jeff/564 Dalmeny Hill NW/Calgary, AB/T3A 1T6/Canada; kraftos@cyberdude.com

P.S. If anyone wrote to Count Down and has not had a response, it's probably because the address has changed to the above. Write me there, and I promise I'll write back.

Dear HeartataCk,

It seems that these days every other show that you attend there is someone on stage that is ranting and raving about the evils of Christianity. The performer will make a blanket statement about either going against the mainstream, homophobia, sexism, racism, mind control etc., etc. These statements will then be backed up with a reference to Christianity and the band plays on. There is little room for discussion and little room for disagreement. There are young and old kids alike who clap and smile and go on with the show. No one questions the prejudice; no one notes the bigotry in these statements. "The show must go on!"

A few years ago I was one in the crowd that would clap and smile and not think twice about the statements of those on stage. My main reasoning for not questioning these statements was that we are a liberal community and as a general rule I tended to agree with all that was said by performers. The performers were preaching to the converted and I was one of those who had stopped questioning because I felt comfortable in the cozy, snug fit of hardcore. I also found myself clapping and agreeing due to my background. My father is a born again Christian and I know first hand the pain that many of his beliefs and others like him can spread. I was justified to clap. I had the insight to clap. I was "hip" to clap.

Over the past few years I've stepped away from the scene and been able to look at it as an outsider instead of an insider. I've also studied (vigorously) Christianity and other religions and have come to my own terms and beliefs. One of those realizations is that Christianity actually walks so closely to hardcore that it now makes me laugh when I see those that shun it. (What I'm about to say is in no way an attempt to convert or conform anyone. My strongest belief and that which I base all others on is that every individual has their own path and they must find that for themselves. These separate paths are what have created thousands of religions and none is greater than another. No one can tell you what to do and the pull of your heart will lead you. The voice in your heart is divine and there is nothing else: book, idol, or symbol that is greater.)

To begin my study in Christianity I had to

erase all those preconceived ideas that had been implanted of the tele-evangelists, the bigotry, the sexism, and the right wing political thought. The definition of Christianity is the belief in Jesus and what he taught. So I decided there was no better way to start my study than to focus on the gospels of the Bible, which are four different accounts of the life of Jesus. (One can find other gospels that were not voted to be included in the final copy. These also provide insight and meaning into the life of Jesus.) I figured if you look at the same story four times those themes that seem to occur in more than one story must contain some truth to what had occurred during the years of Jesus' life. What has struck me the most and touched me the deepest was the Sermon on the Mount. It was in this sermon that Jesus stated that one of the greatest commandments is to "Love your neighbor as yourself." Now if one takes this one sentence literally then doesn't this mean to love your neighbor whomever they are, regardless of sexual orientation, creed, gender or ethnicity? Those quotes that the radical right use to justify their hatred out of the Bible where written by men and not stated by Jesus. Many argue that these men who wrote the other books of the Bible were "divinely inspired." I would argue that many throughout history have used the excuse of divine inspiration to promote their own political/personal agendas. For many Christians what I'm about to state is a radical concept and I have been told by many that I am not a true Christian because of this belief. I strongly believe that the books leading to the gospels and following the gospels are only to serve as a historical pre and post text for the life of Jesus. I therefore do not believe that the words written by other men have any significance other than to serve as a historical record.

Now Jesus preaching tolerance by stating to love your neighbor is not the only thing that makes him "punk rock." (In fact I see very little love these days between neighbors within the punk rock community.) Two of Jesus' greatest teachings were non-violence and charity. When confronted by poverty Jesus stated if someone asks you for your coat you should give him or her your coat and your shirt. Within the punk community there are many that work hard for organizations such as Food Not Bombs, battered women's shelters and rape crisis hotlines. Those that work for these organizations understand the need for charity and the need for giving one's "precious" time. This is what Jesus was saying. It's great to give what you can spare and may not need but it is greater to give that which you can't spare and that which you do need. To share with our fellow occupants of this world is what this teaching states.

Jesus was also a strong advocate of non-violence. There are many arguments that rage daily within the punk community if the community is a non-violent community. My belief was always that it was a non-violent community. Jesus stated if one strikes you on the cheek then you should turn the other cheek to also be struck. There are those that see this as a weak statement but for anyone that has any respect or knowledge of the teachings of Ghandi or Martin Luther King Jr. they will see the strength that lies behind the teaching of non-violence. Many look at the imperialism and destruction that the followers of Christianity have imposed on the world. How many people have been murdered by those preaching that it was "the will of God" that they take over a foreign land. It makes no sense to look at the teachings of Jesus and advocate for the murder and destruction of other people's and their land.

Jesus was a rebel. He went into the temple and threw the merchants things and yelled at them for defiling the house of God and the teachings of God. I feel that if Jesus were here today he would do the same things. To look at the hate and the destruction that has been waged by humans in the name of Jesus and the name of God, this is what is the sin. This is where the problems lie within Christianity. The problems are within the human community and not in the teachings. The Problems are within the human need to "use" the teachings of Jesus to promote their own greed and their own agendas. Jesus fought against the mainstream when he was alive and that is why he was crucified. He said things that people didn't want to hear. He made people think and he asked for change.

Are these not many of the same values that we within the "punk/hardcore" community brandish on our sleeves, on our record albums and swear by. (True till death.) So why is there such a hatred of Christianity and the Christian? And why is it socially acceptable to hate the Christian and not the Muslim, the Jew or the

Hindu. All religions have followers that exploit the faith. It's when you buy into believing that those who are exploiting the faith are also representative of the people and of the teachings of the founders of that faith that one falls victim to bigotry, prejudice and ignorance.

There are many other facets of the teachings of Jesus that I feel can and should be explored. My plan was not to write a term paper but to perhaps lend a little light to a subject that often when argued looks like a double-edged sword. Anyone who would like to continue a dialog if free to write me. I actually encourage it.

—Molly Caldwell/3203 Overcup Oak Dr./Austin, TX 78704; Lilmol@hotmail.com



Dear HeartataCk,

I truly hate to stir up this can of worms again, but it has been weighing heavily on my mind in the past few days... lo and behold it's the wonderful topic of... CHRISTIANITY. When I recently attended a hardcore show, I accidentally (unassumingly might be more like it) picked up a copy of this kids Christian "hardcore" zine.

Well, being a fairly tolerant person, I sat down and tried to give it a read, since I am woefully unaware of this burgeoning "scene". Well, it stirred up a variety of reactions in me, first and foremost was the obvious feeling of DISGUST. To see someone trying to claim that somehow all of the basic rhetoric of the religious right is PUNK made me infinitely upset. Then I just found it all extremely funny, like it was just another stupid "movement" within the scene that I could blow off, like bad tough-guy, or hardline sXe. This kid was talking about how all punks are so "uninformed" about Christianity, and how Christians are outsiders both in mainstream society and on the punk scene. He made one good point, that while there is no evidence proving the existence of God, there is also no evidence disproving the existence of God, so therefore, one can only base one's opinions on the topic on faith. He also said that he is constantly being harassed and yelled at by punks and hardcore kids alike, and he even had the gall to equate "Christian bashing" to anti-Semitism, racism and sexism. It was the standard "white males are becoming a minority type bullshit, which has had me up in arms recently. And then of course, there was the wonderful, poorly supported article about how vegetarians who are Pro-choice are somehow hypocritical. Go figure. Truth be told, It struck a very deep nerve with me, and I found myself in a tizzy for a solid 24 hours afterward. I wanted to kill this ignoramus, not only for being DEAD FUCKING WRONG, but for being so arrogant, and for fancying himself such a martyr because kids in the scene didn't have the wherewithal to confront this shit in an intelligent manner. And here is where the problem lies, the problem that kept me awake until three thirty last night when I had a nine o' clock class: When you take a militant atheist attitude and you have no logic to back it up, when you resort to calling Christians names like Hypocritical fucks and ignorami, YOU ARE PLAYING THEIR GAME!!! As punks and HC kids, generally with good brains in our heads, we MUST confront this ridiculous attitude in an INTELLIGENT manner. The more we rant and rave about God not existing and how Christians are responsible for so many of the problems in this world, and the more we call them names, the stronger THEY get, and the more we enforce their little "poor Christianity is under siege by minorities and the liberal media" delusions. These delusions must be destroyed, and there is only one way to do so: START OPEN DIALOGUE with kids who do Christian "punk" zines, and play in Christian "punk" bands, and be constructive and intelligent. Start by re-evaluating every belief that you hold dear, such as why women should have the right to choose, and why gays and lesbians should have the right, not only to marry, but to walk safely down the streets and to BE THEMSELVES without being persecuted.

Take these beliefs and deconstruct them, strip them down to their most basic elements, and construct your case from there. We need to inform ourselves about Christianity, and about what is wrong (and maybe what is right also) about it, and we need to show that THEY are the ones who base their beliefs on ignorance and intolerance, not us. Get educated, and try to understand that it is NOT the teachings of Jesus or the belief in God that harms women and gays in and of itself, but it is the right wing DOCTRINES that those

who subscribe to these beliefs tend to hold that are harmful, selfish, and just plain hypocritical. Someone declaring their faith in God never hurt anybody, and in fact it may do many people some good, but someone claiming that GAYS are going to hell and women are second class citizens because some asshole thousands of years decided to write it down on a piece of paper IS harming millions of people with every word he spews forth, whether it is in the pulpit or on TV or just at home with his little "family values" family.

FUCK IGNORANCE, FUCK HATRED,
PROMOTE LOVE, PROMOTE UNDERSTANDING!
That is all.

ALEX MERRILL

feel free to get in touch. Xcolorfast@yahoo.com
1000 Irving Avenue/Box 306/Syracuse, NY 13210



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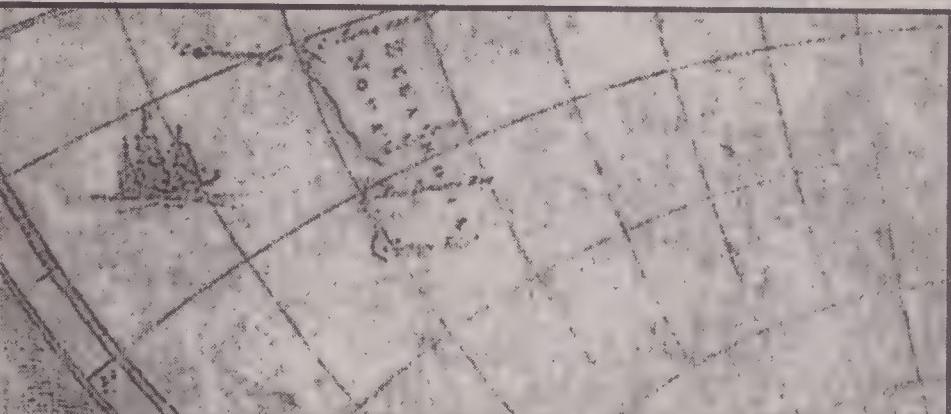
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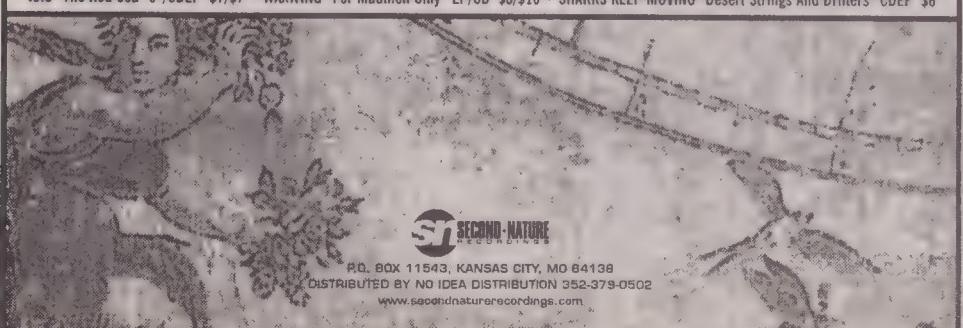
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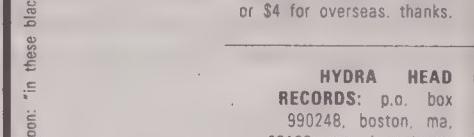
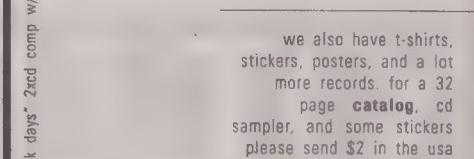
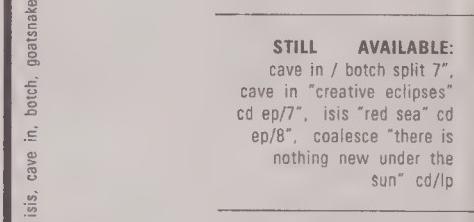
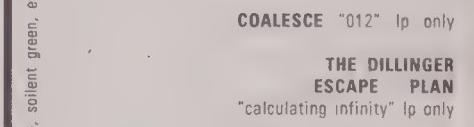
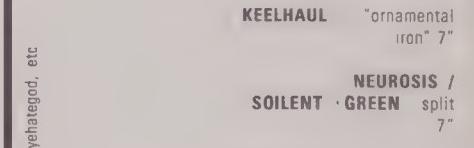
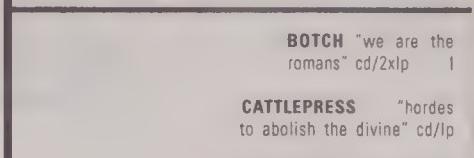
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I learn from teaching. Although much of my work has become rather routine after six years in front of the chalkboard, it is the constant learning—my own progression—which keeps me inspired to teach. Maybe this sounds selfish, and disappoints those who want to hear me say that I am “in it for the kids.” Don’t feel let down—this is reality; of course I do this because I love children, but in order for me to continue to really help my students, I must also feel personally fulfilled. This is the dilemma of all jobs with social conscience: we want to do good work, but if we beat ourselves up in the process we become “burnt out” and fail to sustain the effort necessary to really have a positive impact. You’ve got to think of those you help, but also think of yourself. Self-sacrifice is finite and dangerous.

There’s also something a little bit sick about those who “suffer” for the sake of others. I can’t deny that I have sacrificed financial security, occupational prestige, and comfort in choosing to be a teacher. But I have also gained many things in choosing to teach, and inasmuch as I give to my students they also give to me. I would never stoop, in word or thought, to the condescension of missionary work—I am not the *great white hope*, here to save the downtrodden. I know that people can only help themselves, that I am just a resource, that real growth only occurs in the empowered. I am here to be me, and self-destruction is not me.

And that is the great thing about teaching—it really can be empowering for both teacher and student. In fact, the sense of empowerment is mutualistic—the more empowered the students feel, the more empowered the teacher feels; the more empowered the teacher feels, the more empowered the students feel. This is not an exchange of product, where I give something up so that my students can have it. Rather, this is a struggle to work together, to learn together, a true fight against ignorance and apathy. The problem is: *How do we run a classroom (or school) so that teachers and students will both feel empowered by the learning process?*

I spend a lot of time thinking about this question. I feel like I have created a classroom that is very productive and comfortable, but I am always striving to improve my teaching. Most of my kids seem to thrive in my room, but there are always a few kids that I fail to reach. I do not expect to reach every kid,



that I was able to teach and to learn from a rather basic problem brought to me by one of my ‘new teacher’ peers. She was having problems with students talking in her class, and was trying to figure out how to reduce the noise so that all students could hear and participate in classroom discussions. She did not want a classroom of scared, cowed students afraid to ever talk—this would destroy the productivity of collaborative small-group lessons, and restrain students from free expression necessary during labs and other exploratory activities. Rather, she wanted her students to listen to each other during whole-class discussions instead of having a dozen side conversations.

My suggestions to her “talking problem” flowed rather unconsciously—I know almost instinctively how to handle this problem. First, you have to make your expectations very clear to the students. These expectations need to be rigorous but not unreasonable—you can’t set kids up for a fall by expecting the impossible. Once you have explained to the children when it is and is not acceptable to speak in class, you have to consistently reinforce your expectations. If you start accepting screamed out answers or allow some side discussions to go on, your credibility goes out the window and verbal chaos reigns in your classroom. Once you have made expectations clear and achieved consistency, you need to establish a means of dealing with kids who do not meet these expectations. I have a simple symbolic system, where kids get a little “SEE ME” card when they fall short of classroom expectations; other teachers write names on the board or scream at the kids, but I have come to realize that this only embarrasses and potentially riles up students whose behavior is already problematic. Kids who get a SEE ME card deal with a series of consequences: first a warning, then a problem-solving conference, then a call home, and finally a referral to the school dean. From day one my students know what is expected and what will visit them if they fall short of these expectations.

These three steps—expectations, consistency, and consequences—form a classroom system. And this system, when properly implemented, runs very smoothly. The first couple of weeks I have to correct student behavior almost daily, although rarely with the same student twice. Once we are through this first-few-weeks period of testing (the students testing

kids are no good”; “this is a bad class”; “these kids are hopeless”; “it’s a rotten bunch.” Statements like these betray the incompetence of an educator. While teachers undoubtedly suffer from loud, unruly and unfocused classrooms, they at least have the power to do something about them. And no matter how many migraines they suffer, the teachers still take home a paycheck. Students, on the other hand, have no individual power to improve the whole classroom, and suffer horrible educational disadvantages when asked to “learn” in a dysfunctional school setting. All teachers experience “unreachable” kids whose behavior and work remains unacceptable throughout the entire year. If only a few kids are not responding to the classroom system, are making poor choices, we can absolve ourselves as educators from blame, and perhaps blame these “trouble kids” for their own destruction. But when an entire class is not learning, the teacher is to blame.

This is how I judge myself, and how I advised my colleague to judge herself, when assessing classroom problems. You set up a system, and if that system is effective, most kids will respond to it. If most kids are not responding to the system, the system, and not the kids, is dysfunctional.

The exchange which took place between me and my colleague may seem sort of one-sided; she presented a problem and I advised her on that problem. What did I learn? After all of my rhetoric about the dual nature of teaching, of receiving and giving, of being an educator and a learner, how did I benefit from the exchange? I was explaining something that I already “understood,” something “old” for me. How did I gain something new from our conversation?

Her question had forced me to verbalize instinct and ritual. I understood, on one level, how to create a productive classroom, but until confronted with her question, I had never actually analyzed my approach and my experiences. I had never drawn connections between all the things that go on in my classroom; nor had I contrasted the characteristics of classrooms which worked with those of dysfunctional classrooms. All of these randomly-floating ideas had worked for me, but for them to work for her they had to be organized. In describing all of this to her, I gained a greater understanding of how a classroom system works. And then, it occurred to me: *the classroom is a big ‘ole analogy for tons of other sociological stuff.*

Think about all of our systems and how they work and, particularly, think about who we blame when they do not work. When our social systems fail, who do we blame? Do we blame those who create, maintain and hold the power to change the system, or do we blame those who fall victim to the system? How do we assess the effectiveness of social systems? When do we call a social system a “failure”?

Let’s talk about a basic American social system: economics. We have all been led to believe that “economics” is an independent phenomenon, a naturally-occurring system beyond human control. But this is patently false—we, as a country, have established a very specific economic system, a system which is subject to human intervention and control. This economic system is multi-faceted, composed of social welfare programs, taxation policy, monetary policy and

COLUMNS

Things people write thinking that you might care.

and recognize the fact that I only control a small part of these kids’ experiences—I can do everything in the world to change my classroom, but I cannot change the world outside of my classroom from which my students emerge. Keeping my limits in mind, I do not flog myself for every student who I fail to reach; however, I try to minimize the number of kids who are “falling through the cracks,” and take small pride when I can keep those deemed “lost causes” to a few. Up until that last day I have hope for all of my students... sometimes on that last day all the hope in the world doesn’t change the plight of a few.

It seems strange, but flattering, that I have been asked by my school to act as a mentor to new teachers. I still feel like a new teacher, but I guess that six years in the New York City Board of Education makes one a veteran in some sense. I approach these mentoring situations as I do my classroom, as an opportunity to not only teach but also learn. I am not the all-powerful, all-knowing sagely teacher, but I am a good communicator and problem-solver. And so it was

my system and, ultimately, me), I rarely have to correct student behavior. Once in awhile a student will have a problem and I will have to dole out consequences. This is the mark of a truly good classroom system: it works for most of the students most of the time. Most of these kids are fully capable of working together productively, of learning collaboratively, and of following basic guidelines that make education possible. If you, as a teacher, are doing the right thing, most kids will respond. This makes for a very easy-to-manage classroom. If most kids are productive, it becomes very easy to identify and assist those who are not. If the whole class is not productive, the teacher has a big problem: how do you reach all of the kids at once?

In our mentoring meeting my colleague and I discussed classrooms that are complete chaos, where no learning occurs because student behavior is so “out-of-hand” that kids are not able to concentrate or think. Teachers who create dysfunctional classrooms often explain them away by blaming the victims of the chaos: the students. I have heard it too many times: “these

a whole host of human-created and human-controlled subsystems. When we look at our economic system, we say that it works. After all, didn’t capitalism win over communism? When confronted with the clear shortcomings that arise within this system—most strikingly a widening gap between rich and poor and a growing number of chronically poor people—we have a simple solution: blame the victim.

That’s right, we blame the poor for their poverty. You know the fucking bullshit because it is in everyone’s faces 24-7: the poor (and for that matter, the middle class) are inferior (lazy, stupid, culturally deficient), and that is why they do not earn as much or enjoy as much wealth as the rich. It’s not the system that causes these problems, but the people who do not know how to “do right” in the system. The implication is: if everyone knew how to “behave” (i.e. abide by the system), we would all be as rich as Bill Gates.

We all know that this is totally wrong, at least in theory. What do we expect the poor to do? Are there jobs available which we expect them to fill? Is this

system consistent—do all people who make equal effort receive equal reward? Are the negative consequences of the system only doled out for “inappropriate behavior,” or do they also befall those who “play by the rules”? Does the system work for most of the people, with only a few people falling through the cracks due to their own poor behavior, or do we have a system that only works for a few?

My analysis of classroom rules fits perfectly in analyzing the American economic system: if the most of the people are not thriving, the system, and not the people, is fucked. And how could we not come to the conclusion that it is inappropriate to blame the victims of poverty for their poverty? How can we not see that this is a system which needs changing? Who has the power to change the system? Who are the people with the power blaming, themselves or their victims?

Every day my students and colleagues challenge me to re-think my entire world. They often present novel ideas to me, but they also prompt me to come up with new ideas of my own. This is to me the most powerful of educational systems, one which allows the student to discover his or her own ideas.

I also gain a lot from conversations about education which I have with other people. Sometimes I am a poor conversationalist... I have lost track of a few dialogues over e-mail, and I am horrible with regular mail. But, if you want to give it a try, strike up a dialogue: my e-mail is cjensen22@earthlink.net. Don't have a computer? Go to the library and use their web access to get free mail from any number of providers... search on “free e-mail” and choose the one that's best for you. Use the tool, don't abuse the tool.

I have recently joined a team. I spend eight-hour days with my team. We are not athletes. We are not rhetoricians. We are not analysts. While those are the kind of jobs one might associate with team membership, our team is much more inclusive—almost anybody can join. We work in the bakery department in Whole Foods, a natural foods grocery store. We are the bakery team. That is what Whole Foods Co. calls us. That is also what we call ourselves.

Whole Foods Co. calls me a team member. I am not a worker. I am not an employee. I am a team member. I have a team leader. She is not a manager. She is not a boss. She is a leader. I have a few other team supervisors. They are not assistant managers. They cooperate with the team leader and other team members to ensure that tasks and responsibilities can be distributed among the workers... oops, I mean team members. Whole Foods company has successfully managed to completely eliminate the old language of the workplace, making words like “boss” and “worker,” “manager” and “assistant manager,” “wages” and “working conditions” totally obsolete. No one in my store uses these words. We are part of a team. Therefore, we use the team talk.

This is the new language of capitalism. Whole Foods Co. is not alone. Many large corporations have embraced this (relatively) new organizational management trend. Next time you walk into Office Depot, Target, Home Depot, Wal-Mart, or Starbucks, take note of what the employees are called—team members, partners, associates.

I want to argue that this is not just about words, though words are significant in their capacity to both construct and relate meaning. This is not only the new language of capitalism; it is the new organization of capitalism. United States industry has managed to spread out over corners of the globe, increasing profit margins and evading the (declining) force of labor unions. United States industry has managed to multiply in strength and power, despite the ever-expanding group of people, both inside and outside of the U.S., who must endure the negative economic, environmental, and political consequences of a world dominated by the logic of free markets. And United States capitalism has managed to persevere despite (or perhaps because of) a welfare state that is currently in severe jeopardy due to a right-shifting political climate. Yes, your friendly socialists have let you all know about the structural strength of United States capitalism—its capacity for economic imperialism, its neglect of its own social consequences, and its love affair with the government.

But I want to argue that United States capitalism is even stronger than these descriptions would lead you to believe. The major corporations in the country are growing in size and power because they have mastered the art of the Left’s game, or at least make it seem as if they have.

Workplace democracy is perhaps one of the most radical and least ideological ideas to emerge from leftist discourse on labor. Workplace democracy conforms with so many of our political ideals, including cooperation, consensus, and self-governance. It empowers workers, giving them direct influence over their working conditions, wages, and benefits. However, the concept has transformed from worker control of the factory and workplace—syndicalism, loosely defined—to a phrase that means little more than what I have experienced at Whole Foods. I want to argue that United States corporations have appropriated the concept of workplace democracy, not so as to empower workers and redistribute pay and benefits, but precisely to disempower workers so as to maintain the unequal distribution of money and power in the corporation.

The owners of Whole Foods, Starbucks, and Target have a vested interest in the success of workplace democracy. You might ask why. Is it because they are good samaritans? I strongly doubt the interest in workplace democracy extends from a larger interest in socioeconomic equality or self-governance. Rather, workplace democracy becomes the most important tool these corporations can use in the fight against unionization. If we feel as though we are a part of a team with our coworkers, if it seems as though the hierarchy has been dismantled, if we think that we have real and effective representation through this (alleged) democratic organization, who need unions? If unions serve to generate solidarity, redistribute power and resources, and represent workers through collective bargaining, and if workplace democracy appears to be accomplishing all of these goals, unions become totally obsolete and unnecessary. And if workers cease to think of themselves as workers and begin to see themselves as team members and partners, unions not only become obsolete and unnecessary, but they become suspect as outsiders trying to start unnecessary and unwelcome trouble.

The language of workplace democracy also creates the sentiment that the workers themselves are to blame for lower profit margins. Employees begin to think of the company as their company, when they, in fact, do not share in ownership and profits. Employees begin to regard the infrequency of pay raises as the result of their failure to sell products and generate profits for the company. Employees scrutinize other employees for their inability or unwillingness to become part of the team.

Now that I have tried to argue that the rhetoric of workplace democracy serves to protect large corporations against the threat of unionization, I want to describe the actual conditions of workplace democracy as I saw them at Whole Foods. Whole Foods Berkeley is a store whose employees have a median age of about 25. This is significant for a number of reasons. 1.) There are very few teenagers working in the store, and 2.) There are very few career workers in the store. I would argue that Whole Foods appeals to Gen X because it is a health food-type of store, with all of the tastiest in overpriced prepared foods and vegetarian treats. I would also argue that high school teenagers do not work at Whole Foods because the store operates on an 8-hour workday, almost without exception, with shifts starting around 6:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m.. High school students are in school during each of the available shifts. But the more interesting point involves the lack of adults over 35. On this issue, I can only speculate. Perhaps Whole Foods does not provide promising upward mobility. Perhaps the benefits, which are decent for a 25-year old single male, and unsatisfactory for that same male should he decide to get married and have children. Perhaps Whole Foods discourages team leaders (i.e. managers) from hiring adults with families, for fear that they might demand more regular pay raises, better benefits, and job

security. Perhaps it is due to the fact that the full-time work week at Whole Foods is only 24 hours, which fails to produce enough hourly wages on which to support a family. The few 35+ adults in the store are most often in low level management positions, though 24-28 year-olds usually occupy even these positions. However, regardless of whomever holds these low level management positions, they all have something significant in common: They are all overworked and underpaid.

Employees have the option of purchasing Whole Foods health coverage. Should they choose this option, the cost is deducted from their paychecks. I have heard no mention of a retirement plan. No sick days. Vacation days are accrued over a period of time, corresponding to the number of hours worked and pay rates for these hours. Pay raises are at the discretion of the team leader. I am not describing all of this to suggest that Whole Foods is that much different from so many other grocery stores regarding pay and benefits. In fact, I am asserting precisely the opposite—that Whole Foods (and Starbucks, and Borders, and Office Depot, etc.) are not different from other large chain stores. Despite their rhetoric of workplace democracy, Whole Foods is just like most other supermarkets. There is, however, one important difference: Workers at Whole Foods are not represented by a union. They have not means of collective bargaining. Their wages and benefits are totally and absolutely subject to a decision-making body upon which they have no formal influence. In effect, regardless of the language of cooperation, team membership, and collective decision-making, the individual employee is precisely that—an individual. She is stripped of both her ability and her desire to organize with her coworkers on their own collective behalf. Thus, the force of this language of workplace democracy is both functional and ideology. She can't organize (because she is no longer a “worker”) nor does she want to (because now she is a “team member”).

I am not trying to argue against workplace democracy—the concept. I am trying to argue against workplace democracy—the practice, which I see as merely a façade, an illusory democracy protecting the power and strength of the company. There is no real workplace democracy. We are not partners (as Starbucks claims). We do not share in the profits (leaving aside the question of stock options because it will make this whole discussion far too complicated). Whole Foods Company spends millions of dollars on union busting campaigns, so it is clear that we, as employees, cannot even choose to turn workplace democracy into workplace “representative” democracy, should we feel that to be in our best interests.

I must admit to longing for the “old days,” when workers struggled against their bosses, battled management, and fought for better working conditions. Such conditions were a far cry from democracy, but generated more solidarity and cooperation that this new language of capitalism. I do not intend to idealize the American labor movement, for I know that the labor movement has historically been the site of corruption, red-baiting, sexism, racism, nationalism, and so on. I am arguing that the (seeming) dissolution of workers and bosses has done more harm to the workers than to the bosses. Under conditions of capitalism where a majority are generating wealth, while only a few are bringing that wealth home, we must not be too quick to dissolve the battle lines.

Discussions of class and labor must not be relegated and contained in classrooms and ISO meetings, for these discussions often become too ideological and/or utopian for real relevance. In this column, I have only scratched the surface of a most significant and complex issue. I hope that it may generate a wider discussion in which more people can share their ideas and experiences. All thoughts, reactions, and responses are welcome and greatly appreciated. All hate mail and death threats will be thrown into the box labeled “hate mail and death threats.” Robyn Marasco/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712-4445; hereinhell@aol.com

I'm sitting with my new office beginning to take shape after the largest move of my life—out of The Vegetarian Grocer. Reminiscing about some of the projects we were able to complete there, I'm trying to find some that weren't half-ass and didn't fall about



2000 yards short of their potential... and I can't really think of any. The concept of the store was beautiful—taking punk and hardcore beyond the realm of music related activities; taking the initiative to create a space where people from all backgrounds could relate and find a sense of community that the average person doesn't find in listening to hardcore bands. The follow through, and this is a recurring theme throughout the 2 years the store existed, was a different story.

Our store was ugly. It was dirty and often times more reminiscent of a living room than a grocery store. I didn't think it was important—when making aesthetic decisions I would tell myself, "This is mostly for punk kids, they won't even notice or care how well the place is kept up—that kind of stuff is for the uptight corporate schmucks." But the thing is, it doesn't work that way. As patrons of a store or space, I don't think we fully acknowledge how important it is to us for the building to be in good repair, be sorta clean and decorated well. If you walk into a place that you think you'll be into—like a punk kids' record store or a vegan grocery store, and it looks like shit, you aren't going to respect it or the people behind it. If it's well designed and maintained, clean and organized, you're blown away. You've found something that you know right then will be a part of your life. I was made especially aware of this on tour recently when we played in St. Louis at Centre Sociale and in Denver at Double Entendre Records. Both places are run by punk kids and when you walk in, you're thinking to yourself, "This is what punk is about. This is why I'm still here." You just feel like the people responsible have put all of their heart and energy into their projects and aren't cutting corners just to get the shit done. That is what makes a space successful; not the amount of shit you can say you did—but knowing that what you did you did well.

I have learned more about myself in the last 2 years than I would have thought was possible. I don't regret what I've done for a second, I just hope I didn't turn too many people further away from young kids trying to do new things by running a 1/2 ass shop. (I can't fully describe the feeling of having the older folks in the neighborhood say "I told you so" with a glint in their eyes). It makes me bitter to think that I was able to progress so much from the moment of having the idea to start the store and at the same time fell so utterly short of what I was trying to achieve. I breathe deep though, and hope that this time, I'll do it right.

With the grocery store closed, I've moved and am in the process of opening a screen printing shop making vinyl stickers and shirts. Thanks to everyone responsible for making Voglio Capirlo's summer tour an amazing experience; to reach me for any reason, use the new numbers: James Marks/PO Box 981193/ Ypsilanti, MI 48198; (734) 480-0667; james@vgkids.com

Today is a Thursday. I'm going to Montreal with the other grad students in my program at school. We get back to Toronto sometime Sunday night. I will return to my place on the York campus which is an hour and a quarter away from my boyfriend, David's, house. On Monday morning I teach a class. This means that I won't see David until Monday night. Four days. These four days will seem like a lifetime. Every time we say good bye to each other, for even a day, there is a sense of melancholy hanging in the air. Each time I feel a sense of loss. I am eyebrow deep in love. I am "boy floating in warm water." I can't imagine life without David.

I think about this morning, about waking up tangled together. The flesh of our naked bodies melting together. He feels warm and looks incredibly sexy. Waking up snuggling together is one of my favourite times with him. Drifting in and out of the world of sleep and dreams. Floating slowly into consciousness nestled with the one I love. I lie on top of him trying to ensure that as much of our bodies touch as possible and we gaze into each other's eyes. We drink life and inspiration from each other.

I think of our good bye and can still taste and feel his tongue in my mouth. I can feel his beard brushing against my face as we make time stand still through our embrace. I pull down his sweat pants and slurp up his lovely cock. I think of how this is the last time we will touch for four days. We have to cut the

good bye short because I'll either start bawling or miss my ride.

It seems as though our relationship has reached a strange new level. We have established a monogamy of sorts. Of sorts. I find this "development" to be exciting, romantic, and confusing all at once. I would have never seen this coming. Not so long ago I was extolling the virtues of open relationships, and I still do, saying that I wouldn't want to be in a monogamous relationship. As it turns out I have fallen goofy in love with this wonderful boy and don't really feel like having sex with other people. I feel so fulfilled with David that sex with other people doesn't really appeal to me unless David is involved too. I find it romantic because we are sooo in love.

At this point in our relationship having sex with other people isn't all that fun for me. I still enjoy it, but it can't be compared to sex with David. A little while ago he went out of town for a week and while he was gone we both had sex with several other people. I had a lot of fun, but there was a catch; virtually the whole week I couldn't get an erection. I kept thinking about David while I was with other people. I kept imagining him wandering by or imagining the scenario with the added bonus of having him there. That was about the only way I could get off the whole time.

While I am not overly disturbed by the fact that I only want to have sex with David I do find it a bit confusing. I thought I had things figured out, but that has changed and now I only have a bit of an idea. My brain realizes that open relationships are great fun and wants me to have tons of fabulous sex. My heart says that I don't want to pursue fabulous sex with anyone other than David. With David even when we are falling asleep or rushed the sex is fabulous.

If you have been following my writings in *Heartattack* you'll know that I'm more than a little obsessed with this wonderful boy. Seemingly related to this is the fact that on some level I don't want David to have sex with other people. I won't stop him if he wants to, but it ends up not sitting well with me. This feels selfish, but it too relates to feeling a deeper sense of love for him than I have ever felt with anyone else.

There is this sort of split between ideology and feelings. In theory I even like the fact that David or I has sex with other people. However, my feelings say to beat away all those other folks and keep David for myself. At the same time that I want to go out and show David off I want to shoo them away and say "too bad, he's mine!"

So where does this all take me? Where does it take our relationship? While neither of us are opposed to having multiple sex partners, right now it isn't a priority. When we are away from each other we will have sex with other people, but as soon as we are in touching distance we can't keep our hands, or anything else, off of each other.

As far as I can tell relationships, much like sexuality, continually flow, change and evolve. As things stand right now David and I are basically monogamous and I have surprised myself by loving it. I definitely don't feel as though relationships have to be monogamous for love to be shared. I also doubt that things will always be this way for us. We will learn and experiment with each other. We will learn from the sex with other people and bring back new ideas and challenges to each other. I look forward to every experience with David. With us it doesn't matter if the experience is "good" or "bad" because they are all experiences and they all bring us closer to each other. We are living and learning from each other. We are laughing and loving, and it all seems quite perfect. There is magic and we've made it. There is love and we live it. This I am certain of.

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In turned 30 this summer. No small feat when I consider all the risks I took when I was younger and how many of my old friends didn't make it. I managed to avoid fatal motorcycle accidents, drug overdoses, suicide, stabbing, and drunk driving accidents. I remember well the days before personal computers, compact

disks, cable TV, VCRs, fax machines and touch tone phones. When I started college in 1986 I was still typing papers on a manual typewriter. We didn't have a TV at home until I was 11, and then it was black and white. I remember when Space Invaders was hi-tech. I remember old coke and 25 cent comic books. Most of all I remember Rock and Roll. My parents were very young when I was born, 18 and 19. Both were into the hippy drug scene and the rock music that accompanied it. As a toddler I was wowed by the 3-D hologram on the cover of The Rolling Stones' *His Satanic Majesty's Request* and the rotary pinwheel on Led Zeppelin 3. I have a ticket stub from a Pink Floyd concert I attended in 1972 with my mom. My dad spent much of the 1970s in prison or strung out on drugs. My mom spent most of the '70s on welfare and strung out on drugs. Things got so bad for a while that I had to go live with my grandparents while my mom recovered from Hepatitis she'd picked up shooting speed in Dupont Circle. But through it all I was exposed to a lot of '60s and '70s rock. Now later as a record collector and inheritor of my mom's collection I've regained some interest in the great rock music of the '60s and early '70s.

In the mid 1960s America was a very young country. The average baby boomer was in high school or college. Young people were the majority and their popular culture came to the fore for the first time in history. There was an underlying radical, anti-establishment current which found itself manifested in politics and music. Conventions were challenged and rock music was transformed from R&B, to British Invasion, to Psychedelic to Heavy Rock and thus spawned Punk and Metal in the 1970s. For all of you who were born in 1981 or whatever, here is the Felix Von guide to '60s and early '70s rock.

OK, first I'm going to back up into the 1950s. To me the all time greatest Rock and Roller would have to be Chuck Berry. This guy was the first with the mostest. Berry's guitar style, songwriting, lyrics and delivery where so groundbreaking as to set a standard for the style for all time. Bands are still covering "School Daze," "Johnny B. Goode," and Berry's other classics today. There are a few popular greatest hits LPs which are pretty common in used record stores for a few bucks. If you can possibly find it, the *Chess Box* set is a crucial compendium of this great Rock and Rollers work. This man was a titan, to Rock what Louis Armstrong was to Jazz, and Robert Johnson was to blues; if you can't rock out to Chuck Berry you should probably chose another form of music.

Wild Rockers of the '50s aside the roots of punk music lie in the wild rock of the early and mid '60s. The English had been closely studying American Rhythm and Blues and early Rock n' Roll. They improved upon this American product and sold it back to us. The result was the British Invasion.

The Beatles—Fuck the Beatles, one down and four to go. This band sucked, will suck, still sucks.

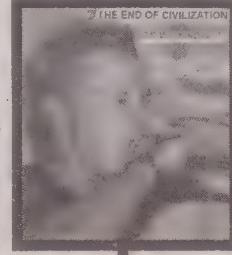
The Rolling Stones—while I don't care much for their later work, the early Stones played some really great Rock and Roll. *The Hot Rocks* (hits 1964-71) double LP is all you really need. The Sex Pistols and the controversy that surrounded them was frequently compared to the early days of the Stones.

The Yardbirds—This was a training ground for future rock stars, Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page and Jeff Beck on guitar. The Yardbirds were very blues based but had a heavy rock undercurrent which was of course more developed when Clapton formed Cream and Page formed Led Zeppelin. Many find the Yardbirds to be one of Punk's direct antecedents.

The Kinks—Another great British band more pop and rock than R&B influenced. I think they really laid the whole foundation for heavy rock music with the riff to "You Really Got Me."

The Animals—Much more rooted in American R&B than the rest of the British Invasion bands the Animals had some big hits with cover tunes that were poignant in their social commentary. Eric Burdon was the archetypal working class rocker with a golden voice and Animals tunes like "We Gotta Get Outta This Place," "Don't Bring Me Down," and "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" grasp at expressing some of the youthful frustration and alienation of later punk groups.

The Who—Since I'm not too crazy about the Mod thing with the



scooters and all that shit I won't comment on The Who's style. Their early music though was pretty rockin' the early hits record *Meaty Beaty Big and Bouncy* is a used record store staple and has a lot of good tunes. Recommended is the classic *Who Live at Leeds LP* which (although it has its dull spots) is a pretty energetic live LP.

The British Invasion had a big impact on American groups at about the time Psychedelic drugs and radical politics became hip. The result was the Psychedelic Rock Era. Many of the British Invasion bands I talked about above started dropping acid and went psychedelic as well, but I still recommend their early rockin' tunes any day.

In garages across America rock bands were forming. Most played parties and frat houses in complete obscurity. Some scored hits with singles then faded into obscurity. This underground garage punk scene of the mid '60s is what spawned the true precursors of punk rock, the MC5, the Stooges and the Ramones. Since most of these bands were one hit wonders they lend themselves easily to compilation hence the great Pebbles and Nuggets comp series'. Bands like the Standells, the Shadows of Knight, the Seeds, Question Mark and the Mysterians, Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs, the Music Machine, the Sonics, the Wailers, the Chocolate Watch Band, the Count Bishops, Syndicate of Sound, the 13th Floor Elevators, and Minneapolis' own Trashmen just cranked out great raw, youthful, energetic rock that still sounds great today. There was an excellent article on this scene in *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* number 10. And the 'zine *Ugly Things* continues to cover garage punk of the '60s and today. If you ever see any of the Nuggets or Pebbles comps pick them up right away, really great classic AM radio garage punk. I'd have to say none of the current bands playing in this style seem to have the impact as the '60s groups, but they sure do try.

After the Yardbirds Clapton went on to form Cream. I personally really dig Cream's mix of R&B with Psychedelic rock. Don't forget that MDC used to cover the Cream song "Politician." Clapton busted out some really mind blowing riffs for Cream then degenerated into the terrible FM adult contemporary dude he is today.

Led Zeppelin—OK, you can say whatever you want, but I still love Zeppelin. The first two albums are some of my all time favorites going back to childhood. I love the wild, driving rockers like "Communication Breakdown" or "Whole Lotta Love" and the raw, dirty blues influenced stuff like "The Lemon Song." I think Zeppelin got a little too pretentious after the first two LPs but certainly had their moments on the later albums. Zeppelin also kicked out some really weak hippy sounding shit. So this is one of those bands you have to patiently make a tape of to edit out all the weak folky stuff and the ballads and shit.

In the Psychedelic Era you had all this crazy drug hippy shit going on in San Francisco and this music like Jefferson Airplane the Grateful Dead and Country Joe and the Fish. Well, you gotta be on drugs to like that stuff because it just doesn't rock. What did rock was the greatest guitarist probably of all time Jimi Hendrix. I can't really dig the beads and paisley and shit but all of Hendrix stuff just rocks. This guy was an all time great no one can touch. With R&B roots he pushed music forward about ten years with his incredibly heavy and driving guitar sound and amazing solos. Hendrix is one case where I'd say steer clear of the greatest hits packages and just buy the three main albums, *Axis Bold as Love*, *Electric Ladyland*, *Are You Experienced*.

Doors—Jim Morrison was supposedly a poet, influenced by Rimbaud, Verlaine, Baudelaire and all those cats. The Doors' music was dark and eerie and Morrison's lyrics were poetic. In fact I'd say that the Doors are more at the roots of Goth than Punk, but they are still pretty good. I don't think the Doors really rock hard enough but if you are in the right mood the music does seem to reflect some of the alienation of an outsider in society. Avoid the Oliver Stone movie at all costs.

Pink Floyd—The early Pink Floyd albums, *Piper at the Gates of Dawn* and *Ummagumma* are great heavy Psychedelic rockers. You can really see a direct influence on bands like Neurosis coming from this

period.

Blue Cheer—The *Vincebus Eruptum* LP is one of the best heavy psychedelic rock albums ever. A really sludgy driving wall of noise attack. At times you can almost imagine you are listening to Flipper but then you realize it's a bunch of drug influenced dudes from SF but with the wrong haircuts.

King Crimson—another big influence on bands like Neurosis, this band started out more psychedelic and ventured into more Prog Rock territory.

Traffic—Another band on the Prog Rock/Psychedelic fence. A big influence on Fugazi and Rocket From The Crypt, although I think Traffic was much better than both the above bands. There is a greatest hits LP you can find in any used record box.

Prog Rock, Progressive Rock or Krautrock whatever you want to call it is where the hard rocking influence of '50s rock and R&B started to be overwhelmed by technology and "musicianship." Bands like Yes, Can and ELP turned rock songs into fully orchestrated ten minute long symphonic arrangements. Taking rock to this "next level" divorced it from its more visceral hard rock roots. This process was instrumental in bringing about the birth of both punk and metal which stripped rock down to its essential ingredients. It is about this point at which I would start to get into either bands that spawned metal like Deep Purple, AC/DC, Judas Priest, Black Sabbath and Blue Oyster Cult or bands that spawned punk such as MC5, Stooges, Ramones, Modern Lovers or New York Dolls. But since I've already discussed both those strains of rock music now you know where it was coming from.

I should note that like '60s rock, punk started out as something raw, untamed and brutal. Yet now in the '90s much of the "mainstream" of punk simply does not rock. It's either overproduced "by the numbers" pop-punk, generic so-called Straight Edge mosh-core, or litling emo indie rock. I don't particularly care for Oi! or garage rock but at least those forms of music have tried to stick to the driving rock four piece formula. Still, little of this music seems to have any energy. It is all so commercial and soulless. Only the really aggressive fast hardcore seems to have any emotion behind it anymore. Now I doubt anyone is going to start giving props to Cream and Hendrix, but if it rocks, it rocks. So Let There Be Rock!

With "globalization" being the catch word of the day and its realization being a major source of exploitation for many peoples the world over, and worse yet, the threat of even more "free" trade (freedom for whom?) and increasing economic globalization looming just over our heads (with such evils as the WTO, the IMF, the FTAA, etc.), the absurdity of the whole situation really strikes me. We are living in a society where capital and profit is valued over anything else. It strikes me as deeply absurd that corporations have been given an

identity as a "citizen" of sorts, that corporations have even more rights than human beings. It strikes me as deeply absurd—not to mention deeply disturbing—that trade is able to move more freely across borders than people, and seem to be welcomed ten thousand times more than people (AKA "those damn illegal immigrants stealing our jobs"). Borders that are defined by the State, borders that I personally don't think should even exist.

Anyway, where the hell am I going with all this? I want to talk about the western idea of "progress." I guess this is sort of a continuation of some parts of my last column in HaC #23.

After that issue of HaC came out, I received a lot of very inspiring mail from different people. One of these people, Reggie, brought up something in his letter that is often taken for granted. He brought up my usage of the term "Third World" and how I described myself as a "Third World woman" and the place where I was born (Vietnam) as a "Third World country." He wrote that this is actually historically inaccurate. The places we often call and see as the "Third World" are often places that actually spurred peoples of the "first world"—as in first man/woman, great civilizations, and so on. He's absolutely right. Now I'm thinking, inspired, of the Mayans, the Moors, and on and on.

This really brings to mind something I have been thinking about a lot lately and that is the idea of "progress." When we think of progress, it more often

than not involves technology, science, industry, and a lot of other things under western capitalism (even though we may claim to hate capitalism). In other words, it's always a western-centric view of "progress." And then we talk about the "Third World" (or as Reggie would put it, the First World) and we see these parts of the world as such because they supposedly haven't "progressed" like we have yet. We see them as "developing" nations, "underdeveloped" and "primitive." And we take it for granted that our society has supposedly evolved further than these "Third World" countries.

What I want to know is, who decided that technology equals "progress" anyway? Whose idea of progress is this? I mean, is it really progress when we are not-so-slowly killing the planet with pollution, overconsumption, and waste? And killing ourselves with all of the above, plus brain-rotting "advanced" technological devices such as television? Then when we run out of resources here (because our idea of progress doesn't fit very well with the idea of sustainability), we go to those "underdeveloped" countries and rob the Earth of its resources there too (while simultaneously exploiting the people and using them as cheap labour, of course), and then try and force everyone else into our "advanced" way of life?

On the eve of the USA's Columbus Day (AKA Day of Mass Genocide), does anyone else detect hints of a new form of colonialism? By the way, just to digress a little bit, how come it's been so long before anyone realized that Columbus did not "discover" America? Even with the issues of genocide and taking over land that was already inhabited by other people aside, Columbus could never have been someone who "discovered" this land because he was looking for India. In other words, the stupid guy got lost. So how can he be a "great explorer" credited with "discovering" America when he was actually completely lost?

Anyway, all of this western-centric bullshit is really tugging at me. After this school year, I graduate from university and my main plan has been to try and get an internship overseas for a few months, doing something related to human rights, social justice, or "development" (there's that screwed up word/idea again). My current dilemma is that I am concerned about my outsider/westerner status. This, to me, means that if I go anywhere in the Third/First World, I will automatically bring with me a certain power dynamic, simply because I am a person from the West. I am concerned about this issue of power, my "outsiderness," the possibility of my being voyeuristic and paternal, a "do gooder" from the West. I guess you can call it the politics of travel. True, I don't plan on being a tourist (and I think this issue can definitely not be avoided when you are a tourist) but how different is my situation really? I don't know if I have an answer.

There's the issue of these groups and NGO's doing important work in these countries. However, there is also the issue of these groups being there, and bringing with them all these privileged people from countries like Canada and the States doing all these jobs and in effect, potentially taking away jobs from the people who really do live there and who may need them. So are we really doing that much good? Or are we just helping to perpetuate an unequal system where we in the West benefit (as usual) from the losses and exploitation of those in other countries?

Maybe one of the ways toward solving or alleviating this problem is that we need to listen to the people who live in these countries and we need to listen to what they want. This is the ever important idea and practice of solidarity, something that I believe is necessary and crucial in virtually all struggles no matter what they are, or where they are. It is the difference between fighting with and fighting for.

As I am currently involved with the anti-sweatshop student movement, this is something that surfaces and resurfaces within the movement and within our activism again and again. I'm going to leave you with something that is printed on a flyer that I have concerning the issue of representations of maquila workers. Although it is specific to the sweatshop issue, I think the basic gist of it is useful and something we always need to think about in order to work on this western-centric crap that surfaces everywhere. "What images will we use to organize in solidarity with maquila workers? Do powerless images lead to power-less-ness? Will the way we represent maquila workers affect long-term strategic coalitions with them? How do we students



deal thoughtfully with our privilege? Can we mobilize around images of worker power/struggle/ambivalence in/toward the maquila? Will we present some kind of composite 'Third World Woman' like some of our professors? Does this mean anything for diversity in our movement?"

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To Whom It Most Certainly Concerns:

I remember having an image in my head as child, where I saw two strangers walking down a crowded sidewalk, toward each other, though not consciously. One has his two children holding either of his hands, the other has a pistol. The one with the gun approaches the other and says, "Are these your children?" and the father replies, "Yes," and smiles. The gunman then empties his pistol into the father's face.

It was an incredibly important scene to play over in my head through the years. I've always been extremely conscious of the fact that it's pure fiction. To this day, I can't remember where it came from. Really, that much of it is irrelevant. I've held this image dear because it's been a reminder of what I never thought a human being capable of, or what I thought was an extreme of human capacity. It implied the basic humanity of each of us, and allowed me to believe firmly in my ability to appeal to that human quality in people, especially amidst conflict or potentially volatile situations. That may seem odd—that I would use such a violent, emotionally traumatic image to fuel my belief in non-violence, but to me it makes perfect sense. I know that we're all capable (sometimes unknowingly) of incredibly horrific acts. However, I've always firmly believed that when confronted with the universal quality of humanity and the implication of vulnerability that comes with that, we choose not to violate that. The inference being that one is much less likely to shoot someone in the face (or otherwise inflict deliberate pain on someone) while conscious of their humanity or, in this case—more specifically, those who love that person (i.e. their children, etc.). It gives me great strength to assure myself that there are no demons among us; there are none so inhuman that they are beyond at least some transformation, some appeal to compassion and conscience.

In several conversations, I've asked people what they thought it would feel like to walk around in the shoes of a repentant rapist or murderer—to know that they had sunk to probably the lowest a human is capable of. I've asked them to imagine how they would thus view the faults of others, how much less dramatic the sins of others would seem, possibly simply because they would already know how easy it is to sink to tremendously low levels, and how easy it would be to smile on those people and extend feelings of empathy, from merely knowing what that's like. Mostly, knowing what it's like to regret something so intensely.

I've been there. Obviously, I'm no rapist, and I've certainly never murdered anyone (to my knowledge), but I've done severe emotional damage to certain people in my life, though not deliberately. One could say that my intent was irrelevant, essentially. The damage was done, regardless. I do however think that consciousness of one's actions, and their consequences is a serious aggravating factor in such an act, especially when the act is repeated. Perhaps because of this, I go to great lengths to cultivate forgiveness in my daily life. I find that the people in my life are worth more than a reduction to their worst act, even toward me. If I examine the situation closely enough, I often find that what I am experiencing is not nearly as awful as something I have previously forced someone else to endure.

That's why the last year has been such a dramatic departure for me. After seemingly constant attempts at reconciliation, conversation, rationalization, forgiveness, and blind trust on my part—I find myself actually *hating* you (I'll leave your name out, as I'd rather not cheapen this by abusing my position of writing for a publication read by thousands of people). I have extended every human quality available to me, attempted to appeal to your sense of compassion—your desire to

not be complicit in such suffering as I have endured (care of you), and you have routinely shot me in the face, so to speak, with an air of something dangerously close to spite. You have consistently exhibited a degree of ruthlessness and malice unsurpassed by anyone I have encountered in the past 22 years. Mind you, this is not metaphoric, melodramatic speech that I invoke here. I honestly consider you the only person capable of being that gunman in my childhood daydream. This comes after watching my stepfather abuse my mother for over ten years. This comes after having close friends confide in me their experiences of rape. This comes after reading accounts of victims of torture and unspeakable atrocities at the hands of Latin American death squads, and hearing Burmese refugees' firsthand stories of torture in prison. Your allegiance to duplicity, deceit, disregard, malice, self-interest and callousness puts what you have subjected me to on a level of moral repugnance far beyond the space I've reserved for the aforementioned experiences. If your intent was to convince me that, yes, there are demons among us, consider it done. I have never been so personally terrified of one person's inability to consult their conscience in my entire life.

I don't think you can really understand how difficult these words are for me. There is probably no way you can understand how disappointing it is that I can't picture your face without also picturing myself, passionately and mercilessly beating your teeth through the back of your skull. It makes my skin crawl that my thoughts of you are literally *this* violent. I've avoided looking at you, talking to you, or otherwise giving myself the chance to cause you pain (though I don't think myself capable of physical violence, I certainly know enough to subject you to a severe amount of humiliation and emotional pain, not to mention ostracize you from the only people I've ever seen express any interest in your life whatsoever). I have resigned myself to not returning this pain. Faith tells me that your cowardice and selfishness will eventually bury you, without any attempt on my part to speed up the process. I want no role in your suffering. I want in no way to adopt your ethic.

The history that you and I share is characterized by incredibly nightmarish experiences (for me) that simply go beyond the boundaries of human fallibility on your part. Thus, I find it impossible to look you in the face and see anything more than a menace that should be destroyed, or at least disarmed or crippled so as to prevent any further harm to anyone. Aware that much of the emotion in that sort of vocabulary is a result of my intense pain, I refuse to engage any inclination that results from it. In the desperate hope that I will one day find the space to forgive you, and regard you as human, I will afford you the comfort of not being subject to my pain. Faith tells me this demon in me will one day bury himself, as well. Perhaps voluntarily. Perhaps out of compassion. Perhaps, even, out of love.

I've gotten two letters in my life which postulated the theory that I hate women. They made me feel a little funny. One was based entirely on textual citations from 'zines I had written, and could easily have been the final paper written for a college class in late spring 2067 (In Don DeLillo's book *White Noise*, the central character is a college professor who teaches in the Hitler Studies department of a small university—similarly, I envision the Al Burian studies department of the future being kind of the gut major, the sort of thing former football quarterbacks in school on a brain damage scholarship might be interested in pursuing so they can keep weekends free). While well argued and footnoted, the letter lacked a bibliography and introduction, and what's more, the author (female) made some fairly fanciful interpretive leaps in discussing the cited passages. Besides which, I rationalized to myself, you're dealing with a discussion of literary construct here, and so even if you could

find support for your claims, that would only prove that my constructed, written presentation-of-self hated women, and that's not necessarily *me*, right? But then, letter #2 was from a woman I had dated for a while and that one was a little harder to shrug off by underlining certain parts in red and writing "argumentation lacks something here" in the margin.

So there is a distinct possibility, or at least an existing school of thought along the lines that I hate women. I personally don't subscribe to it, but I feel that in a spirit of journalistic candor I ought to inform you of its existence. After all, if you're going to read someone's opinion on something, you kind of want to know their credentials. The accusation does freak me out, because when I look into the depths of my soul I really do not feel any of this supposed antipathy. But, you know, it's kind of you women's call. I mean, I'm not going to go to France and claim my French is really good if all the French people are standing around holding their noses and going "*sacré bleu*".

Although I must say, the question is put into some measure of context by walking down the street, here in Chapel Hill, NC, on any given Friday night, observing the ape-like swagger of terrifying drunken fraternity guys stumbling about, groping and grunting, leering obscenities out of windows of monster trucks, and boldly declaring their stance on the issue with T-shirts listing "ten reasons why beer is better than women." Now that's credentials! Which brings me to the whole crux of my argument *vis a vis* the women: pondering these sterling specimens of manhood, I'm moved to wonder why you never hear about a woman climbing to the top of some tower somewhere and killing random passers-by. This is pretty common occurrence in this day and age, and I think a pretty reasonable reaction to the social milieu, and one which I often contemplate myself, though usually I'm dissuaded by my lack of sensible shoes for climbing—and the headline "guy climbs halfway up water tower and then falls down and breaks legs" doesn't quite look as good in the scrapbook as "guy climbs tower, kills innocent pedestrians; is shot down by SWAT team."

Does it make me a lover or hater of womankind, or does it effect my standing at all, that I'd really like to hear about a woman climbing a tower in this town, training a gun on all the little white hats skittering below like albino ants, and plugging away for a while? It just seems disturbing to me that the activity is so overly dominated by white males; it really seems like it would have universal, cross-cultural appeal. If women started slaying men on principle, I'd have to say, right on. I myself do not particularly want to be slain, but if it happens, well, you know—supposing some populist guerrilla army took over the United States and put me to work digging ditches; I'd probably go, "Um... there must be some mistake. I've got, like, a college degree. In ART, man. Can't I just paint a mural of our benevolent leader or something?" And they'd hit me over the head with a rifle butt. I'm not looking forward to that day, but I can see their point.

However! According to *Cosopolitan* magazine, for women it would be completely redundant to have a "women's issue" or a "sex issue," women seem like they are moving less towards wholesale slaughter and more getting back into shaving their legs. In fact, many women in our society now lament the steps which have occurred towards equalizing gender roles, and decry their own "masculinization"—they look back to the days when they could stay in the home, cooking, cleaning and taking care of the kids. (And I don't blame them, given the choices that the whole capitalist-family-unit model has to offer. After years of protest, social activism, and ideological struggle for the right to stand alongside men and be a harried office flunkie with the best of them, I can imagine that Monday morning at the office is particularly depressing.) Women need to be taking control of their destiny here, I feel; they need to talk and exchange information about ammo, kill radius, sharp-shooting tips, maybe general climbing safety. Magazines devoted to high-altitude assassination may have the occasional "women's issue," but what does that really amount to? Not a vibrant culture of female *Intifada*. Are women just not interested in participating in the practice? Does it



somewhat not "speak" to them?

A lot of women I've talked to claim that the renegade sniper field is stacked against them—they cite years of socialization towards passivity and repression of their feelings, the presence of domineering, high-profile male snipers against whom they'd inevitable be held up to comparison, and an aversion to creating a public spectacle. All valid points, though I find the line of argument somewhat frustrating because, come on, it's not like there's a lot of general free-floating social validation to be had from killing people and men are hogging it all; no, climbing a tower and weeding down the monster-truck driving population is generally going to be considered a deviant act by about ninety-nine percent of the populace, regardless of the gender of the weeder. The only people who are going to give you any validation for it are the remaining one percent of climb-and-shoot enthusiasts, and I'm telling you, the people who would applaud me for such anti-social activities would surely give you a standing ovation and call for encores. Ladies, over here on the Kill Team we're all just as sick of white males as you are, and we want to see a woman climb that tower!

I live on the safest block in Brooklyn. Does the name Abner Louima ring a bell? I have a friend who lives in Canada who remembers this guy, so I'll give it a shot here. Sometime last year, 4 New York City cops performed a Rodney King service on a Haitian man named Abner Louima—get this—in the bathroom of a local police station. Beat the fuck out of him and shoved a plunger up his ass, ripping internal organs apart. Thanks to our tax dollars, he was relocated to Brooklyn and has a 24-hour police guard parked outside his home to ensure his physical safety (oh the irony of life is so amusing!)—guess where? Across the fucking street from my mother's house (where I live right now)! I'm not certain, but I know at least 3 of the pigs are in jail and this case sizzled on the front pages forever.. Like I said, even a Canadian friend had heard of it. Before I continue, if you're interested, Abner is great. He's done with his surgery and I'm sure will own Brooklyn by the time his lawsuit is settled. You know how Dave Letterman has that huge gap between his two front teeth? Abner has them all over, except they're filled in with gold! (insert an Austin Powers-style "Yeah baby!") God bless. The first time I met him, he was so incredibly warm—greeted me with a kiss on the cheek and invited my mother (he loves her, no joke) and I to his wife's baby shower... so he's doing well and is in great spirits.

So I live on the safest block in Brooklyn. It's so quiet here, it's fucking beautiful. Praise those tax dollars at work. I've never liked cops so much.

I was last living in what must have been the anti-Christ of all fucked up areas in New Brunswick, NJ. I really needed a place badly, and this room at a friend's house was all that was available to me at the time. I moved there in the dead of winter, but by the time the weather got warmer and people started hanging outside their homes and in the streets, oh my did things ever change. The whole 2 blocks changed—for me, of course.

The streets were no longer quiet. People would hang out on their steps drinking, but so what? One night during my usual walk home from work (a 15 minute walk hike from the train station), some drunks yelled at me about how I should walk on the other side of the street or else I would be robbed and killed. A block away from my house. Although I was freaked out by it, I tried to shrug it off to intoxication, whatever. I need to walk these streets. Only a few hours later, I wound up having to run out of the house to pick up some band that had asked me if they could crash at my place. The place we decided to meet at was only 3 blocks away. My walk there felt like a lifetime as I was accosted by some MORE drunk people on the OTHER side of the street (where I'm supposed to walk) right ACROSS from my house. I wasn't outside minutes before these people started yelling at me—one of them got up in my face and all I remember him yelling was, "C'mon white girl, c'mon!" Do I know what that was about? Do I want to? I kept walking, praying that I could fly. Suddenly something hit me really hard in the back—what the fuck was that? A fucking full beer can.

Someone threw a fucking full can of beer at my back, gee good thing it wasn't my fucking head. Maybe that was the target, who the fuck knows or cares? I'm just glad that's all it was, shit.

Yeah, I know it sounds funny. It changed my whole area, though. These people saw me leaving my house—this only happened right across the damn street. They know where I live, which means that I'm not just some random white girl on a stroll. This is where I live. Then I had to think about the white thing and whatta ya know! I happen to be the only white woman on the block. The whole way down is black and Latino. Do I ever stand out. Great. I got the impression quick that maybe that's why I got hit. It was certainly a part of the initial greeting and that's totally fine for them to hate before being the token white. Hate for race is a way of life. It's reality and it isn't going out of style ever! I deal with annoying harassment from men on the street all the time, please not this now! Every night after that (lucky) scare, I took cabs home from the train. Spent close to \$200 on them by the time I lost the desire and finally moved.

During one of those rides, my cabbie pointed down the street around the block from mine. "Did you hear what happened there last night?" No, I didn't, but I read the front page news about it the next day. A 12 year old girl was found nude and stabbed to death in the bathtub of her home. Right around the corner. Too close for me. However silly it may sound, I put in my 2 weeks notice at work the next day; my Mom insisted I get the fuck out of there. She was pissed that I didn't leave after the beer can, that I would coddle the fear with door to door cabs. A house burned down behind mine a few days later. I also noticed an 8 inch crack in one of my bedroom windows, facing the friendly street. I knew it wasn't

there yesterday.

You could say I flew out in fear. The killer was apprehended—turned out to be a family friend. The threats and the beer can came from my neighbors. I was also supremely sick of listening to the lady downstairs beating the fuck out of her little kids when my radio wouldn't drown out their cries. I cried with them and I was just fed up. I did leave in fear but in nausea. Just fucking fed up with people who don't give a fuck about the people they live with.

Someone else wrote a very similar story in this very 'zine a year ago. I wasn't able to fully appreciate it until now. Or at least understand the emotions flooded by such turmoil. He stated that he would never leave, though, or "run from the problem," what have you. For drama's sake, another night could have raised a full beer can to a gun. Who the fuck am I to assume against it? Who's to say? The dead girl? The crack in my window was accompanied by a small hole. What hit it to puncture a hole? You tell me, maybe I'm reality-impaired.

I chose to leave an undesirable area because it was undesirable to me. In my case, as well as that other columnist's, I don't see how leaving is running from a problem. If my bed was on fire, I'd be trying to get the fuck out of it. If a guy tried to hold me down to rape me, I'd try to fucking kill him (being honest). I certainly did leave a problem with the mainstream mentality of "not my problem" but fuck this if I can't walk down my street at night and I'm wondering if that really is a fucking bullet hole in my front window.

Here's your roadblock. It was brought to my attention by various different people (as was explored somewhat in that column—not to this extent, however) that my neighbors lashed out at me because, well, I'm white and to them I represent oppression. I, as a white person, represent black oppression by the white government and slave owners. I've heard this song and dance before within other such scenarios. And no shit, you'd be an ignorant asshole to deny that this is why so many blacks hate whites, just like the other half of the population still hates fags for bringing us AIDS. I'm aware of the hatred. Don't act like you don't what language I'm speaking.

I personally have never owned a slave nor have I ever shoved a plunger up a black man's ass. More so, I don't give two fucks for my face of oppression. I'm not even buying ten cents into it for a second. Read my stupid story again. An ignorant asshole hit me with

a full beer can because he was an ignorant asshole. The suggestion of intention is right—maybe it was because that person hates whites. Perhaps more-so because I was a white living in HIS neighborhood. Here in Brooklyn we have areas that are predominantly Italian, Jewish, Polish, etc., and people know that. People also feel comfortable amongst their own national familiarity or what the fuck ever. They feel threatened by those who are not them. Maybe that's how the beer chucker saw me, why not?

Nonetheless, I find the suggestion offensive. I am the face of oppression, or white period is, whatever. Will the oppressed please stand? At my last job, my general manager was a big pompous prick because he was richer than Roosevelt. He was (as I'm sure he still is) black. Fuck that, the best example I can think of (especially tops in terms of rich people) was this guy Milton who used to come in every day with his buddies. God bless Milton the mortician. He owned his own funeral home. Mortuary cosmetologists alone can make up to \$100,000 a year with active work and that's just making the dead look beautiful (I only know this from long ago seeking work in that ghastly field). Funeral home owners? Money leaking out of their ass cracks, fucking hemorrhaging. I got the 411 from a co-worker one day who'd crashed at Milton's "house" one night. He said it was more like a castle—some 2 level pile of money with 3 (motherfucking) bathrooms! What single man on Earth needs a home with 3 bathrooms? When you're made of money like that you can hire someone else to give a shit why. And Milton is black. Who's oppressing him? Who stopped him from millions? What Man? And would he have been living on my former street? Let's not kid ourselves here.

I truly believe that those who assume incidents such as mine to be some byproduct of racial retaliation are living saturate din ignorance. Colin Ferguson claimed he gunned down all those people in "black rage"—now what the fuck was that—especially considering that some of the wounded were black? That was no black rage, that was a lunatic and a gun (please pardon the poor example; because his courtroom lunacy was so painfully comical, his trial was spoofed on Saturday Night Live). Makes as much sense as our Son of Sam who claimed that his dogs made him do it and Manson with his alibi a la The Beatles. It's also fantastic that the Unabomber was doing his best to educate us about the ills of industrial society but I can't stoop to lunacy and pretend to justify senseless acts of violence every time some whack job asshole decides to act upon his or her DECISIONS. Haven't we glorified Hitler enough? How much blood do you need to draw the line with?

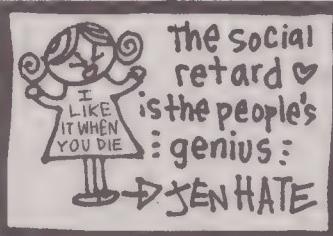
What I'm getting at is if you really believe the suggestion of a black man attacking me, that columnist or anybody because he may be spitting at the face of his believed oppression is to perpetuate this delusions that all blacks are fried chicken eating, 40 ounce malt liquor guzzling, crack smoking, bitch slapping niggers from the ghetto.

I'm sure I've got your attention now. Hand me a pile of shit and I don't need to smell it, taste it or touch it. I can see that it's a pile of shit. I don't believe in sifting through ignorance. You don't combat ignorance by licking and sucking its cock. I don't care of the motivations of mass murderers. I can't care for excuses when we all know how to wipe our own asses. Fuck the justification because we're done with preschool—it's just not real life.

A man could rape me because I'm a bitch, a tease, a dyke, a whore, a prude or a woman who needs to be put in her place or shows what a real man feels like or anything else you can imagine. It does not mask the decision he has made to attack another person. It does not justify or have hell to do with anything aside from the bitter reality that he is an individual who made a decision. The reasons why are only choices.

That common suggestion only perpetuates the racism you speak of. The mentality coddles the need for such violence in our society. It condones it.

Such a tiny incident has me brimming with so much anger—I know that my words here are harsh. I'm NOT holding up a protest banner, offering any solutions, nor do I even care for resistance. So many (unflattering) assumptions can be made form certain statements contained here and may you believe what you desire. Judge me racist, blind, ignorant, white, whatever. I am a statistic. I can't breathe in the quicksand. I am just so hateful towards the way we all



choose to live and how every fucking time I blink someone else is dead or crippled or deformed and we all offer a gagload of new excuses for our own ignorance in decision making and in the way we live with one another.

Such a tiny incident and the suggestion of supposed motivations that only mask our own ignorance in assuming the whole world is carrying a cross and that no human being can be held accountable for their individual lives, actions, decisions, choices... wait, but why do I even fucking care? I'm no liberal. I want to be left the fuck alone. I'm so sick of feeling so nauseous.

A man had to be beaten nearly to death on the city's bathroom floor to put a 24 hour government baby-sitter on this block. People here respect each other because Big Brother is on patrol. There's no dead girls, flying beer cans, houses burning down, beaten babies, nothing here. Bet you it would be different if there was no guardsman. We're such fucked up animals we'd turn every block in Columbine High if we knew we could get away with it. That's the truth of our own oppression as an entire race of scumbags. Most of all, fuck me for caring. Bring on the nuclear bomb. jenhate@hotmail.com

Barely sunrise again, I rise for the fifth time this week, only three hours after going to sleep, to rush down to my new full-time job teaching art and dance to disabled adults at the Association for Retarded Citizens. Most of the time I can barely function at such an hour and thus sneak into a back room to nap for a little bit but no, I need to work as a part of a whole, to let my employer get done what it needs to do! This job beats the shit out of me and sucks my energy but I readily admit that I love working it so much, and that's what scares me.

I'm a firm believer in Marxist conflict principles, defining the history of mankind as a history of relentless conflict pitting one side against another. In the end, regardless of moral rectitude, sacrifice, advantage, or ease, all immersion and activation of self into the world of "they" becomes, simply enough, a battle of us against them. Control and power dynamics sure are terrible and personal compromise in the face of those dynamics is its own breed of spiritual suicide in many ways but we still love to have something or someone to stand in our way—it's the very nature of human conflict, of our own history. Oppression makes our freedom so precious and our expression that much more urgent, and that source of oppression, whether warranted or not, serves to bolster our delusions of our own inner strength and moral fiber, like constructing some thirtieth generation Greek tragedy from our painfully dumbed-down exploits. As human advancement and technological progression fully succeed in pushing ourselves into voluntary hermitism (painfully obvious here in Manhattan—what possessed us?), ready to be observed and provided for, the victim of spiritual suicide still fights back in the most futile way possible—contemptuous compliance. And like I said, we love to be pushed around.

It's fun and "empowering" to hate my job, really, though the shit jobs I end up getting are usually at least a little fun—selling toys or ice cream or making pizza, you know. By the same token, of course I get pissed off that I'm wasting a third of my life anticipating and providing for some abstract future vision of my existence. So here I am using privilege and ability and family experience, working forty hours a week at a job that's meaningful, socially responsible, and completely rewarding, and I actually feel strange that I'm not behaving like I've convinced myself I should—I don't want to shanghai my employers, steal valuable resources, fuck with products and services, etc. And what's this I feel? I miss hating my job! Now I catch myself wanting to get to work well-rested so I can be on my toes. Sweet jehosefat, I think Nate's a grown up!

As would be expected, the complication is that I fear my job is threatening to rob me of pure skate-rock-guitar-solo rebellion. As we all know, the beauty and merit in shitty jobs is that work and freedom are such different worlds that one just dreams of getting off the clock, bringing the mother-effing ruckus and having grandiose mischief! Time spent away from work is

simply a weapon in our jihad against vaguely defined authority, right? But I love helping my disabled friends, the distinctions of time spent begin to blur, and eight or nine hours working every day isn't hell anymore, but the fun times aren't quite as fun either.

I think as self-righteous punk rock No Limit Soldiers, we play right into Marx's inner drive for conflict, to live for discontent to appease that very human quest to overcome, but hey kids, there's a whole world of jobs out there, of ways to bring home that soy bacon and so many involve really doing something that's not bullshit! Enough talk about community... our neighbors are also part of the society we despise so much. Let's rock shit by taking control of programs and services with positive solutions to our social issues. Our time and energy really can do what we always scream about it doing at some silly show. Get local.

One Tuesday afternoon, I'm teaching dance but really just sitting back while this young disabled woman named Hazel bows to no god, totally believing in her own abilities, surrenders to the music and finds that Apollonian/Dionysian balance. Four more "students" join in with the music, all moving to their own time, working their own ideas through their bodies. My favorite student, this sassy pudgy kid named Ray, had been asleep for most of the class but he agrees to dance solo to some classical music. The other teacher and I admittedly aren't expecting much... but the music

fades in all mellow and white as Ray positions himself against the windowsill. Early afternoon light filters in, picking up some dust along the way. Ray danced ballet interpretation for seven minutes, eyes closed,

feeding from some unspoken inspiration, slowly arching and turning himself, with his skin all dark and stony against the white walls of our classroom. I try to hide my emotional response, look over at the other instructor, and we both burst into tears, laughing together and watching in amazement.

Yes, this is sheer universality. There's some god called human will. I've never seen anyone as powerful as Hazel or Ray on that afternoon. We're all too cool to surrender to inspiration... but here, no conditioning! No shame! It's time to put behind us our self-imposed limitations and live in reverence of what we can do! We're all so alike; we all just want love, ability, direction, and worth. Battles really were won that day as I witnessed the awakening of creative hearts, proving not to tap into some vaguely denoted privilege of mental ability, but to throw it all away and live and express! Let's free ourselves and make our time worth something.

Thanks to Yaphet Kotto's "Are You Still Working at That Cafe?" and Former Members of Alfonsin's "Praxis," which pushed me to write and live this.

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Familiarity; both good and bad.

When a person puts on a piece of jewelry it feels strange. You feel it on your body. Its physical presence can be felt at all times. After a few days it's hardly noticed, the person is used to it. Be it a watch or a ring or a bracelet or anything.

That's how I was with my Mum's ring. I never noticed it. Unless I was sad or nervous; at which times I turned it inwards, towards my palm, and held it tight. I took it for granted, although it is my most treasured possession.

I think the same thing can be said of people; you get used to their beauty and their charm and all the things that you loved about them to begin with. They become part of you, just like a piece of jewelry or a new tattoo. At first all obvious and attention demanding; then gradually fading into the norm.

It can be a number of things which make you notice them again. It can be another person [another piece of jewelry] that makes you reexamine things. Like how my mother's ring looks different now that I wear a

bracelet on the same hand. Or the possible breakage or loss, most of all, can make you realize what the person means.

When you think you've lost them their true worth becomes clear. What they mean to you. What emotional significance they have. How irreplaceable they are. How unique they are. How beautiful they are.

It can also work another way. That you are given a new piece of jewelry and you realize how much nicer it is. That it's far better than what you currently wear. Be it prettier, stronger, or simply nicer, it can highlight inadequacies previously unnoticed. Sometimes you have something and you change around it. It stays the same, but you are different. It takes something else to be presented to you to make you realize that you should have that. That you have outgrown the old long ago, you just didn't acknowledge it. Then you look at yourself and wonder how you could have been so oblivious.

It's because familiarity is such a dangerous thing. We cling to what we know for security and sentimentality. It's safe and warm and the unknown is scary. To let go is hard, very hard. But for some it's better to be without jewelry than wear something that does not feel completely right. And for others, compromising is the right thing to do. Sometimes sentimentality is for the right reasons, not for security or clinging to old emotions, but for the reasons of love and emotional attachment.

I wear another ring, other than my mother's diamonds. It was her original engagement ring, which she gave to my sister years and years ago, much to my jealousy back then. To appease me, my sister would let me wear it. Then, on my eighteenth birthday she bought me an antique ring with an amethyst in it, as close as she could get to our mother's. I wore it for five years every day. I never took it off until the fixtures broke and I lost the stone and I cried. I think it's the only possession I have ever cried over losing since adulthood.

When I moved to America one year ago my sister gave me hers. She gave me my mother's original engagement ring, as a gift. I wear it constantly, as a reminder of both of my parents and [mostly] my sister. It reminds me that I am loved. The most precious gift I have ever been given.

Now, this ring is not the ring I would choose. It's the only gold thing that I wear and I don't like gold. But its meaning and worth outweigh that tenfold. Sometimes it seems like we have to cherish the good in something and ignore the bad. That life is for making the most of and not for criticising.

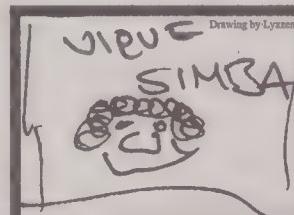
The most important people in my life make me see that more and more clearly. Their worth enables me to ignore anything that may be lacking in them. For their emotional significance and the love that they bestow upon me outweighs any negativity that comes along hand-in-hand with people.

Of course, sometimes I get used to them. But it only takes the light to catch them in a certain way, like the sun on my diamonds, for me to reexamine what's in front of me.

For a while it was hard. When Dad died I stopped caring how the light caught anything. It's impossible to admire jewelry on your own hands when it feels like someone has cut both your arms off completely. But, of course, how could anyone understand that, who has not been through what I went through? Sigh. How could they know that if I didn't appreciate them in the way that I should, I can't be held responsible. And I am sorry for the way that things turned out, but they weren't under my control then. They are now, to some extent. Thank goodness.

You get used to things, both good and bad. You get used to having no arms, you forget what it was like to have them. And slowly they are there again, and people can see them, and they think that you have feeling in them, as it looks just fine and dandy. But they aren't in your body and they

can't tell that both arms are numb, from the shoulders to the finger-tips. Except for the pain that periodically soars right through them. This pain is what makes one wish for numbness, at least then it doesn't hurt. But with the numbness comes the inability to feel other things. To truly love, or see other's suffering or give them what they need. Or even to hold someone properly in your arms.



And the numbness becomes the familiar, the norm, and what it's like to feel happy is forgotten. I think it was finally coming back to me last Christmas, when trauma struck again, and I felt like I'd lost both my arms and my legs and Kris [the ever supportive and wonderful] had to carry me around for a while. But I'm feeling much better now thanks. The limbs grew back. I am a lizard, after all. I've had enough practice at this shit by now. They were numb for a good long time, and I didn't know. I'd only just began to get the tingles back in them before this had happened. It had been so long since I had real feeling. I think I feel things now. Not all the time perhaps, but now, when Kris holds my hand, I feel it.

You get used to the pain as well as the good things. Both how beautiful something is, and how painful something is, fade with time. Only when someone comes along and makes you explain does one realize what one carries around at all times. The aches and the joys are all part of me, I'm used to them as much as I am used to the tattoos that scar my body.

I think it's equally as important to be aware of the pain as the beauty. If the pain is left unattended it spreads like a tumour throughout the body. It has to be released. It has to be dealt with. One can be as dangerously familiar with one's ugly jewelry as one's pretty. It also brings security and safety with its familiarity. The known problems and pain are easier to cope with than the unknown. Dealing with them means dredging up the shit from the past and it is tempting to leave it be, to not want to look back. But if you are going on without feeling things in certain parts of your body, then what future is there? You have to discard that ugly jewelry as best you can. Self-pity, acceptance of one's own faults/limitations and open, seeping wounds are not attractive upon anyone. Neither is numbness or selective vision/hearing or over-sentimentality for the things that one knows, deep down, hold us back.

I'm trying really hard not to be a victim anymore. I was made to feel like one. I was treated with so much sympathy, albeit for the right reasons, and it messed me up—good and proper. I am fine. I get sad, it's true, and I have wounds, and they run deep. But I am okay. And I refuse to wear my wounds like medals. It's not a competition in suffering and drama.

I finally feel like I have a whole body and I can reexamine what adorns it. Discard what drags me down, embrace what lifts me higher. Both with regard to my own qualities, those around me and my own pain. But most importantly, I will never forget the beauty of the people that I am blessed with.

Burn Walmart to the fucking ground!

Traveling around the United States, bumping into a Walmart superstore is inevitable. In fact, in most any small truck stop town or farming community, there is always a Walmart in the center of town. This supercenter actually becomes the local hangout, replacing any local businesses or individuality. It becomes the town itself and life revolves around it. My grandfather lives in an economically depressed area of central Ohio and his weekly routine revolves around Walmart. Coffee in the morning, shopping in the afternoon, and people watching at night. He's not the only one. Does this make sense? How did Walmart spread so fast and effectively across America and slowly replace towns with supercenters? Walmart is the largest retail company on the planet with more than 3,400 stores worldwide and reported sales (1997) of \$120 billion dollars. All this success had a price though... a price constantly overlooked and rarely presented to the public which is being exploited by Walmart's very existence. In fact, Walmart is a rural America corrupter.

Walmart goes out to find small towns and areas of economic interest and buys plots of land off of poor plot owners or local officials. Sometimes there are lease agreements made with larger towns, giving them the right to build on town owned land. Walmart presents itself to these sellers to be a company that will do the city good, provide jobs, and make it easier to get harder to find name brand or American products. All of these are untrue.

Corporate stores historically invest negligible amounts of their profits back into the community. Walmart donates a mere 0.0004 percent of

their profits to local community charities and town preservation funds. While Walmart representatives will argue that new jobs will accompany the supercenter's arrival, jobs are merely shifted from small local businesses to the corporation itself. In fact, more jobs are lost in the process than they are created. Within two years of a grand opening in Iowa, Walmart generated \$10 million in annual sales by stealing \$8.3 million from other businesses. In that same time period the majority of local businesses shut down and the unemployment rate rose by 4 percent. Walmart also uses predatory pricing, meaning it lowers prices below what local businesses can lower to in order to put competition out of business. When the competition disappears, prices go back up and Walmart loses nothing in the process because of its rapid spread. In short, they wage a price war.

Although Walmart is saturated with patriotic propaganda (like American flags, the words to the pledge of allegiance, and slogans like "supporting the American manufacturers that support American jobs") and storewide national colors (red, white, blue, and green \$), a large majority of Walmart's products are made outside of the United States. In fact, over 85 percent of Walmart goods are made overseas in places like Bangladesh, China, The Dominican Republic, Indonesia, Mexico, The Koreas, and Pakistan. Refusing to negotiate with labor in the U.S., Walmart, just like Nike and other large corporations, pack up and move all of their factories out into third world/economically "inferior" countries. In the states that has resulted in a decline in real wages and benefits for American working class members. In other countries that means low wages or American bought slave labor. Walmart was one of 18 companies named in a lawsuit (January 13, 1999) alleging labor violations in the Northern Mariana Islands for illegally using child labor, providing unsafe working conditions, firing workers attempting to form unions, and paying wages below poverty level. Walmart is the largest retailer of sweatshop clothes, most of which are manufactured by women and children. In Mexico, garment workers make 50 cents an hour. In Indonesia, workers make 9 cents an hour. In China, Walmart buys slave labor from the Chinese government putting people to work 7 days a week, 10 hours a day, for 10 cents an hour. This money earned is giving right back to the company because the laborers are charged for their living expenses, being housed in dormitories and working/living under constant surveillance.

It doesn't stop there. Walmart is spreading out onto sacred Native lands and destroying them by building superstores on these very sites. In Nashville, Tennessee, Walmart built a store directly on sacred burial grounds, not listening to Native American protesters and disregarding their wish not to sell products using negative images of Native peoples. Currently, Native lands in the west are at risk also, destroying and insulting their culture and heritage. Walmart is also the largest retailer of guns in the United States. Just think about what that implies.

Small towns are usually still very naturally surrounded, but the surfacing of superstores in local environments is hazardous environmentally. A giant store brings with it environmental concerns like increases in sewage, runoff, trash, and non-biodegradable wastes. Additionally, Walmart sells products made overseas where environmental and labor standards are weak. They force countries that make their products to restructure their economies towards an export-based market, destroying natural resources and local self-reliance, which leads to huge international debts, unstable economies, and undisposable, environmentally unsafe wastes.

Even after all of this, Walmart founder Sam Walton was voted number seven in *Fortune's* world's most admired...

There are ways to stop Walmart from moving into your town or area. Here are a few tips:

1) Quote scripture: Walmart founder Sam Walton said, "If some community, for whatever reason, doesn't want us in there, we aren't interested in going in and creating a fuss." One company VP stated, "We have so many opportunities for building in communities that want Walmart, it would be foolish for us to pursue

construction in communities that don't want us." The constant statement though that one hears from Walmart heads during times and sites of protests is, "Those protesting are a vocal minority that aren't significant in the long run." Don't let yourself be a minority, organize and make a lot of noise as a community.

2) Learn Walmath: Walmart does not give much back to the community. Provide local business owners with Walmart statistics on Walmart's impact on property values, the destruction of jobs, and the lack of community support (other than one high school scholarship a year, there is none).

3) Exploit their errors: Walmart always makes plenty of mistakes. Look for lack of permit or movement into industrially or residentially zoned land.

4) Fight capitol with capitol: Walmart goes into towns and spends around \$30,000 to influence local groups and towns to let them move in. Organize local businesses into spending money on campaigning to get them out.

5) Beat them at the grass roots: Walmart can buy public relations firms and telemarketers, but it can't find groups willing to leaflet around town, write dozens of letters to the local and regional newspapers, or other local activism.

6) Get out your vote, get others to vote, and appeal to the heart as well as the head.

I also have a small library of anti-Walmart pamphlets, flyers, and articles that you are welcome to write me for. Albert Norman is an effective anti-Walmart activist and I have lots of guides he put together. I also encourage you to write Walmart itself and let them know you and others are enraged at their lack of ethics and complete disregard of human rights, local economies, and social responsibility. The community is more important than the economy... don't support Walmart and other superchain corporations. Write and/or send petitions to: Mr. David Glass, CEO/Walmart Stores, Inc./702 SW 8th St./Bentonville, AR 72716.

You have a fucking voice, use it!

A quick note. I co-operate a DIY club in Memphis, oddly enough called DIY Memphis. If you are passing through our lovely city and would like to play, please get in touch. I've been doing shows for 6 years so I know what I'm doing. Either call myself (Jonathan) at 901-325-4041 or Patrick at 901-323-6280. You can contact me also through e-mail or mail found below. Our website address is <http://homes.acmecity.com/buffy/ampatta/146/diy.html>

There is also a DIY space in Jackson, TN if you need another area stop or we can't do a show for you. It's called the Medusa Collective. You can contact them at death2tyrants@earthdome.com or sebe@usit.net. Their website can be found at <http://www.geocities.com/sunsetstrip/diner/8254/index.html>

Support DIY hardcore, we sure has hell try to. See ya next time when I talk about more things you may or may not want to read about...

Love: Jonathan Lee/164 St. Agnes St. #3/ Memphis, TN 38112; remusisthebstrd@aol.com or axegrinder@mailcity.com (My old address is still in use so don't freak out if you sent me something, I'll still get it. Don't send anything to Ohio though because I'm back in Memphis for a long while.)

18 October 1999

When hiking up a creek through dense brush in a thickly wooded canyon, one finds many ways to pass through a stand of Manzanita or over fallen trees wedged amongst boulders and the canyon walls. Some places require following several paths until one circumvents or reveals an appropriate opening in the challenging situation. The under brush bordering a stream course is usually laced with deer trails or small clearings found by pushing through the thinner outer branches of the undergrowth. Most of the paths lead to a place where backtracking is the most attractive choice. In other places the flow of water and the streambed is the path. All the exposed or barely submerged boulders and side ledges provide ways to wander along.

Some are passable and some are not. Sometimes you have to step into the water. Every bit of the walk reveals new spatial experiences of that place and new observations on the structure of life. Eventually one gets to a stopping place.

It would seem that many people charge



through their lives assuming they know where they are going when in fact; there is nowhere to be going. There is no straight and narrow, no single path from start to finish but an infinitely fine interweaving of possibilities, some will be experienced directly, others only through imagination and dreams. Focusing on one goal and blindly pursuing it with disregard for all other options is a very real way to get oneself hopelessly lost. Our world is enormously diverse from the taxonomy of soils to the range of human emotion. This diversity provides an equally enormous amount of potential experiences, which can be lost in a rush toward some goal. There is so much to be found by following the many branching paths, even if they lead to impenetrable brush or sheer canyon walls. While stepping back more options will reveal themselves. Moving forward is not progress and backtracking is not defeat, they are the same.

The path of evolution is a dense web of branches that wind through time and across our planet. There are many dead ends and even more diverging paths as life explores its infinite variations. Some do not succeed and the twig or branch ends abruptly. Some paths flourish, producing abundant variations, which expand the range and viability of the species. The tree of evolution grows evermore varied despite what happens to any individual branch or twig. The tree does not grow for any purpose other than the exploration of infinite variation. Humans are no pinnacles of evolution. We are equivalent to the Arroyo Toad, the Sequoia, the Manatee, and millions more creatures who precede us and those with whom we share our planet. Certainly there are millions more to come. The bacteria in compost piles and soil, the trees that make our air and every other living thing effect us in ways we cannot comprehend or do not yet know. By accepting our place as a single variation amongst infinite variations maybe we can stop trying to dominate and begin learning to live within our world and fully experience our magnificent dependence on the thriving of all other life. Through misguided technologies and misplaced visions of superiority we risk extinguishing ourselves. If we acknowledge that we are dependent on the evolution of all living things then we can hope to survive. Humans are at the end of a thin evolutionary twig, and no path or branch is guaranteed to continue growing. But the tree of evolution is mighty and in no danger of ceasing to thrive. We just need to pay attention to how it grows.

This triptych is my attempt to comprehend the mechanics of evolution as described by Stephen J. Gould in his essays collected in the book Bully For Brontosaurus.

As a secretary in the beginning of the '70s, she had a decent job, health and money; at least there was enough for her to consider that things were going OK. She then married a man she liked, and wanted a child.

Her husband changed rapidly though, even began to show some violent alcoholic behavior. As he got crazier and crazier, she began to feel weaker and weaker, morally as well as physically. He beat her, raped her and took almost all the money she had saved, and bought booze with it.

She was then broke, a nervous wreck, depressed. Scars, bruises, her health started to go down. So weak she had to quit her job, burned out. Living a hell, she then found out she was pregnant.

Maybe we can say her pregnancy gave a little outburst of energy, enough to keep up for a while. She just survived through it.

Then she gave birth, and it seemed like having a child gave her even more energy, enough to get physically out of that situation. Mothers get that energy that allows them to do incredible stuff when they have kids, it's crazy.

Wanting to end that domestic violence era, she went to the police. I don't really know what happened to the husband then, but the mother disappeared, only to re-appear here, moving in the house next to mine, under a new name. Jocelyne Potvin was now Brigitte St-Laurent, and she kept this name for 7 years.

This all happened 4-5 years before I was born, so when I got to know her kid, Alexis, he was already 8 or 9 years old.

I first met him when we were playing hide

and seek; we needed a kid who knew how to count up to 100, and he did. Actually, it turned out he knew more than that. He was, in fact, a genius. At 6, one of his hobbies was to create crosswords. He had learned how to read and write all by himself, before going to school. He skipped 2 years of school, got all sorts of prizes for outstanding academic results, etc. He was smart, with most of his intelligence going toward making him a master in manipulation. A master in manipulating his mother.

He was kind of ugly. Way too small for his age, had big ears, long nose. Crooked back, small legs, small arms. Anemic. Everything to make others kids laugh at him.

At home, though, he found a way to impose his authority on his mother, and this started at a really young age. Being still very weak, she feared him, and slowly, the relationship with her son got to look more and more like the one she had with her husband. She was still a victim. At 7, Alexis already began to threaten to kill himself if he didn't get some random toys. Threats that were taken seriously by a mother who was not in a position to stand for herself, and even less in a position to even just consider losing everything she had left.

I befriended him at the beginning of the Nintendo era. He was way older than I was, me being 7 while he was 11 or 12. He didn't look like that though; being just as small as me.

His obsessive behavior and his genius capacities made him the Nintendo champion of the neighborhood. That was weird because they were so poor. The house was falling apart, they had no food, and there was trash all over the place, but there was also tons of Nintendo games, Genesis, and everything. That's the way it was. Alexis was the king of the house, and he didn't like food that much, he liked video games, so after rent was paid, the week welfare check went mostly towards games and video game magazines. She went through even more hard times, as Alexis got more and more violent with his bursts of rage.

I didn't understand all of it back then, not even half of it, I'd say. I just knew they were poor and had constant hard times, but they had more video games than I did, and I liked those.

When he entered high school, he was 2 years ahead, and was way too small even for his age. So he looked like a little kid, an unhealthy 9 year old one. Ugly, wearing gray sweatpants, and a blue "see ya later alligator" sweatshirt. A bowl haircut, that was growing too fast for him, leaving him with some sort of half-assed mullet.

Then he was the target for everything. He hated school, but still had unbelievable grades. He had 4-5 real good friends that stayed with him all through this too, but the rest were mostly laughing at him.

He also got diagnosed with a couple of mental diseases; tourette's syndrome, manic depression, stuff like that, so he got on pills.

Nights were spent playing Nintendo, and days getting laughed at. All over a background of abusing his mother.

Mme St-Laurent, on her side, got through it by believing in stuff like god, charity, helping people and loving her cats. She had anywhere from 8 to 12 cats at all times. Sometimes they were kept outside by Alexis, who was also obsessed with cleanliness, even though he was in the messiest house I've ever seen. But at times cats lived inside too, stinking and pissing all over the place. Alexis said he hated the cats, killed some when he felt like it, smashing their head with his small wooden baseball bat... the same bat he used to smash everything else in the house every once in a while. He hated everything that had anything to do with god too. In fact, he hated pretty much whatever had to do with stuff that his mother believed and liked. She officially lived from welfare, which left her \$76 a month, after rent, to feed her and her son, and also had this undeclared job at cleaning up a church, for \$25 a week.

His obsessive relationship with order and cleanliness was even manifesting itself through his destructive impulses. Sometimes he destroyed everything he had, he threw the TV through the second floor window, filled the bath with water, and threw the Nintendo in it, tape player, Genesis, all with the power on, while looking at the electric flashes. He also smashed every tape with a hammer, destroyed

everything but his calculator and a pen, and then used them to calculate the amount of money that the stuff was all worth, and then write it down. Pretty cranky. That was before he got his own money and paid for his stuff.

He attempted his first suicide at 13 too, the first of a dozen, spread irregularly over 10 years. He hung himself a couple of times, having his mother cutting the rope with scissors. She said the sound of a son's empty corpse letting himself fall down the ground like a bag is horrible. He tried pills. Once he locked himself in his room, blocked the door with his bed and desks and began yelling stuff about hating himself and that was what he deserved. His mother tried to talk, to see what was going on, but with no result. Later, the cops finally entered the room, where they found a disfigured Alexis, shaking and lying on the ground, a blood pool around his pale head and a hammer in his hand. He had tried to kill himself by smashing his skull with a fucking hammer. He survived through it all, though, after a couple of weeks in the hospital, he was back home.

At 18, he began to get welfare, almost twice as much money than his mother did, since he had diseases, officially preventing him from working.

His health was constantly getting worse, though. He did choose his diet as a kid, and I think that keeping up with it didn't help. He hated oranges (smells too much), bread, 2/3 of the vegetables, steak... He ate mostly chips, soda, chicken, and corn. Fruitloops too. Also, his mother didn't have the right to eat eggs, oranges, and anything that smelled too much like this. Actually, I don't think I ever saw her eating anything.

He started going to shows, recording them and selling tapes. He was big in record trading too. He was obsessed with music, sound. From a shitty tape player he progressively moved to a full CD/Phono/Tape of the best quality, including optic fiber connections, digital amp and DAT tape recorder. In a house that was slowly cracking open, with half of it dangerously leaning toward complete annihilation. It was literally falling apart. At first, he gave a part of his money to his mother, as a pension, but after 7 or 8 months, he said he couldn't anymore, he had too many expenses. A while later, he decided the house was too much of a mess, so he had to even get paid a bit to live there.

Which he did, taking a small portion of his mother's check to buy himself even more records.

Records, he ended up with something between 5000 and 6000 fucking records of all types, but mostly black, death, heavy metal, and punk.

I was going there all the time. We were good friends with Alexis, but we also spent just as much time with his mother, of whom we got to know just as well.

It was weird there; two worlds in the same house, two opposites clashing constantly but still keeping up, as there wasn't that much for them in the outside world.

Downstairs, it was Mme St-Laurent's realm. Chaotic mess, filled with cat food, cats, cat shit. Mountains of clothes that she sorted and repaired for diverse charity organizations. The person I knew who needed the more help was the one that gave more energy towards helping others. Putting herself in others' misery, probably in order to forget about her own. She spent days sitting on her rocking chair in the corner, sewing socks for prisoners in Argentina, because nights are cold in prisons there. Taking afternoons to sort clothes so some lepers can cover their wounds with them. I guess she knew what it felt like when your life was shit. Well, there was so much charitable junk around, that you had to literally make your way through it in order to navigate through the house. There was one little path, from the entry door to the stairs—barely wide enough for one person to pass.

Every cent was needed, so she didn't want to turn on the lights if it was not a real necessity, and just passing through a room wasn't a real necessity.

We got there, tried to find our way, and obviously ran into everything, piles of junk, tipping over on whatever was in our path.

When Alexis was away, though, she lit the room with candles she got from the church, but had to hide them when he got back, since he feared fire.

Then you got up the stairs, into the next dimension. You had to take off your shoes. Everything was in its place, every pen, and every piece of paper. There was never anything to be found unsorted. Not even an old sock in a corner. Records, tapes, and CDs

were numbered and kept in file. Huge binders, keeping track of where everything was. He was always sitting on his rocking chair, looking at his record turning, watching TV, playing video games, or writing in the said binders.

His room was an audio-video empire. Everything with the power on, including a little portable electric heater that he took with him everywhere in the house.

Downstairs, in the kitchen, sitting in the dark or by the candlelight, talking with Mme St-Laurent, trying to understand her world; I don't think I could do that again. We talked with her all night long, and she just stayed in her rolling chair, asking questions as she wanted to know everything.

But that was mostly when Alexis was away. When he was there we went upstairs, where he was almost always receptive to our presence, even at 4 in the morning, as he didn't sleep that much. We talked about anything, for hours, all while listening to plenty of music.

Another of his passions were aliens. He knew everything about what had been said of them. He had piles of books and magazines. He had his opinion on every theory ever made and on every case ever told. Abductions, UFOs, Roswell, Area 51. Little gremlins living on the inner surface of the earth, and sometimes getting out, passing by an entrance situated on the North Pole. He was obsessed with that idea, and spent whole nights in the woods, with a gigantic flashlight, making signs to passing aliens so they could come and take him. His dream was to be abducted. He said that him and they had a lot in common, and I didn't think he was that wrong, actually.

When he turned 20, things were more stable. He didn't seem to think much about suicide. He was too busy for that, his head buried into old Iron Maiden bootleg prices, UFOs, Satanism and everything else. During that period, he only lost his mind 2 times, each time getting home pissed as fuck, after having been mugged by a "punk," while walking across the same bridge in the middle of the night. It happened to him twice in 3 months, and both times he got home and started wrecking shit with the small baseball bat. He stayed off the valuables though, just smashing doors, walls, the mailboxes, and completely destroying the downstairs toilet.

Another thing about that period was the fact that he wanted a girlfriend so badly. He never did kiss a girl, or anyone for that matter. Never received a single bit of cuddling, or any sign of affection.

He was stable, but not totally in a positive way. Things were going steadily, but in fact, degrading steadily. He was getting more and more misanthropic, misogynistic, and weird. Spent more time in the woods calling aliens, and listening to more obscure black metal. For him, Emperor and Cradle Of Filth were "pussies," just like Stryper and Poison.

It was getting more depressing going there. It made you realize how much you can be a victim of circumstances, that your short life will be completely directed by them.

Circumstances didn't help Alexis that much. In August, one year and a half ago, when I had just got back from traveling, I got a phone call. The person said some people had found a small kid floating in the water in the morning, at the wharf, two blocks from my house. He said it was probably Alexis.

I went right away to see Mme St-Laurent, who was weird. She was, as usual, manipulating boxes, filled with mysterious stuff. She asked questions about my trip, how I was doing and normal stuff like that. I asked where Alexis was, and her face changed. As if I just discovered something she wanted to hide, she said he was dead, that he had thrown himself in the river, jumping from the wharf. The cops just had left an hour before I got there.

"On Friday night, (then, it was Monday afternoon) at around 2 in the morning, while I was asleep, he told me he was going to get newspapers. When I woke up, at around 6, I saw that his shoes were not at their usual place, neither was his bike. I walked to the wharf, where I found his bike, in the middle of the parking lot, looking as it had just got thrown down to the ground."

"I took the bike, looked a bit at the water, and walked home with it, put it back at its place, and went gardening."

"I haven't seen him for 3 days, and this

morning the policemen came and told me they have found him, asking if I have any of his ID."

She didn't feel like telling anyone that her son had disappeared. She just wanted to go gardening, and after that go to the church.

Two weeks later, while selling some of his records, she found a letter, and a booklet, in which was written who of his friends got what, and the prices of the remaining objects, as well as some maps of his room, divided in sections, telling about what was where.

The letter was completely non-personal; the only thing referring in any ways to feelings was a line where he said he was a waste, an ugly piece of shit and it was too hard for him to try to live.

His room is emptying steadily, as Mme St-Laurent gets filthy rich (in comparison)—selling records, the DAT machine, CDs, porn mags. The only financial change in her lifestyle, though, is an upgrading in the quality of food given to her cats, as well as her capacity of giving more money to the church. She still won't turn on the light, but you no longer have to step in the bowls of cat food since she can light candles whenever she wants now.

She is free to do whatever she wants, but she keeps living in the little world she created in order to protect herself from her son's oppression. I doubt she will ever come out of it.

She is alone most of the time now, but it seems like she doesn't want to face it. Even after one year and a half, she still acts as if Alexis was still there. The cats still don't have the liberty to go upstairs, things not sold are at the same place he left them before dying, even his cereal box is on the kitchen table. He got incinerated, and the ashes are on top of a half-empty record shelf.

Circumstances and misery seems to pass pretty well through generations, through everything in fact.

A small, elfish man with neatly clipped gray hair and a well-meaning suit came in to the store. He walked up directly to the counter, so I abandoned my work on the desktop behind the counter, slid off of the wooden stool, and said in my best mini-mart cashier voice, "Can I help you?"

He asked me for three cartons of cigarettes, Doral Full Flavor 100's. I raised my eyebrows but said nothing, turned, and pulled the cartons off the shelf behind me. I set the long rectangular packages on the counter and punched numbers into the register. As the total flashed in green on the register the man shook his head and pulled four crisp twenty-dollar bills out of his wallet one at a time, slowly stacking them on the counter. Then, he picked up the pile, and handing them to me across the counter he said, "They're for my wife. She's damn near dead from cancer as it is, but she wants to smoke, and I guess if she's going to die anyway... Well, what can you do?"

In shock, I stuffed his money into the register and pulled out his change. He looked down at the counter, pressed his lips together in a tight little line, picked up the red cartons, and, tucking them under his arm, left the store.

His last words, "Well, what can you do?" hung there with me as he started his car and drove away. "What can you do?!" I wanted to shout after him. "Well, you certainly don't have to buy them for her!"

But then I paused: what had I just done? I had sold him the very chemicals that had conspired to addict his wife to the cigarettes, which have been slowly killing her. A percentage of the profit to the mini-mart from the sale of those cigarettes would make its appearance in my paycheck on Thursday.

I get paid to sell people tools of their own destruction. I have become another piece in the consumerist puzzle.

Certainly, I thought about that a lot before I took this job, but I needed a job. I needed it immediately, and I needed something that could be flexible—there aren't many such jobs, especially in the area I live in. So I gave in, took the job, even though I would have to sell people cigarettes, alcohol, beef jerky, products tested on animals, and snack cakes with thirty-four grams of fat in them. Also, I would be facilitating the degeneration of bodies and minds. Even worse than that though, I would also be profiting from their needless

consumerism and consumption of products I protest in my own life.

However, sometimes I think, "Other people make their own choices and I make mine." Sometimes I say, "OK, so they're not vegan. So they're not substance-free. So what? Just because I live that way doesn't mean that I can dictate how they spend their money." I have friends that aren't vegan or drug free, and I don't condemn them, but then again, I don't have to actively participate in things that they do that I can't agree with. And that's pretty much the problem at the Mini-Mart. I have to participate and facilitate choices people make that I am actively against. I am participating in what I see as destruction of lives, of health, of minds, of environment, and it makes me feel like a hypocrite.

Most people would probably tell me that I am a hypocrite. I get this hot rash of embarrassment when people involved in animal rights ask me where I work, because I can just feel the condemnation.

It's not just other people though. If my whole problem centered around some people telling me that I'm not really vegan because I sell people beef jerky, then I would be able to sleep at night, but I can't. I honestly lay awake at night wondering how can I allocate my energy to working for causes, sharing ideas, practicing political consumerism, and then punch my time card at the Mini-Mart. How can I use money that was earned selling products tested on animals when I shop at the Co-op? How can I sell cigarettes to a cancer patient and live with myself?

If it weren't me behind that counter it would be someone else. I know that. I also know that if I stood there through my whole shift and refused to sell people what they wanted, they would go somewhere else and get it. I would also be fired the next day, and not have money that I unfortunately need.

My problems seem implicit in my choice of an anti-consumerist, anti-capitalist, vegan, substance free lifestyle—the world doesn't tend to agree with those choices. That's apparent any time you go into a grocery store or eat out, or tune into mainstream media, etc., etc. We can't live outside this world and are trapped working within its confines. For me though, my periodic cooperation allows me to support the things I believe in.

How can this guilt be reconciled? Can it be at all? I want to be able to live in a positive way, and not have to compromise myself in order to make that possible. Is that a reality? I'm sure there are wonderful jobs that allow people to do that, but what about those of us who live in middle-of-nowhere USA? Why should the circumstances that force me into this situation, this job, make me feel guilty?

Perhaps, the guilt is something I choose in a way. My mother always said that nothing can make you feel anything, all feelings are chosen in a way. She's probably right. I do make a choice to feel guilty, but how else could I feel? There's no way, that I can determine, to put my job together with my lifestyle, beliefs, and ideologies without sensing a damaging contradiction—and to be immune to that contradiction would be as damaging as feeling constant guilt.

So I am left this way, feeling guilty, feeling a little helpless and a little angry, at myself, at the world. I am left wondering about my part in the scenario that plays itself out as the small gray man returns to his dying wife.

I wish there were a better way to leave this, a more uplifting note left to ring, but I don't know what it is because all I can see is him in my mind. He walks into what was once their bedroom, but is now her hospital room. Stacks of pillows prop her up, and it is easy to tell that without the pillows behind her frail spine, she would crumble. He smiles at her, and pulls a pack of cigarettes out of the carton. Then, placing a white cigarette in between her dry, cracked lips, and lighting it with a match, he sits back to watch the woman he loves use all her strength to pull a breath of nicotine into her body. He leans back in his chair, fights the weight of tears, and thinks, "Well, what can you do?" and I, leaning back into the chair in front of my computer, having read all that I have composed here, know exactly how he feels.

I don't think that I am the only one: I know straightedge kids who work in liquor stores, vegans who

have done time in Wendy's, anarchists who are teachers in our authoritarian educational system, so how do we reconcile our beliefs with the "real" world that we have to interact in? Maybe we're all making horrible mistakes, compromises, and damaging the very causes we feel devoted to. Maybe it's all a process. Perhaps, our presence in these places, the causal conversation with customers, fellow employees, with employers, about the things we believe in is all part of the fight. Maybe we are changing things. Two of the people I work with at the Mini-Mart are now vegetarian, so perhaps it's all worth it in a way. I'm not sure that makes up for everything that I have participated in, but it's something at least.

The guilt I feel, the unhappiness that sinks in as I push open the double glass doors to the Mini-Mart, maybe it's a part of the revolution. That might be glorifying it, but think: if we were content all the time, we would either be living in a bubble, or there would be nothing left to change. Looking around, I see a lot that needs to be changed. Maybe, part of my mission is to make a few people think twice about their lives and their participation in consumerism. Maybe, part of my mission is to get rid of the damn jerky section (beef, chicken, pork and emu). Maybe, I need to be making a small difference in a small Mini-Mart. Maybe, everything counts in what we're doing, no matter where we're doing it.

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I remember when I was 10 or 11 years old, and living in the town of Lawton, Oklahoma. I lived in a middle class, all-white neighborhood. It was the kind of neighborhood where it was practically law to keep the grass level of your lawn on a par with your neighbor's, and his with his neighbor's; and soon ad infinitum. Being of philosophical mind even at the young age of ten, I wondered who's lawn it was that started this horticultural big bang. Was it the Jones or the Halls? This is a completely different story, mind you, but it serves as a great paradigm for something much more important. There were a large number of African American kids in my class at the elementary school that I was attending. They were from a different neighborhood, and were much more amiable than the kids in my neighborhood. I became very fond of a boy named Antonio, and his white friend Nathan. As the sixth grade year went on, we became closer friends, and it became inevitable that when we graduated the ranks of elementary life and entered Middle school that we would still remain friends. And we did. We used to go over to Nathan's house and spend the night, which was always fun. I remember being able to see things in his neighborhood that you would never see in a million years in mine—like beer-bellied fist fights in the front yard of homes and kids drinking and playing loud music. It was really cool. However, whenever they asked if they could spend the night over at my house, I remember quickly making all sorts of pathetic excuses to keep them from doing so. Everything from, "Oh, my dad doesn't like it when I bring people over," to "Oh, I'm grounded. Sorry... can't do it tonight." Every time there was a new excuse. A new method to keep my white trash friend and my Negro friend from coming over to my clean, white neighborhood.

Years go by. I'm living in Santiago, Chile. As a normal 16 year old boy, I enjoyed doing what a lot of other kids my age enjoyed doing on the weekends—getting fucked up. It was fun to go over to my friend Mauricio's house and play guitar to Iron Maiden songs while drinking *Cristal*, Chile's national beer of choice, or to go downtown late at night (a forbidden thing to do if you were an American) and getting busted by the cops and spending a night in jail for drinking cheap vodka in the city's downtown central park. It was so fun, in fact, that I wouldn't substitute it with any other way to spend my weekends. In fact, on one of those weekends in 1992, Chile was about to make international headlines. No, Pinochet wasn't coming back into power (not for 2 more years anyway, when he re-appointed himself as general). No, the Allende revolutionaries weren't blowing something up again. Actually, Chile had one of its first big rains in over three years. Being a country that is constantly plagued by drought, a rain can do a lot of things. Since no dams are really built since the rain isn't something that one necessarily expects, one

of the things it can do is flood a neighborhood. A big neighborhood. The community of Miapu had been flooded from a mud slide when the adjacent hills collapsed under the pressure of the rain. A dam could have prevented all of this, but President Alwin just "decided" that a poor community like Miapu didn't need a dam, so hundreds died and thousands of homes were destroyed in the process of the flood. It was immediately labeled a national disaster area. Since the government still didn't give a shit, the majority of what help that was scrapped together for the clean-up process consisted of whoever volunteered to go in and clean it up. That Friday, the school announced that we would go down that Saturday morning to help. We'd bring canned goods, shovels, blankets, etc.—basically anything that we could do to help. When asked if I wanted to go, I said sure. When it came down to it, however, I just ended up getting really drunk the night before with some other friends of mine, going to bed late, and waking up, missing the whole thing. On Monday, I made up some bullshit excuse as to where I was on Saturday morning. After school, I got home and turned on the television. I saw my friends Sven and Martin on TV shoveling these people's homes and giving out canned goods. They were having this news report on the flood, and they showed all these bodies floating in the mud. It was fucked up. Then they showed these people crying and screaming, as they would open up their shanty homes and all this mud would pour out.

Then about a year later, everything changed for me. I remember walking down the street to catch a bus with a few friends of mine. It was about ten o'clock at night, and we were about to head downtown for yet another night of inebriation. As we approached the bus stop, we saw what looked to be a small figure hurled up

on the ground. It was a woman—she looked like she was in her mid-thirties. She was plump, ugly, and moaning inarticulately like she was trying to tell us something. As we knelt down, we asked her what was wrong. That's when she rolled over. Her face was fucked up. I mean torn to shit. Both of her eyes were blackened, her nose was running blood terribly, and her jaw was probably broken considering that the bottom of her face was swollen to the point that she could barely speak. I ran to the nearest pay-phone and called the cops and an ambulance. We ran and got her some water and tried to help her in any way that we could. In minutes, the ambulance arrived, with the police, and she was put on a gurney and taken away. The police took our statements and got our phone numbers. There was nothing else we could do. Days later, I decided to call the police station to inquire further upon what had happened to the woman and if she was okay. The officer who answered the phone told me that she had been beaten badly by her husband and that she probably would have suffered from the brain aneurysm she had induced and died if we had not been there to call. I asked if charges had been filed on the husband. He said that he could not comment and hung up the phone.

When I was young I was stupid—petty and immature. Much more interested in getting fucked up, playing guitar, or sitting on my ass at home watching TV. The very thought of lifting a finger for anyone else's needs plagued me with boredom. Seeing all those dead bodies in the mud, seeing the effects violence can have on another human being whom someone once claimed to "love," and realizing that I felt some cheap sense of guilt as a child for refusing to conform with a community's unwritten law of interacting only with upper class white kids changed all this. I hated the idea that I was too weak to bring my friends into my neighborhood because I was too chicken shit to stand up against racist norms. Even more importantly, that false sense of guilt that I had toward the neighborhood was indeed nothing more than a psychological reaction to an unwritten code of societal structuring, and the day I realized that I fell for this trap became one of the main contributing factors which lead me and convinced me undoubtedly that the conventional views of unbroken class structures in this country are fucked. It's the same sort of apathy that makes you not want to get off your ass when you hear that someone else is in trouble. We're all some small fraction of a sort of cookie-cut taxonomy structure laid out for in the beginning, and a deviation from this structure is like committing some sort of moral

faux pas—it's like denying an unwritten obligation to our bullshit class. We're taught from the beginning to associate only with our own kind. Of course, you can donate your annual five bucks to D.A.R.E or Operation Feed for suburban feel-good points, but does it really do much good when only an average 12.5 percent actually goes to that charity? It's easy to dump a few tax-deductible bucks in the United Way jar on your way to the grocery store—hell knows it'll temporarily fend off the invading feelings of guilt you may have for not getting off your ass and doing something. I never saw that woman on the corner again. The feelings, however, never went away. I used to stay awake at night for weeks thinking about that incident. People like that exist everywhere. You're not supposed to hear about it though—not unless they're being straddled by Sally Struthers for some corporate benevolence campaign.

I realized that one of the worst things I could have possibly ever done was to let the views of a community inexorably adhere with my own subjective notions of morality. One can say that people, various human rights organizations, and certain collectives of thought and ideologies only exist sometimes out of an opposition to their antithesis. That's not saying much more than the obvious. Anti-Racist Action, for example, only exists insofar as there is racism in the world. However, this doesn't erase credence to their claims or to their points of view. The previous stories, while drastically different, have an underlying theme in that past differences and oppositions to the world have made me what I am today. Sometimes, as you have seen above, the world was a better place than my own subjectively relative choices were. In other cases, the world was fucked and I decided that I wasn't going to adhere to choices that I didn't believe in.

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The new millennium is rapidly approaching and we carry with us a century of dark oppression and an endless struggle to emerge from the dank depths of our cultural dungeons. Our brothers and sisters of generations past have given sweat and blood for the eight hour day, equal opportunity in work and education, and the right to go wherever we want, be whoever we want, eat whatever we want, and sleep with whoever we want, regardless of race, sex, or sexual orientation. This past quarter century we have seen the punk movement push these boundaries to new levels, questioning the role of tradition and redefining boundaries based on our true desires rather than the roles dictated to us by the mainstream. This past decade brought the second "break" of punk into the mainstream, pushing the heart of punk in new directions, and a new form of DIY was born. Motives were scrutinized, roles reexamined, bodies exposed to find the bare truth inside, and a general consciousness concerning issues of sex, race and class has been forged.

The past several years have hosted a plethora of frenzied festivals, conventions, and publications dedicated to carrying the torch of truth through workshops, 'zines, columns, records, spoken word and countless other mediums. The efforts of these bastions of truth and the number of souls converted is immeasurable. No longer must one attend a show and fear those around us are unaccountable to their thoughts and actions. The guilty have and will be called out, kicked out, and exposed for the being the demons they are.

We have reached the brink of glory, but our mission has been challenged, for the truth has been attacked and those of us in the right have been bombarded with the ideological artillery of a moralless enemy. Our brothers and sisters have turned mutinous and divisive. Fellow punks hurl accusations of self-righteousness, exclusiveness, and bigotry, obviously hiding beneath their inability to confront their own sexism, racism, and homophobia. "Politically correct" has become an insult rather than the ideological label of progress it should be. We have granted safe spaces to our minorities only to be attacked by these racist, sexist, homophobic "punks" spouting nonsensical babble about "white guilt" and "seclusiveness." We have been persecuted for our attempts to reach out to the underprivileged and denied our right to validate our own existence in an oppressive, patriarchal, class structural, monocultural society. Those of us on a mission have reached sea and there are sharks

Jon Gingrich

PAUL
ACES

among us.

The time has come to look the enemy in the face and call his name. Not all souls unaccounted for are without hope. Those teetering on the edge of sin may be brought in with proper reeducation and assimilation. Nevertheless, there is a threat to our security as a community and we must purge it before it destroys the purity of our DIY ideology. Our collective, the Politically Incorrect Activities Committee, or PIAC, has calculated an international program to secure the safety of our DIY punk scene. The following should represent the groundwork for affiliate PIAC chapters to operate worldwide.

Each town or scene community should establish an inquisition committee to head all formal hearings. Formal hearings will be mandatory for all persons involved in bands, 'zines, or other public forms of expression. All subjects required to come before the committee will be required to prove their allegiance to the anti-sexist, anti-racist, anti-homophobic DIY ideology or face excommunication from the scene. These primary subjects will also be required to provide as much information as possible about their band mates, friends, and acquaintances or also face excommunication. The committee will also be responsible for the questioning of show promoters who will serve as authority for informal hearings which will occur at any show or other scene event. Informal hearings will in fact be a screening whose time and frequency will be at the discretion of the promoter authority. All participants in public or private scene events must take the oath of ideological allegiance or face the formal committee, or ultimately excommunication. The PIAC collective has nominated Kent McClard as committee mediator, and *Heartattack* as the central publication of inquisition results, so to make findings known worldwide.

This enemy should not be taken lightly. We would not have reached where we are today, nor would we have the individual liberty we have if our predecessors had taken their battles lightly. DIY must be defended, and it is up to us—the holders of truth—to take the mission with pride.

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Scott From Seattle!!! I'm looking for Scott (no last name) who lives at 1101 NE Campus Pkwy./#929 Terry. The copies of *Spectacle* 4.5 that you ordered came back to me. Please get in touch! Theo Witsell/PO Box 251766/Little Rock, AR 72225

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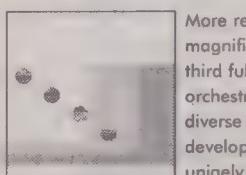
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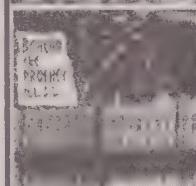


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Towards a non-violent society: a position paper on anarchism, social change and Food Not Bombs

by Chris Crass



The origins and purpose of this position paper:

This paper was originally written 11.29.95 as a result of discussions we were having in San Francisco Food Not Bombs about our politics and how we represent our politics in literature. In a meeting on 11.09.95 we embarked on a rather in-depth and thought provoking discussion about anarchism and FNB. Most of us at the meeting strongly believed that FNB in its structure and goals was and always had been anarchist in orientation. However, there were several people who raised concerns about anarchist politics and the principles of FNB.

This position paper was originally a proposal put before the group which addressed those concerns and to push for anarchist politics in the group. The proposal was distributed at meetings and many discussions, both informal and formal, took place over the course of about a year before the proposal passed consensus by the group. Soon after anarchism became a formal element of FNB politics and a vision statement was assembled that clearly expressed the larger politics of the group and put our daily actions into a radical political context. The vision statement, which is included at the end of this paper, covered everything from our dedication to anti-sexist struggle to community gardening and composting as actions moving towards an ecologically sustainable society.

This paper moved from being a proposal in San Francisco Food Not Bombs to become a position paper on FNB politics for the larger FNB community and activist movement. It is hoped that this paper will open up discussion about the political future of FNB as a transnational movement working to confront global corporate domination and world poverty while simultaneously working for fundamental social change. It is also hoped that this paper will help others in the larger social justice movement understand FNB's actions and politics. It is the radical politics of Food Not Bombs that make our servings meaningful, that give energy and vitality to our daily efforts—no matter how insignificant they may appear to be at times. When we see our own daily activism as being connected to a much larger movement working for social and economic justice, it helps give us the inspiration and motivation needed to keep on choppin' those vegetables, or deal with that slimy compost, or wake up super early and get coffee and bagels to the picket line. Radical social change is made day by day and knowing that you're a part of something much bigger than yourself, just might help you get through that day.

What the hell is so important to discuss?

It is crucial for a group and movement to have a clear understanding of what it stands for and what its vision of a better world looks like. While FNB has three clearly defined principles, it is the larger political context that we place these principles in that give them their true meaning.

We believe in consensus, non-violence, and vegetarianism. By themselves these concepts are rather ambiguous and open for wide interpretation. While it is good that our principles are flexible and inclusive, it is also important that we prevent our ideas from being

co-opted. It is the way that FNB has put these principles into action, and the way we have come to define them, that has given these ideas their true meaning and value. We combine these ideas with decentralization, collective and personal empowerment, feminism, and non-hierarchical organizing strategies. We have rejected the concept of charity that usually defines free food giveaways. We believe that charity fails to address the causes of hunger and poverty, and attempts to band-aid the crisis without challenging the institutional structures that create inequality. We attempt to confront and dismantle the power structures of patriarchy, white supremacy, and other forms of domination—in society, in our organizations, and in our own consciousness. These are ideas and beliefs that have been expressed in meetings, written about in our literature, and incorporated into the way we organize our own groups and in the solidarity we try to build with other groups and struggles.

It is our, often, unspoken politics that replace ambiguity with a vision of a better world: a world that we are attempting to build now. This is why this discussion is important.

For Anarchism

There have been various concerns raised about FNB and anarchism within San Francisco and also in other FNB groups around the United States that I am aware of. The argument for anarchism address not only the concerns that have been raised, but also tries to demonstrate the inherent connections between anarchism and FNB.

The first concerns about anarchism usually revolve around the popular misconceptions of anarchism as nothing more than chaos and violence. Professor Howard Zinn, author of the *People's History of the United States* and long-time supporter of FNB, describes anarchism in his book *Declarations of Independence* as following: "Anarchists, I discovered, did not believe in anarchy as it is usually defined—disorder, disorganization, chaos, confusion, and everyone doing as they like. On the contrary, they believed that society should be organized in a thousand different ways, that people had to cooperate in work and in play, to create a good society. But anarchists insisted, any organization must avoid hierarchy and command from the top; it must be democratic, consensual, reaching decisions through constant discussion and argument."

He continues, "What attracted me to anarchism was its rejection of any bullying authority—the authority of the state, of the church, or the employer. Anarchism believes that if we can create an egalitarian society without extremes of poverty and wealth, and join hands across all national boundaries, we will not need police forces, prisons, armies, or war, because the underlying causes of these will be gone." Howard Zinn wrote the forward to the Food Not Bombs books, and has consistently spoken out against police attacks and city harassment of FNB groups in San Francisco and most recently in Worcester, Massachusetts. In a recent newspaper article about the city harassment of Worcester FNB, Howard Zinn is quoted in the Worcester Phoenix. His statement reads as following: "Food Not Bombs protests a system which fails to give people basic necessities in life," says Zinn, adding that prior movements faded because they couldn't cope with "conditions of economic distribution in the country."

Anarchism is movement for a society in which the violence of racism, sexism, homophobia, capitalism, and coercion are removed from our daily lives. Anarchism is the belief in a world without war and economic poverty. Anarchism is a philosophy and movement working to build cooperative, egalitarian human relationships and social structures that promote mutual aid, radical democratic control of political and economic decisions, and ecological sustainability. So how does this apply directly to FNB?

Anarchism and Consensus:

Consensus is a form of making decisions which is based on anarchist principles. Consensus is a decision making process that seeks to empower people to be able to participate in the shaping of and implementation of decisions made by the group. Consensus aims to create a non-hierarchical, anti-authoritarian, cooperative group structure that decentralizes power and encourages collective participation and responsibility. Part of the struggle to create non-hierarchical organizations is to confront and eradicate racism, sexism, homophobia, and other forms of oppression and domination which privilege certain

people, while keeping most people powerless and voiceless. Because we seek to create organizations—and eventually communities and societies—that empower people and create equality we must work against hierarchy. Anarchism and consensus go together like hot vegan soup and a good day-old bagel.

Anarchism and Vegetarianism:

Food Not Bombs groups serve all vegetarian and vegan food as a political act against the meat and dairy industries and to promote ecological sustainability, equal distribution of food and resources throughout the world, human health, and animal liberation. The commitment of FNB groups to these issues has lead to long lasting coalitions with groups like Earth First!, the Save Ward Valley Coalition, the Save Headwaters Forest Coalition, and many other environmental groups as well as animal liberation groups. Anarchism challenges the exploitation and domination of the earth that is characteristic of capitalist expansion. Anarchism attempts to not only change the relationships of humans to each other, but also of humans to the earth and environment.

Anarchism and Non-Violence:

There have been many concerns raised about whether or not anarchism and non-violence are compatible. We argue that anarchism and non-violence are inseparable.

First, let us look at the historic role of the state. Christopher Day, of the Love and Rage Revolutionary Anarchist Federation, writes: "The state—by which we mean the police, the army, the prisons, the courts, the various government bureaucracies, legislative and executive bodies—is the enforcer and regulator of authoritarian rule. The state maintains a monopoly on organized legal violence." Day writes further, "The state has always been an instrument of war. It is impossible to conceive of a society without war in a society still dominated by states."

In the Food Not Bombs book *Feeding the Hungry and Building Community*, it is explained that, "The name Food Not Bombs states our most fundamental principle; society needs to promote life, not death. Our society condones, and even promotes violence and domination. Authority and power are derived from the threat and use of violence."

The state and correspondingly capitalism, white supremacy and patriarchy, concentrate power into the hands of the few, which systematically denies power to the majority of humanity. The denial of power over ones own life contributes to the violence that permeates day to day life. Violence happens in hundreds of different ways, everyday, as a result of this system of inequality. Whether it comes through rent, food with pesticides and price tags that hide the damages done to workers, taxes, jobs working to make someone else rich, malnutrition, police sweeps of homeless people, forced sterilization of women of color, social exclusion of poor people, and the list goes on.

So what is the connection between anarchism and non-violence? We must recover the long history of anarchist resistance and movement that has existed, and we will find that in fact anarchism and the struggle for a non-violent world have a long history.

In her study *Native [born] American Anarchism*, written in 1932, Eunice Schuster discusses the profound influence Henry David Thoreau had on the development of civil disobedience, calling him, "not only an anarchist in thought, but also in action." Thoreau's act of civil disobedience during the US war with Mexico has forever influenced the theory and practice of non-violence.

Leo Tolstoy took notice of Thoreau, and was developing his own ideas of non-violence. Robert L. Holmes, in his book *Non-Violence In Theory and Practice*, writes, "Tolstoy pursued this understanding of Christianity to what he saw as its logical conclusion: the rejection not only of the organized violence of war but also of the institutionalized violence of government itself, which makes war possible."

In the introduction of the book, *Government is Violence: Essays on Anarchism and Pacifism* by Leo Tolstoy, it is written, "Tolstoy's suggested means of attaining anarchy were those that have now become well known as civil disobedience and non-violent direct action... Tolstoy advocates unbending moral resistance to authority."

Gandhi writes of Tolstoy in his autobiography, "It was forty years ago; when I was passing through a severe crisis of skepticism and doubt

that I came across Tolstoy's book, *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, and was deeply impressed by it. I was at that time a believer in violence. Its reading cured me of my skepticism and made me a firm believer in ahimsa (non-violence)... He was the greatest apostle of non-violence that the present age has produced."

Anarchist ideas also influenced Gandhi's ideas about the future society. In the book *Gandhi Today*, Mark Shepard explains, "India could become strong and healthy, Gandhi insisted, only by revitalizing its villages, where over four-fifths of its people lived—a figure that still applies today. He envisioned a society of strong villages, each one politically autonomous and economically self-reliant. In fact, Gandhi may be this century's greatest proponent of decentralism—basing economic and political power at the local level."

After Gandhi was assassinated, the person who was known as "Gandhi's spiritual heir," Vinoba Bhave led several major campaigns to reclaim land for the poor. In 1951 Bhave and the many workers from Sarva Seva Sangh (Society for the Service of All), started the Bhoodon (land gift) movement. Many felt that Bhave was a saint in the Hindu tradition, and so when he began walking across the country asking for acres of land from landowners, he received land gifts, which were then given to the poor. One and one third million acres, according to Shepard, were actual reclaimed by the poor (far more than had been managed by the land reform programs of India's government). Bhave was involved with other projects and campaigns to bring about the "non-violent revolution." Bhave was an anarchist.

The United States has a long tradition of non-violent anarchism. One of the first groups was the New England Non-Resistance Society that denounced government, capital punishment, war, and inequality as inconsistent with Christian teachings. The Society, that included William Lloyd Garrison, was heavily involved with the abolitionist movement that struggled to end slavery in the United States.

When the United States entered World War I, anarchists were at the forefront of the anti-war movement. In 1916 Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, and others organized the No Conscription League. They organized rallies, protests, and marches. They issued a manifesto which read, "The No Conscription League has been formed for the purpose of encouraging conscientious objectors to affirm their liberty of conscience and to make their objection to human slaughter effective by refusing to participate in the killing of their fellow men." Berkman and Goldman were arrested for violating the Selective Draft Act. One of the first prosecutions under the Espionage Act, passed in 1918 making anti-war literature illegal, was against a group of five anarchists, including Mollie Steimer. The group had been distributing newspapers by stuffing them in mailboxes at night, and had written up leaflets against the draft. One of the defendants, Jacob Schwartz never made it to trial. He had been beaten so badly by the police during interrogations, that he had to be taken to the hospital, where he died. The group were all found guilty, and were eventually deported to Russia in 1921 for their anti-war activities.

There were others protesting the war, one of them was Dorothy Day. Day along with Peter Maurin, founded the Catholic Worker movement. Nancy Roberts, in the anthology *American Radical*, writes of the CW, "[it] had a three point plan for radical social action based on Christian values. Maurin envisioned a lay, communitarian, anarchist movement offering round table discussions, forums, and lectures for 'clarification of thought,' houses of hospitality in every urban parish to feed and shelter the poor and homeless, and farming communes which would break down 'acquisitive' industrial society into manageable, organic units where worker and scholar would live and learn in a community."

Ultimately some 200 houses of hospitality were established—no one is sure exactly how many—across the world, mostly in the US. The idea behind the hospitality houses is explained by Walter Brueggeman as following: "Compassion constitutes a radical form of criticism, for it announces that the hurt [of poverty and hunger] is to be taken seriously, that the hurt is not to be accepted as normal and natural but is an abnormal and unacceptable condition of humanness." Therefore hospitality in a society structured around profit margins and individualism constituted not only resistance but also offered an alternative. On May 1st 1933, Day helped launch the Catholic Worker newspaper, which

sold for a penny a copy (and is still sold for a penny). The paper always linked peace with social justice, and covered that many acts of non-violent civil disobedience committed by Catholic Worker activists and other radical to end militarism. In James Farrell's *The Spirit of the Sixties: The Making of Postwar Radicalism*, he writes that in the "Catholic Worker [newspaper] pacifism, personalism, and anarchism were front-page news, and the paper conscientiously promoted its revolution by ideas." Farrell writes that within a few years the newspaper's circulation topped 100,000 and that by 1938, the print run was up to 190,000. During World War II, Day and the Catholic Worker were denounced for their pacifist stance, some activists were beaten in the street while distributing the paper.

For over fifty years Day committed her life to peace, social justice, and non-violent revolution. In their 1983 pastoral letter, US Catholic bishops indicated a historic shift in their teachings about war and peace when they wrote that pacifism is an acceptable, moral and political choice for Catholics. Day was singled out along with Martin Luther King, Jr. as one who had provided "non-violent witness" that had "had a profound impact upon the life of the church in the United States."

Dorothy Day, who was once affectionately called the "Head Anarch" by an editor of the Catholic Worker, has been called the "First Lady of American Catholicism," and some are petitioning the Vatican to have her declared a saint. Anarchism in Day's words was "increased responsibility of one person to another, of the individual to the community along with a much lessened sense of obligation to or dependence on the 'distant and centralized state.'"

One of the movements that has had the most impact on the United States in recent history, has been the Civil Rights movement. One of the key groups of that movement was the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. The group was born out of the sit-in movement that swept across the South in 1960 protesting the apartheid segregation system of Jim Crow Laws. While SNCC never formally considered itself to be an anarchist group, it was structured on an anti-authoritarian, decentralized, radically democratic model and they used direct action in their struggle for an egalitarian society. SNCC played a crucial role in the Freedom Rides, the 1964 Freedom Summer campaign, the formation of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party that challenged the racism of the Democratic Party, and they have left a legacy of radical activism and organizing that is of paramount importance to everyone, working for social change. Their style of community organizing, their emphasis on empowerment and their non-violent direct action tactics have much to offer FNB groups.

Ella Baker was the person who helped bring SNCC together and off its feet. Ella Baker had been an organizer for years with the NAACP and helped initiate and build the Southern Christian Leadership Conference of which Martin Luther King Jr. was the president. Ella Baker believed in the need for direct action and participatory democracy. She believed that successful groups must develop leadership that comes from the group, rather than groups coming around a leader: strong people don't need strong leaders. In the book, *Women in the Civil Rights Movement: Trailblazers and Torchbearers*, Carol Mueller includes a chapter on Ella Baker and the development of participatory democracy. Mueller identifies Baker's ideas on participatory democracy as follows: 1. an appeal for grass roots involvement of people throughout society in the decisions that control their lives; 2. the minimization of hierarchy and the associated emphasis on expertise and professionalism as a basis for leadership; and 3. a call for direct action as an answer to fear, alienation, and intellectual detachment." The experimentation of participatory democracy in SNCC influenced a broad range of social movements. Mueller writes that "participatory democracy and consensus decision-making ranged from the early voter registration projects of

SNCC in Mississippi and Georgia, to the ERAP projects of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) in the slums of Northern cities in the mid-1960s, to the consciousness raising groups of women's liberation in the late '60s and early '70s, to the affinity groups associated with the antinuclear and peace movement of the late '70s and early '80s."

In the introduction to the book, *Memories of the Southern Civil Rights Movement*, former SNCC member Julian Bond, looking back, writes of the group, "SNCC's young people were organized anarchists, railing against both the segregated system and the slow-but-sure legal tactics used by older organizations to bring it down... (they were rebels) against unthinking order and despotic authority."

Anarchism and a truly non-violent world are more than just compatible, they are inseparable. While this section has discussed but a handful of people, groups, and movements, the examples from history are endless, and must be reclaimed and remembered as they offer us insight and inspiration in the struggle for a new world, today. I want to mention that I do not deny the violent moments in the history of anarchism, but they are overshadowed by the examples of revolutionary non-violent direct action; and furthermore these acts of violence must be put into the context of the time and situation so that we can understand them in relation to the institutional violence of systems that profit from human misery. We will never see peace, so long as people are denied power over their own lives.

But anarchism is so unpopular, and misunderstood:

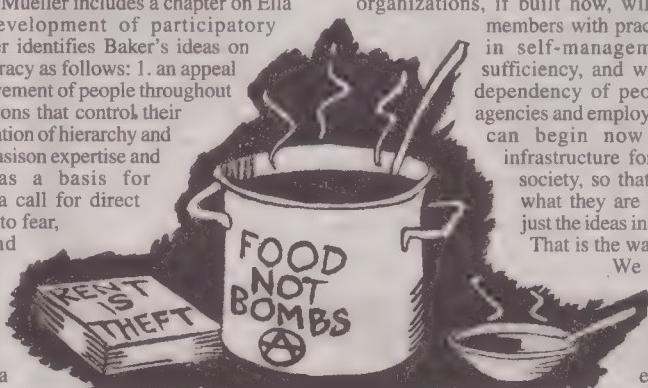
Yes it is unpopular and most often misunderstood, but remaining silent about our politics will do nothing but strengthen the power structure. When people opposed slavery, when people have demanded equality for women and people of color, when people have organized against war, when people have struggled for better working conditions and pay, when people have stood up for their rights as human beings they have been opposed, denounced, ridiculed, attacked, slandered, imprisoned, and even murdered (as they are trying to do to Mumia Abu-Jamal now).

When we allow others to set the standard for acceptability, then it becomes unacceptable to oppose power and privilege (who do define what is acceptable). The Democrats and Republicans, the mainstream media, the corporations, and the state bombard us daily with their standards of acceptability; standards which cause suffering and misery for the bulk of humanity. Popularity by these standards is not what we should be seeking. We must break out of this straight-jacketing of ideas and politics. We must define and express ourselves—with defiance for this system of oppression, and with hope for the world we long to see.

In his book, *Anarchism and the Black Revolution*, Lorenzo Ervin writes, "As a practical matter, Anarchist-Communists believe that we should start to build the new society now, as well as fight to crush the old Capitalist one. They wish to create non-authoritarian mutual aid organizations (for food, clothing, housing, funding for community projects and others), neighborhood assemblies and cooperatives, not affiliated with either government or business corporations, and not run for profit, but for social need. Such organizations, if built now, will provide their

members with practical experience in self-management and self-sufficiency, and will decrease the dependency of people on welfare agencies and employers. In short, we can begin now to build the infrastructure for the communal society, so that people can see what they are fighting for, not just the ideas in someone's head. That is the way to freedom."

We can make the ideas of cooperation, mutual aid, solidarity, egalitarianism, and a non-violent society popular, but only through the actions we take and the politics we advance. We can win.



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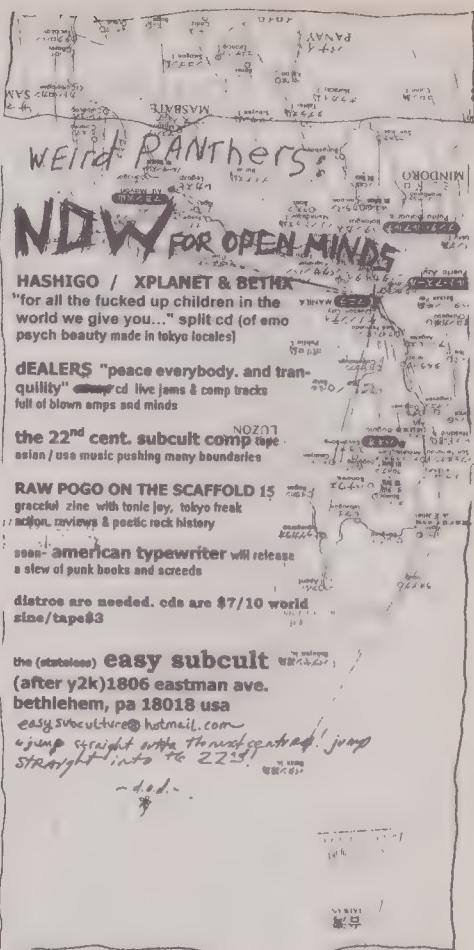
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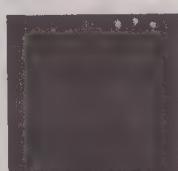
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HaC: I'm Eric, can everyone else introduce themselves? (*Catharsis Interview by Eric Boehme from A.T.R. 'zine*)

LP: I'm L. Pecador and I play drums in Catharsis.
Matt: I'm Matt and I play guitar, the computer and the digital camera.

Brian: I'm Brian.

Ernie: I'm Ernie.

John: And I'm John.

HaC: I've always thought that an important component of your music was the live show, the "event" where people come together and interact with this music that it isn't just your music but in a sense, it is everyone's. I like the way you were talking about how the new music sorta came out of the tours. Can you describe the atmosphere that you try to generate and how that is related to the "Catharsis vision?"

B: I would say that, first of all, we try not to repeat ourselves.

LP: One thing that we try to do, hopefully we're more successful at it than others, is to try to really include the audience so that they are not idle spectators who might as well be sitting around paying eight dollars in the theater watching the band on screen. We try to be inclusive. Most of the time kids aren't on stage playing instruments with us, though in some of our best shows, during the improv, we've been able to encourage people through words or actions to come up and join us and to make some sort of noise with us. So as far as the atmosphere, we try to be motivational and try to encourage people to open up to real communication and even if Brian is talking in the mic, to get people to talk back not just nod their heads so that people are speaking back to us. Like I said it doesn't always happen.

B: I think it is important that when we do a show, we are not the only people doing the creating. To some extent, it makes sense for there to be some sort of focus of attention but everyone really should get their chance to express themselves in our community. Whether it is through juggling, or writing, or playing music or whatever, we should each give each other a chance to be creative, where part of that involves us making the space for everyone to be creative. We hopefully inspire other people to do whatever it is that they do and to make them a part of what we are doing.

HaC: What I've always thought interesting about your live show is the level of spontaneity between you guys and the audience, but there does also seem to be a level of structured sophistication and technical expertise where some people might get shut out of the spontaneity or the specialized technical knowledge. I mean, even the improvs seem to have this structure where you guys discuss a bit of what you are doing beforehand.

B: The focus of the discussion before improvisations is not to plan out the improv but rather we would have the discussion every couple of nights when we were on tour with you because we were playing for two months in a row. The discussion focused on how to avoid doing the same things again and to plan to keep ourselves spontaneous, to not create second-rate music in the improvisation, to keep ourselves creative. Like, why don't we do something to put ourselves in danger rather than safely repeating what we know until it becomes stale.

M: It also keeps things interesting for us as

musicians that we don't play the same thing every night. It gets pretty boring after the first or second time.

B: I guess the fun thing about being emo-hardcore musicians is that we are supposed to be expressing these emotions that happen in our lives with these set pieces of music. In order to really get at these emotions again and again, to keep squeezing them out of ourselves, is to come at it from different directions, to come at ourselves from different places in our heart. Music for me is sorta experimenting with different combinations of sounds and finding out what they do to your heart. I've experienced this over and over in life where it is the same thing. If you experience the same thing over and over in a relationship or whatever, you eventually

other people from what is going on musically or not and it is true that there are parts of the music where I can imagine it not being easy for everyone in the room to participate. Yet in the new songs there are parts where the technical skill it takes get us to a place where the other parts in the song open up to promote



grow
calluses and you
forget about what made you
in the first place. We want to keep

ourselves musically and emotionally expressive and think about new ways to every day go into that music and create an environment where for us and the kidz, there are things at stake, emotionally and in life.

J: Do you think that the amount of technical concentration that you put into your music comes across to the average audience member without making a boundary there?

HaC: Yeah, you talk about this spontaneity but like say, Ernie for instance, says he isn't gonna hand over his bass in the improv because he needs to continue to keep a rhythm.

E: Actually, I did that a couple of times on tour after I said that, but I guess I knew that the people I gave it to were somewhat musically competent, so I've bent the rule.

HaC: Well, that's what we're trying to press you guys on is that you talk about spontaneity and opening up your music to all of this chaos and creative energy, living dangerously and

putting yourself in danger but I think that part of putting yourself in danger is to give up some of the technology and the specialized knowledge that you use to keep power.

LP: I really think that isn't much of an issue. I mean, none of us are really technical experts as musicians. That's not to say that we're not picky about the final creation in a controlled situation like the studio, but everyone in the band approaches their instrument and playing music from different angles.

B: Yeah, Eric, you and I have talked a lot about technical proficiency and whether it excludes

broad

interaction. I think that you are right that there is a tension between proficiency and group involvement because not everyone can be equally skilled in playing instruments. Yet I think that there is something equally valid and exciting in both African community drumming, where everyone participates and our music which is very carefully organized music. I think that both of those directions are legitimate for bands to explore.

HaC: I was joking around last night with Matt about that show in France when all those kidz lifted you up and crowd passed you... that you were so intensely concentrating on playing that you missed the joy and ecstasy of that moment.

M: I can see that but I have a hard time enough just playing some of this music. I remember that once I got over the shock of being lifted I thought it was really cool but at the same time I didn't want to interrupt the level of music we were making.

B: I've seen bands teeter along the edge between making music and getting carried away to such an extent that the music stops. For us, we are trying to build to and reach a level of intensity that we can share something with others, but the question is how do we reach that level of intensity without losing the level of expression for us. I don't want us to be constrained by some political idea of what our music should do. My experience with certain manifestoes and ideologies of how art should be done is that they are always constrained. In order to be creative at a maximum level you have to conceive of any possible action or next step in the creative process to be possible. Of course, ideologies set certain limits on this process.

HaC: I like the fact that there are multiple perspectives going on in the music and in each one of your lives. And in that sense I think you

• PRETENTIOUS COLLEGE EDUCATED WHITE BOYS, OR MUSICAL GUERRILLA TERRORISTS ARMED ONLY WITH GUITARS AND INSURGENT IDEAS?



share a certain politics that is not an ideology. Like you share a certain ethos about how you live your lives that is political. Just back to this idea of putting yourself in danger and the live event of the concert, I was wondering how you think this is political? Because for instance with L. Pecador, we don't talk a lot of politics but the way you express yourself to me is political on an everyday

avenues to avoid that division of labor between politics and music. I think that it is important for a band to not work against each other yet I think it is equally important for everyone to get to express themselves, and have to express themselves to some extent in a number of different ways, to learn how to because we all benefit from hearing each other's perspectives.

HaC: Yeah, that's what has always drawn me to the very different and distinct takes on politics and life that you all have.

B: I guess that doesn't come out as much as it should.

J: In your songwriting, is there ever a time in the creative process when you all come together to talk about the relationship of politics and everyday life, and how that gets conveyed in the lyrics?

LP: Well, while there is some really vivid imagery in the lyrics that shouldn't be taken too literally

because it is poetry, an art form, but where it ends up, as Eric mentioned earlier, is from many different perspectives. Catharsis is the combination of all these different things. I don't take part in writing the lyrics, that is all Brian, but in the end it successfully represents all of our ideas.

B: We spend a lot of time together as a group and we are all so invested in each other's lives that inevitably when Ernie plays his bass it speaks for what the rest of us are doing and feeling. In order to play music, in my experience, I have to block out the rest of the world and try to be as isolated and referential to myself and my own experiences that if you do that with enough honesty and passion that hopefully it will touch and reverberate with other people. As far as the writing goes, I try to write in a way that is as honest as possible. If I am honest and expressive enough, hopefully that will capture the experiences of our close friends and their lives. I do really write the lyrics in isolation and see how the ideas hold up in solitude and introspection.

LP: I think that there are a lot of times when I want to throw in the towel and give up on life. I mean, I'm thinking now of a bunch of stuff that happened in the past year, with our ex-guitarist and other things...but sometimes I sit down with the lyrics and I'm reminded of why I do this and why I can't stop doing this. It is that simple. It is so true to my experiences and the people that I know.

B: I wanna say that with LP, when he plays drums, and I've played in bands with him for almost ten years, he seems to express in a non-verbal fashion the things that I see and feel in the world. To some extent, by working with him for so long, my ideas about music have been constructed by his playing. He plays and expresses those emotions for me that I can't necessarily express in my words and singing. I mean this is the idea behind this thing, behind this artistic anarchist collective where we can all realize our potential as individuals through each other. If each of us

have different skills that work to express themselves to each of us, I think that is what we should also work toward on a larger level. The band is really a microcosm for how I would like to see the world work, for punk rock and society in general. We anticipate each other and work off of and inspire each other.

HaC: Yeah, we have these circles and these friends where we bring our own ideas into different communities. I think that we are all working toward building these communities where we can have these kinds of experiences every night. Whether it is playing in a band, or talking to someone until six in the morning... I want to ask John a question. I mean, I think there were many times on tour when, in a certain way, you put me in danger by questioning my values and actions, but I wanted to know what you thought about Brian saying on stage he wanted to spend the rest of his life with you? Because I think that is really what our community is about, is talking honestly and putting ourselves in danger and saying publicly that I love this guy.

J: I've always been honest about telling people what I think, those people that I care about and that matter to me. Maybe when I put you in danger it was because you said something that made me feel uncomfortable.

B: That is danger for everyone though, if one part of the group feels uncomfortable. I mean, the human project is us trying to figure out how to work together. Whenever there is friction and discomfort everyone should try to work through that. I'd like to ask you, John, about the hierarchy and the prestige that is often attributed to people who are in bands. I mean, not being in the band but being such a vital part of this group of people, do you feel somehow less important and taken less seriously?

J: I think that yeah, sometimes I am perceived as less important because I'm not up on stage. I don't feel that I'm left out as far as you guys are concerned, but I do think that a lot of kids think that you have to have a specialized skill to be able to talk to you. I mean you always see interviews with bands, but what I would like to do is to interview the first ten kids at a show. I mean, it would be so different from what people are used to doing and an ideal way to interview people who are in the hardcore community.

B: I guess that I hope we can break that down by not "talking down" to kids and that we can have a non-hierarchical evaluation of each other.

HaC: I think that the way we think about community is not the way a lot of kids see this hardcore world. I think that a lot of kids just go to shows to watch music and collect records or whatever.

B: Well, if people do benefit from just going to shows and being entertained, why can't we work toward building a world where everyone can benefit from everyone being creative. I mean today, it is really hard to survive as a creative person without exploiting other people. Why can't some of these kids realize that everyone has a stake in transforming our world?

LP: I think it is hard but it is not impossible. It's worth it.

HaC: Yeah, how do we think about hardcore as communities and not just about entertainment. I mean we have all these great things that we are doing DIY style.

M: Yeah, I think DIY is really important because it works toward building community. I mean, one of the times we didn't do something DIY, when we released our record in Europe, the guy sent a bunch of records out without the lyric sheet because he wanted to make his money before we toured over there the first time. That is bullshit

CATHARSIS

us keep ourselves

level.

I mean we don't talk about government or capitalism but you do connect everything on this level where I come to see it as political.

LP: Yeah, on one level you can say that everything is political, but one thing that we try to address in the show is that so many people are bored by the conventional notion of politics because it doesn't come across as being relevant to people's lives. We try to share in our shows, our music, our speaking, and our writing that politics starts in our personal lives. The way someone lives their life always effects others.

J: Why don't you talk on stage?

M: He's too busy catching his breath.

LP: Yeah, Brian and I have been talking about this and I feel like I have relevant ideas. If the four of us didn't find Brian to be an adequate spokesperson we would jump in but Brian, to me, comes across as more eloquent. There is a reason I like being behind the drums, I've decided I just, I guess like holding up the back.

B: I guess that when we started playing I wasn't eloquent at all and simply by having to sing and express myself, in between songs and in interviews, (because unfortunately they come to the singer to talk) it helped me to crystallize my thoughts. I mean, a lot of bands that I've seen break up, and I think Refused is a perfect example of this, is that there comes to be a division of labor within the band. We talk about how fucked up capitalism and division of labor are, but we don't consider how it effects us in punk—which is, you know, typical. There is a division of labor in the band between the "ideological," speaking member of the band, and the rest of the band that concentrates on the music. People come to see it as a division between these contradictions of being artistic and being politically focused, rather than part of a larger project. Politics should be the art of making life exciting. They should be interwoven. We're lucky that we are all thinking in the same general ways and have the same kinds of needs that can be pursued through similar

and that's why we want to stay DIY.

HAC: But aren't you missing out on offering these ideas of artistic anarchist communities to a larger audience by doing everything yourself?

B: We express these ideas to an audience that we can reach without having to translate these ideas into a language in which they would become meaningless, the language of corporations and commodities.

HAC: Well, CrimethInc. is a corporation in a certain way. You deal in units and products, you have T-shirts that only serve to advertise your band.

B: Well, the Inc. at the end of the name is to remind everyone that we are a corporation... to some extent we are making compromises in order to share our music. We have to go through manufacturing companies and such but it is really important to remember exactly how it is that compromises effect us and how we are contributing to things that we don't support. One of the reasons we release our records ourselves is so that we can be in complete control of everything that happens. Most of the punk labels that are out there are run by businessmen who don't see what they are doing as at all contradictory.

M: Yeah, like that *Punk Planet* DIY article about starting your own business where they suggest that keeping your prices fair and your product good could contribute to bringing the system down. Really they're just creating a smaller version of the same big system that is already there.

B: Petty capitalism is not going to rescue us from the problems of competition vs. cooperation.

HAC: Let's not fool ourselves. I mean, in reality, isn't this what punk rock is about?

B: Not for us. I mean, we go through some of the channels of capitalism to get our music out, but what makes punk rock different for me is what we are trying to get to through our music, and our products. I mean of course this is a risk that we will focus on the means, and not the ends. But I think we should remember why we got into punk rock. We can't afford to give away CDs, but we do give away as much information as possible. I mean any money that comes to CrimethInc. we use to fund tabloid and information sheets, like *Harbinger* that talks about our political ideas, the Catharsis sheets or whatever. I mean in a world where everything is owned by somebody and you have to give up a part of yourself, your time or creativity to get something, it is very hard to give things to people. Yet giving is very important to what we are doing. We give what we can by stealing what we can.

HAC: I was pretty disappointed being behind the distro table and seeing the amount of product that was being sold, and it wasn't just your music or your creativity that was selling the most but it was T-shirts which sold. I mean, T-shirts don't have any creative or transformative potential, they are just advertising for you guys.

B: Well, first of all, it is on tour that we sell T-shirts because a lot of kids already have our music through DIY distributors. But I do think that even though in punk rock some of us are trying to get outside of this consumerist system, the things that are sold in punk rock are not necessities, they are luxuries. I mean, we already have to pay rent, health care, groceries, or whatever, unless we are able to steal them. We also have to pay for being largely middle class kids whose identities are bought in the form of these products. I mean T-shirts aren't being bought because kids need something to wear because they are half-naked or cold. They are signifiers for a particular identity. Selling T-shirts has helped us to afford to travel and bring our music to people, but you are right, selling T-shirts is one of the less

rewarding compromises we have made. Of course punk rock picks up many of the bad ways in which we have been constructed to think in the mainstream... yet rather than being cynical and saying, "man, punk is dumb," I want to remember that this is a place where we can work toward reconstructing ourselves. One of the reasons that we give away free literature that critiques consumerism is that maybe when people are buying the shirt and then sorta as an afterthought taking the literature, the next time they come they may be more interested in the words, the community and the ideas.

M: Also, in Europe it is easier to sell T-shirts because of the language barriers inherent in the literature that we have. I mean some of that stuff is pretty difficult for even native English speakers to read.



B: Yeah, if we are frustrated at the Europeans for not buying our literature that's just our imperialism coming through anyway thinking everyone should be speaking English.

LP: I really got into punk rock through thinking in these consumerist terms. I mean I was really into metal and the only reason I got into punk rock was because the guys in Metallica were wearing Misfits T-shirts. That's not something I really want to admit, but we are all so brainwashed by the market and commodities in mainstream society. It is a long term process and in my case, it worked to get me into this community and start thinking about these issues.

J: I agree, I think a lot of people come from metal or mainstream backgrounds and I think it is a real challenge to try to give people the tools to rise above those attitudes. But even people I know who have risen to the challenge to try to live a different life have sometimes become moralizing, like I'm more punk-than-you kind of thing.

HAC: Yeah I think that we can get into this kind of attitude but I still think it is important to try to live by a DIY ethic.

B: It is becoming a lot easier to be DIY. I mean if you watch the Social Distortion movie, *Another State of Mind*, or read the old *Profane Existence* stuff about distributing records, we have it so

much easier in terms of doing DIY tours and distributing records. Back then the grass-roots networks we have now to do this stuff where non-existent.

HAC: I think the networks we have built are really important...

B: And more recent too... really in the last ten years they've developed. We are really spoiled to have these networks.

HAC: Well, I just think that people who are in it for the long term should think about this stuff. I mean, we are all past the median age of punk rockers (especially Matt), and I think that we have to really start dealing with how we live the rest of our lives here. I mean, Profane is going out of business because the collective members are getting older, raising families, and need something more stable to live on.

B: Well, I was talking to some friends in Florida about this and they said that growing up in punk is OK, so long as you don't have kids. Because kids make you on-call twenty-four hours a day and you are then expected to go back to the American way of life where you are isolated from others in nuclear families and everyone fends for themselves. There is no community to help you to raise the child. I'd like to believe that what we are building is what we saw actually in Britain, where people grow old and come to be adults, where we can raise children and support each other. I think it is a long way off.

LP: Our communities aren't tight enough yet where we feel we can raise children, yet when we are involved in punk communities for ten or twenty years and then we leave to raise children, we are going to have to start from scratch.

M: Yeah, I mean punk has been around for twenty or thirty years. Why don't we have third generation punks now?

B: A lot of people think that the question of DIY ethics involves this issue of getting old. That yeah, as a punk business man, I'm saying "I'm getting old, I want to raise children so I have to make more money." Yet that money is coming from other punks. It's weird that only a few punks can be "professional punks" because it costs so much money to support someone in that lifestyle. Those punks who support the other punks have to have real jobs or leave the community for them to raise kids or to live a stable life. The only way we are going to get past this is to stop exploiting each other and stop concentrating punk capital in the hands of a few businessmen and create a community where we all work together and we don't exploit each other. So those of us who are getting old in punk and feeling pressure to pay this or that bill, to support ourselves, it doesn't mean that the solution is to raise prices, exploit other people and raise the profit margin. The best way to make a place where we all feel safe and stable is to intensify our efforts to make a community where we do help each other.

HAC: Do you think it is utopian to think that punk capital could one day be involved in more than just commodities and selling entertainment? That we could buy land, raise food, and transport the necessities of life to each other and we can make an economically self-sufficient community?

M: It is happening already. I mean Felix Von Havoc is an independent contractor and Eric Funk has Felix doing work, you know stuff like that happens all the time...

HAC: Well, you know we've got punk rock mechanics and people who have other skills to trade.

E: Yeah, you know I'm a mechanic with skills that people need that they pay hundreds of dollars for and my father and I barter our services sometimes. This lady across the street brings us

soup twice a week to keep her car fixed. I mean, that is what keeps me at that job. That's also how we met our friends in Earthmover was that they locked their keys in their car and I was able to help them out.

B: For me that is just a better way to work things out. I mean, one problem with capitalism and the division of labor and wealth is that there are a couple of kinds of labor that don't get rewarded that are deeply needed in human society. Look at what teachers make. In a society where decisions are made collectively, everyone has skills that they can share where the reward can be more equal.

HaC: Well, Aragorn and I used to talk about this all the time. How do we make ourselves self-sufficient? One of his ideas was to buy some land near his home town and raise crops. But I think that on a larger scale, I want to know how we can make ourselves self-sufficient through this DIY ethic? We don't want to rely upon corporations and capitalism to be self-sufficient. For me, part of that is also realizing that we don't have to buy all of these commodities to live, and to live well. I mean, the experiences that we have, our happiness doesn't have to come through products.

B: Is living well having stuff or the way we actually live and experience life that has nothing to do with products?

E: Growing things and being self-sufficient is a lot more practical than selling T-shirts. I mean if we did this, politics wouldn't matter.

HaC: But is that something that we really want to do? I mean part of the ethos of Catharsis is to choose your own heaven and always to do what you feel, what you want to do. Who among us would want to raise crops like that? I know I wouldn't be that happy doing that.

B: Well, I'd like to do it every once in a while, but not all the time. I guess part of this community idea and this collective working is that we would resist the division of labor, that we would all do the unpleasant things to make space where we could more often pursue what we wanted.

HaC: Yeah, but this is the classic argument against anarchism—who is gonna take out the fucken garbage? Is this choosing your own heaven?

M: Well, living in any collective situation you don't want to clean or wash the dishes or whatever, but you have to do stuff you don't want to so the household doesn't collapse.

B: I think everyone would be a lot better off if they had to take out the garbage sometimes and everyone also got to do other things, instead of some of us taking out the garbage ALL the time. We don't get to benefit from the potential of the garbage collectors to do other things the way things are now.

HaC: Well, I appreciate the fact that you put your theory into practice. Being on tour with you guys, there was no division of labor. Everyone shared the work behind the distro table, the driving, it wasn't like John and I were carrying your equipment around like the "standard-issue" roadie while you guys were sitting in the back room eating and drinking the shit you made sure you had on the rider of your contract or whatever.

B: Well, I guess some of the bands that we spent time with we can affect and maybe some of these ideas and practices will get through to people. I mean, that's what hardcore is about, spending time with people and sharing ideas.

HaC: This is something that we've had numerous arguments about—isn't this vision of change very restricted to this small community? We're already in a position of privilege coming into punk rock. What about the whole host of down-trodden people who need social change as much as we do? It's a privilege to tour Europe, to be vegan and straight-edge, to not eat at fucken Murder

King, to interact in this subculture instead of working our asses off twelve hours a day at minimum wage jobs to feed our families. I mean, c'mon, we're really fooling ourselves here.

E: Yeah, I think that a lot of times we are preaching to the converted.

M: Maybe more in Europe than here because they are a lot more political than American kids.

B: Well, I think that we can offer something to a lot of people in the punk scene. Everyone has to work within their own communities. The goal is to create expandable autonomous communities where we can reach out to others and live out our goals, and to realize that we can't necessarily change the whole world on our own, nor is it our place to, perhaps.

J: I think it still is important to approach rich white males with these ideas. Sure they have all the privilege but they need to know who is effected by these priviléges. I have done work with other groups in Greensboro but I think it is not appropriate for me to go into an African-American community and tell them what to do, to impose ideas on a community outside of my own. In these meetings I go to with these various groups, I try to bring my perspective and learn from others so that I can bring these ideas to my community and teach those around me.

B: We do all move in more than one community though. It is definitely important to do work in all of those communities yet I can't imagine that there isn't work still to be done in the hardcore scene. We shouldn't make hardcore a place where we don't have any effect on the outside world, but to make it a kind of catalyst where we can go out and do work in the other communities in which we interact. I do think that if all the work we've done in punk rock hadn't been done, I think the world would be a worse place. I don't know how much that carries over, but I still think there is a lot to be done in every community.

HaC: Do you think that the Catharsis and the community goal should be about trying to unleash our desires?

B: Well, part of that question is the fact that traditionally left-wing people think that if you can inform more people about their situation, you know, the class consciousness argument, then they will see the real problems. I don't think that it is a problem of not having information but that people are in a state where their hours, their lives are legislated and constructed by their environments. I think that unleashing our desires is a way to try to break out of that routine, that physical boredom.

M: It's weird because we always have people who are like, "wow, I'd like to come with you on tour" or whatever, but they don't. Well, why don't you? Just go.

LP: Yeah, we have a friend who has MS that is trying to live her life, because she feels like she has a limited time to fulfill her desires. I mean a lot of us put off our desires to some unnamed, later date that may never come. We always think that we have the time.

B: I think in a certain way, we're all mortally ill with life... We'd better get out there and do something about it.

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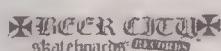
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HaC: Lets start with the basics—who are you and where do you come from?

Gary: I'm Gary, I come from California.

HaC: What do you do in the band?

G: I play bass and do vocals.

Russ: I'm Russ, guitar, San Francisco Bay area, California.

Chiyo: I'm Chiyo, I'm from Oakland, California. I smoke pot in the band.

HaC: Is that all you do in the band?

C: Yes. [Drums -ed]

HaC: Why did Noothgrush first come together?

G: I don't know. Just for the hell of it.

R: I wasn't originally in the band, so... It was already started when I joined.

C: I just watched The Melvins, DeLover, Asbestos Death and Sleep and I just wanted to play in a slow band. I met up with Gary, and somehow, it happened.

R: I wanted to play with Noothgrush when I first heard them. And when there were line up changes, I asked if I could play. Originally they had two bass players, and I used to play bass. So I wanted to play second bass with them. But then, we couldn't find a guitar player, and I had guitar equipment, so I just started playing—and it stayed that way.

HaC: How long have you been doing this?

G: Well, this tour marks our fifth anniversary—we've been around for five years. Tomorrow will be our 100th show. That's rad.

HaC: Here's the million dollar question... Where does the name come from?

R: The purple pie man.

G: He told it to us... no, we were just sitting around trying to come up with song titles, and—this is the real story here—and we were looking at a Doctor Seuss book called *Walket In My Pocket*. There was a creature in it called Noothgrush, and that was a song title for a while. We had various other names, it kept changing, and for whatever reason, to this day it remains a mystery to me, we decided to change the name to Noothgrush.

HaC: Tell me about your influences, what records did you buy before the band started?

G: I'd say the band that most influenced me to play would be Asbestos Death and Sleep. They're from where I'm from. I got to see them start. It was really awesome to see this band play slow stuff and be mocked for being slow while everybody else was playing fast and punk and thrash

and stuff like that.

C: Yeah. And then, of course, they turned me onto The Melvins at some point. So I got really into The Melvins. Then, someone told me that I should check out this band Grief—that they made The Melvins sound like Napalm Death. "This I gotta hear." So then I turned more towards the underground stuff—like Grief and Eyehategod.

HaC: What about you, Russ?

R: I grew up listening to Jimi Hendrix, Robin Shower... Then I turned onto Black Sabbath when I was in fourth grade. I always worshipped Black Sabbath mostly. For me it was always "heavier." The *weirder and heavier* the better. Really, I've been interested in bizarre experimental stuff. I've been buying those kinds of records over the last twelve years. I'm into terror atmospheric, death, ambient, death industrial. Also, I was into punk.

HaC: The band seems to have a punk *idea anyway. I've never seen a barcode* on your records.

G: Yeah, we're definitely not into the mass consumerism—can't be righteous enough not to sell records at all, but...

R: We're into the idea of us releasing records through people that are interested in this type of stuff—to be sold directly to the people that are looking for these things. As opposed to a mass market of people who aren't really... The idea of putting out a record on Relapse so that people can pay \$18 for a CD at Tower makes us kind of sick.

HaC: Lyrically, where are you coming from. Who writes the lyrics?

G: That would be me. Comes from dark recesses of my battered mind [laughter]. I don't know, it's just ideas... Some of the lyrics might come off more negative, if I'm in a bad mood when I write them. It's just me screaming stuff that I think. I'm not really trying to preach or anything, it's just my ideas and the way I see things. And, you know, it's not really *negative*—I see it more as positive because I'm saying, "Hey, everything could be better," you know, instead of just "everything's fucked." I mean, yeah, everything is fucked, but I know that it could be better. It's just a matter of us catching up with it before we destroy ourselves.

HaC: Which seems to be coming at rapid speed.

G: There's some mania shit in the news today, boy.

HaC: You all seem to be a little more

political than other slow bands...

G: I don't like using the word "political," it's more like—socially aware. Knowing what's going on around me, instead of hiding from it or not accessing myself to the information available about the way I live.

C: The way that I feel about it, if your going to have one person read your lyrics—or a hundred or a thousand—however many records are going to be pressed—then you might as well write something that will make them think or will change something. And even if people don't want to agree, at least understand that that's how we feel. It's better than writing a song about nothing or fucking dead corpses or whatever.

[Eric of Grief is running around, and happens to step into the interview].

HaC: You got any comments on that Eric?

Eric: On what? [mad laughter]

G: Fucking dead corpses...

Eric: I like dead corpses. They're a major influence in a lot of my artwork, in a lot of my movie selections, and of course, sexual preferences.

[hysterics]

HaC: OK, thank you Eric... So, are you vegetarian/vegan?

C: I'm vegan. I've been vegan since 23rd Chapter [a sick ass band they have been touring with] reminded me of how stupid I was for being only vegetarian. I was vegan for a while, and then I sort of became freegan—just trying to eat whatever I could, but now...

G: We've all been vegan at one point or another—but that's not really a word that we would have applied to ourselves at those times. Not only would we choose not to label ourselves, but in Russ' case, the word didn't even exist when he was living that kind of lifestyle. There are so many steps you can take and so much of the reality that you can expose yourself to. Where do you draw the line? *We drive cars*... That's pretty fucking brutal. So, I try as hard as I can to avoid animal products, but not to the point where I let it inhibit things I need to do.

HaC: You write a lot about animal torture/suffering...

G: Well, the song "Draze" that most people take as being animal rights, it really just has to do with being aware of the cosmetic industry and everything tied into it. The cosmetic industry is torturing animals for no

reason. There's no legal reason for them to be doing it, and a lot of companies have stopped doing it because there is no reason; The data they get from it is completely invalid. You know, and that's just about being aware. You can take from it what you want, as far as animal rights goes. It's more about human awareness of what we're doing and what suffering we cause.

R: And it is easy to be outraged about these things. There's almost no other response, when you find out some of those realities. It's unacceptable.

HaC: What causes you to think that human beings fucked up so hard—why does the human race eat shit?

C: Look around you, at everything.

G: The question answers itself.

HaC: I just wanted to see what you would say.

R: We could talk all night about problems with stuff.

G: Every once in a while you want to get in a positive trip, and that's good. You want to get into it on a community level and whatever. But when you step back—and this is where it becomes a matter of your perspective—and look at the whole picture... Like in the news today, we hear that we accidentally bombed a Chinese embassy in Kosovo. It's like, we're fucking failing so bad, just everyone. I guess it's negative to say that that's just the way we are, but it's what's going on. It's an analysis, not necessarily a slanted perspective.

R: It's also infuriating to me that the outrageousness escalates more and more, almost beyond comprehension, and people are so desensitized to these things that they can just shrug their shoulders. People accept what they get from their televisions, and they just aren't shocked or surprised by these things anymore. It's like people are losing their souls inside of their hearts or something, I don't know. Like with Fox television, or videos: "Watch this guy shoot himself in the face or this girl get hit by a train," and that's acceptable in society now.

R: Or us having anything to do with a war right now—with this supposedly liberal president. This war thing appears to be escalating out of control. We are on tour, we have hardly heard anything about it, but the little we do hear—I guess some really heavy stuff is going down... I don't know. Some scary Nostradamus shit going down.

HaC: You do a 'zine with the guy from Black Army Jacket...

G: Yes. It's called *Monkey Bite*.

HaC: Tell me about that. What were you trying to accomplish with starting it?

G: Well, I originally started it to waste time at work, because I had this job where I could just fuck around all day. I ended up doing a lot of band art work, then I started one 'zine just to fuck around, and I then Andrew [BAJ] and I met and decided to start a 'zine together. He really took care of getting it off of the ground and I was most of what went into it. He did a lot of interviews in it—we've evened out the work along the way... but, you know, it was basically a way to kill time at work. It took on having a little more meaning when I started writing pieces. Again, there's another animal rights thing, I wrote a lot about that in there. There wasn't anything motivating me besides being interested in the music, and the apes.

HaC: I read something that you wrote about PC issues, and I was actually really impressed by that.

G: Yeah, it's a trip. It's the fine line between being preachy, and telling people, "Why can't you be aware?" It's just weird how there's a backlash against it to where people get called preachy fucks and what not. I can see different perspectives, but it's a matter of how you take it. Like I said, when I write lyrics, that's my perspective. It's a matter of humans being socially aware, I'm just interested in that. I'm not telling anybody what to think. It's just a personal opinion. That's what's good about having your own 'zine and your own shit. DIY. You can do what you want with how you feel. Who can talk shit about that?

HaC: You got to do a split with the sickness that is Corrupted—did you get to meet them kids?

G: Yeah, we did a small tour with them. We went from LA, up to Seattle, and back to the Bay Area with them in '97. And man, that is one of the most amazing bands you could ever see live. A lot of Japanese bands come to the Bay Area, so I get to see them, and every time I see them I'm like, "Wow—I would never have guessed that they were that good live by listening to their record." Once I got used to that, I was like, "How good could Corrupted be, their records are so awesome—how much better could they be?" They were that much better! I couldn't believe them. Man, they were awesome. I tried to get an interview with 'em, but they had to decline. I guess they don't want to be

in the light at all—they just wanna play their music.

HaC: Do you hate Christians?

G: Who's a Christian? It's so weird how many people call themselves Christian, and the varying beliefs they have—and the way they act on those beliefs. I hate hypocrites, but then again, I'm a hypocrite, so I hate myself. R: A lot of people who label themselves practicing Christians are very hypocritical, and I don't feel that they adhere to the ways of Christ. I have respect for Christ, and his teachings. I don't have much respect for people who label themselves practicing Christians, especially ones that are very preachy and judgmental.

HaC: Homophobic...

R: Homophobic, anti-homeless, anti-AIDS, you know, anti-human—that's what they are. And they claim to be just the opposite. That's the thing that I really hate about most practicing Christians. A person who is into the teachings of Christ, isn't on a heavy trip about it, and chooses that for their personal thing, that's OK with me. I have no problem with that.

HaC: There's just always a fine line, it's difficult. Religion is always a difficult thing. Christ, he had the words, he had the...

R: He was the kind of guy who would take care of people. In his case, he helped lepers, and the people that needed help, really. He was a homeless guy, a wanderer. Most Christians, they wouldn't give homeless people the time of day—they don't want homeless shelters built near their homes. Those people don't have room in their hearts for any people but themselves. Personally, though, I think monotheism is bullshit.

HaC: But that's always a personal belief any way. You need to find that stuff out for yourself.

R: That's just my personal belief.

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retrieve the papers for his father and both would cry. Now the schoolwork burned the boy's bottom like a seat of hot coals. He could almost feel his toes being warmed, licked by the flames of hell.

The boy was joined on the couch by his father. He continued to stare ahead vacantly, his eyes slightly crossed.

"Hello, son," his father said, and moved an inch or two away from the boy. Then, timidly, back again. "Well, it's almost time, isn't it? About one o'clock?"

"Not yet. Or maybe it is, but anyway the TV's not ready." The boy relaxed his back, and looked at his father. "I wonder when we will get a new television."

The man still wore his work uniform, a short-sleeved shirt, heavy blue linen. It was Saturday; he had not been to work.

"Well, we can't afford it yet, but I think we're getting close." He worked for the power company, reading meters. It was obscure

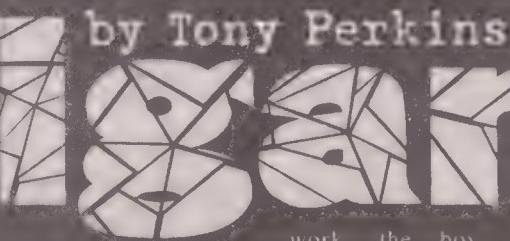
most likely be made *entirely* of plastic." The boy was at this point only barely conscious of his father's presence, having directed his attention to his sisters' conversation.

Charity and Ann-Marie were talking about Elliot Schrieves, the senior boy who had asked Ann-Marie out on a date. He was coming to pick her up in an hour and a half, and she hadn't yet decided what she would wear. Charity thought that Ann-Marie ought to go casual.

"How was gymnastics today, honey?" their father asked, and as soon as they were uttered, his words hung frozen in the air. It was Saturday, and Charity had gymnastics practice only on weekdays. He had forgotten. Charity softly left her conversation with Ann-Marie, and in a most deliberate and terrible manner, fixed her gaze on her father. It was as if she had swung a heavy weight on a long cable, letting it sail, slowly and gracefully through the air to plant itself, finally, into her father's head.

She would not need to say much; she could simply remind her father that her practice took place on weekdays, meaning Monday through Friday. His lips would tremble, then quake. It might be necessary for him to leave the room. Today, however, before Charity could say anything at all, the Zenith snapped brightly out of its trance, transporting the family immediately into the colorful world of *Sábado Gigante*.

by Tony Perkins



The TV had been struck by lightning. First, the antenna was hit, all rails and wires of aluminum, jutting up from the hot black roof like a gas grill just waiting to be burned, a bit misshapen two years later. Ultimately, it was the television that suffered, silently in the corner of the den, sitting in doomed convalescence like a stroke victim, or a Basset hound on its way out. The TV was a Zenith, one of the big, wood-paneled '70s models. It still worked, but it took two hours to warm up, and so you had to turn it on a good while before your show was scheduled to start. Until then, the screen would throb darkly like a dull gray cataract.

The boy sat rigidly on the couch, facing the comatose television. Behind him there had been a brick wall, and when his mother was alive there were two rooms, a kitchen and a den. Now there was only one room. They knocked the wall down, and he had been there breathing the hot dust and hadn't understood. She had roasted Chex mix in a big black turkey pot and he smelled the soy sauce and loved her. No wall now, only a wooden pillar covered with varnish but still prickly and not nice to touch. There had been a kitten, a Calico, with an arched back and legs taut like a cocked rifle as it scratched the pillar. He saw the kitten and wanted to be it, or to open it up and eat its ribs. The kitten ran away. The boy was seven then, nine now, and still on fire.

His incomplete schoolwork was hidden under the couch cushion. It had been there for a week, and would stay there for two more, until the boy's teacher phoned. Then, the boy would

work, the boy thought, going onto people's property and fiddling around and then leaving again, in shame. It was like the person in the nursing home, the person who never talked, and who maybe had a hunched back, whose only job was to wipe the old people's bottoms. The boy did not know if there really was such a person, but his family was poor and he did not like his father's work.

"The Zenith has served us pretty well, don't you think, son? We've had it since before you were born. I think it's pretty incredible that it still works, after being hit by lightning. Even if it does take a while to warm up. Don't you think the old TV deserves a pat on the back, son?" He laughed, and began to sweat a bit. He was balding, and around the fine blonde hair on his crown, his scalp was burned. "Maybe we ought to give the old Zenith a home for a little while longer. What do you say, son?"

The boy did not respond. His sisters came into the room laughing, and sat down on the floor. On the TV screen, vague humanoid forms floated in a black-and-white fog, speaking angrily to one another in a harsh, buzzing language.

His father's voice firmed up, though not convincingly. "Just so you know," he continued, "when your mother and I bought the Zenith it was relatively inexpensive. These days, a big wood-paneled TV like that is the top of the line, the most expensive model you can buy. Our next TV won't be as big, and I hate to say it, but it will

Every Saturday, they gathered around the television to watch Spanish language programming on channel 31, UHF. *Sábado Gigante* was one very long program—actually many different kinds of television programming, rolled into one show. It began at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and continued for five hours, into the evening. The show always started with a stand-up routine featuring the emcee, Jorge Delacruz. From there, it would usually progress into some sort of game show segment, involving physical stunts performed by members of the studio audience. In a completely unpredictable manner, never following the same sequence, *Sábado Gigante* would segue from game show into talk show, from talk show into variety show-type programming, and from there into human interest telejournalism, reporting on such topics as outstanding animal feats, and champion gardening. Jorge Delacruz controlled the flow and focus of the program, from beginning to end. He was a loud, handsome man, kissing many women.

Neither the boy, his father, nor his sisters spoke or understood any Spanish. Ann-Marie had taken one semester of Spanish, but in the spring she switched into French, to be with her friends. The appeal of *Sábado Gigante* was never explained or even discussed in their family, but neither was an episode ever missed.

The camera panned across the audience, which was led by Jorge Delacruz in singing a commercial jingle: "Coca-Cola, es verdad, es verdad; Coca-Cola, Coca-Cola!" The

audience was extremely animated; they clapped and even danced as they sang. There were no commercial breaks during *Sábado Gigante*; for five hours, the program continued without interruption, a testimony to the great stamina of Jorge Delacruz. "Muy bien, muy bien," he said, surveying the audience.

The boy's father and sisters quietly watched the television screen, unified, finally, by their fascination. When about an hour had passed, when on the TV, diapered infants were lined up to race at a crawl for one month's supply of baby food, the boy stood up to leave the room. He yawned; his yawn was deliberate and rehearsed.

In truth, the boy did not like *Sábado Gigante*. His particular place in the family's weekly ritual was to watch the program for a short time, and then to excuse himself, returning to his bedroom. Today, as every Saturday, he climbed the steps from the basement quite slowly, one step at a time. On reaching the kitchen, he broke into a run, nearly falling as his stocking feet slipped on the linoleum. He paused at the door to his room, wondered at the noise he was making, then continued up the steps on tiptoe.

The boy's bedroom was in the attic. He turned at the top of the stairs, and went to his desk. Opening the bottom drawer, he removed a large metal flashlight, and turned it toward the long East wall. The flashlight was too big for him to hold

style of the Victorian era. There were also skirts and blouses from more recent years, plus items of lingerie, high-heeled shoes, women's boots, and a few matted wigs. These last items the boy threw aside disinterestedly.

He picked out two dresses: an old bridal gown that was prettily cut, although in delicate condition, and a high-waisted, floor length dress made of purple velvet. He laid the two dresses out on the floor, and after considering them in the glow of the flashlight, decided on the velvet gown, for its form-fitting sleeves and low neck. He removed all his clothing, and changed into the dress. Once this was done, he reached into the trunk once more, for the finishing touches to his costume: white stockings, kid gloves.

He closed his eyes. Running his gloved hands against his bottom, against the backs of his thighs, he felt his skin warm to the touch of silk, velvet, and smooth kidskin. When he opened his eyes again, he was no longer himself. He snatched up the flashlight violently, and holding it in his left hand, slapped the palm of his right, as if the flashlight were a club, or a riding crop.

"I'm so pleased to have you as my guest, little boy! I hope that you'll have a nice time here with me, and won't do anything to upset me. I imagine that if you do exactly what I tell you to do, we will both enjoy ourselves very much..." The boy's nine year-old voice cracked wavered as his excitement grew.

swung around to face him, giggling. They climbed into his Ford Bronco—he walked around to open the door for her—and made small talk about the movie they were about to see. It was an art film; Elliot was *arty*, she supposed.

As they headed down Broadway, the skies darkened and it began to rain. If I get wet, she thought, he'll see right through this shirt. Elliot reached into the back seat.

"Hey," he said, handing her a yellow pullover, "you can wear this if you want."

"Thanks," she answered, and smiled. "I was just wishing I had brought a jacket."

Maybe I like him, she thought.

"Um, Ann-Marie?"

"Uh-huh?"

"My name is Elliot..."

"Hello, Elliot, I'm awfully pleased to meet you," she said, and laughed.

"Heh. Um, yeah, so my name is Elliot, but I was wondering... when we're together, I mean, when we're alone, like this, would you mind calling me Ian?" He turned to her, apprehensively, and quickly looked back toward the road, tightening his grip on the steering wheel. Ann-Marie looked at him, puzzled. She noticed that he had no chin.

There was a flash of lightning, followed a few seconds later by a thunderclap. Ann-Marie looked out the rain-streaked window at the passing buildings: a donut shop, the tire factory, a bank. Only a few more miles, she thought, till we reach the m o v i theater.

wearing the purple gown, the boy stepped through the low door of the eaves and into his bedroom. It was dark. There was a storm, and he heard the thunder. Without the benefit of a mirror, he applied his sister's purple lipstick. It was a poor job. He rubbed his lips together, breathed deeply, and descended the stairs.

A musical group popular on both the Spanish-music charts and the mainstream charts was performing their hit song on *Sábado Gigante*. Jorge Delacruz had grabbed a woman from the studio audience, and was dancing with her. Charity danced as well, and sang along with the lyrics in garbled Spanish. The boy walked into the den, right into the midst of his family, and began to dance alongside Charity. She stopped dancing immediately. Stepping back, she looked at her brother with an expression that contained both shock and the beginnings of laughter.

Their father looked up from the couch, bewildered. He sputtered something unintelligible, and began to gesture uselessly with his hands. Frantically, he looked to his daughter, as if he understood that she held him to blame for this. The boy smiled, and continued to dance.

Electricity filled the air, and there was an intense blast of light. The light came first through the small window placed high on the wall. Then, more brightly, it came through the television screen. At that instant, there was a boom so terrific that it knocked their father from where he sat on the couch. The Zenith jumped an inch into the air, and seemed to hang there momentarily as time slowed. In that moment, the room went black.



in one hand, and as he steadied it from right to left, a bright halo of light appeared, then climbed the beveled ceiling of his room. Like a quickly setting sun, the light came down once more as the boy turned to the West wall, and opened the squat door leading to the eaves. He stepped through the doorway; once inside, he could stand upright. He let his eyes adjust to the darkness, and shut the door behind himself.

The eaves were hot, and smelled of wood baking on a warm autumn afternoon. All around him, the boy could see the dim shapes of crates, empty picture frames, and carpets rolled for storage. To his left was a wall of cardboard boxes, five high at the top. He placed the flashlight on the floor, pointing it toward the boxes, and pulled loose the box located at the bottom corner. Turning to grab the flashlight, blinded for a moment, he then slithered backward through the opening in the cardboard wall, and into the space hidden behind it.

No one in his family knew of this space. His father and sisters were two floors below him, watching television in the den. The boy stood for a moment, hunched over a bit beneath the sloping roof. Frozen in the flashlight's beam were two porcelain baby dolls with lace dresses, and weighted eyelids which opened and closed; aside from these, the boy was alone.

There was an old steamer trunk at the far end of the eaves; approaching it, the boy opened the lid and shone his flashlight inside. The trunk was filled with women's clothing. Mostly there were dresses, a good number of them in the

He paced feverishly across the floorboards, swinging the flashlight through the secret darkness like a sinister beacon in the fog; his shadow grew hideously, and dove once again into nothingness. The porcelain dolls sat perfectly still, watching him from the cobwebbed mess of forgotten family artifacts.

Jorge Delacruz sat behind a desk, smiling. To his right, in overstuffed chairs, sat two rival jai alai players from Miami both wearing colorful athletic clothing. The men bragged and argued, one finally challenging the other to a bout of arm wrestling. The audience went wild, cheering and laughing; Charity, Ann-Marie, and their father also laughed. Ann-Marie looked at her watch, and hurried upstairs to prepare for her date with Elliot Schrieves.

Standing in front of the mirror in her room, she auditioned several different outfits, finally settling on a pair of flared blue jeans and a white blouse with poofy shoulders. She had bought a pair of wooden clogs a week earlier, and decided that tonight was the night to break them in. There was only one kind of lipstick she liked to wear—a pinkish burgundy—but she couldn't seem to find it in her room. She searched fruitlessly through the make-up basket in the family bathroom, and on hearing the doorbell ring, cursed out loud: "God damn that Charity!"

She opened the door. "Hi, Elliot."

"Hi Ann-Marie!" He was a bit dressed up, and she began to feel uneasy. What the hell, she thought, relax. She shut the door behind her, bounded down the steps ahead of Elliot, and

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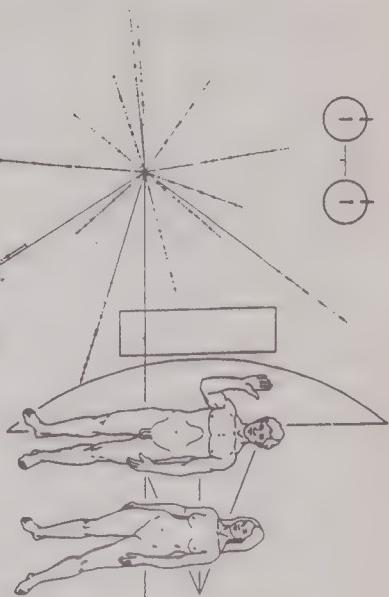
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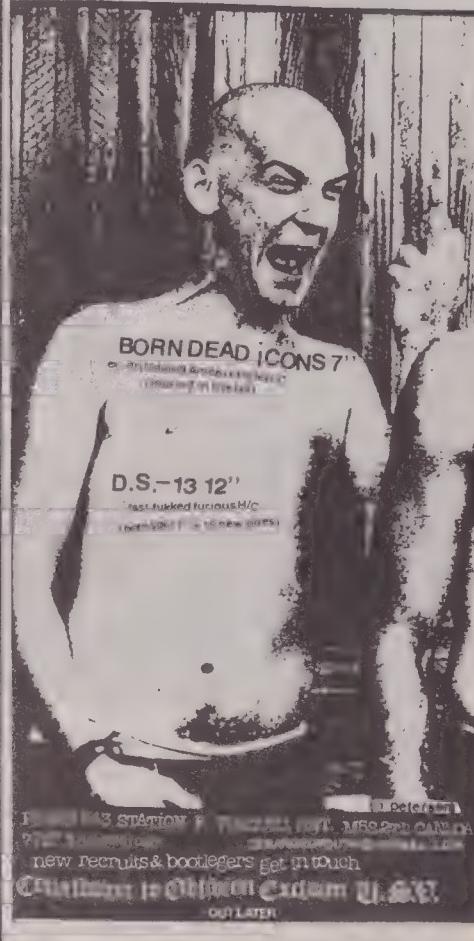
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Record Reviews

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We will NOT review anything with pre-printed bar codes on the cover.
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We will NOT review anything that is defaced.
We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit 'zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.

HANGING LIKE A HEX #12 with V/A • 7"

Interviews with Neurosis, Kid Dynamite, Swarm, Burning Airlines, Ire and more, nice thick reading to keep me sane on the slow days at my job. Full color glossy front with all the same ads that you might find in *Nothing Left or Silver* (r.t.p.). Most of the interviews are interesting, and the writing is good for the most part. The only part that bugged me about this 'zine was the part where they shit on a dollar bill, then laugh and take pictures at the person who picked it up. How low can you go; that's just fucked up. Stupid fucking rich assholes making fun of someone who does something as natural as picking up money on the ground. I hope you lose control of your bowels. The 7" has 4 bands. Nora: hardcore rhythmic and demonic metal, and they even manage to throw in a faster part. Hermon Deklab: more hardcore metal with a spooky part, and a catchy response melody parts. Not bad, but after Nora it doesn't seem as gnarly. Eternal Youth: play straight forward '80s SxE with a song about their hate for the "20/20" TV show. Every Time I Die: step in with more metalcore mania, using distorted vocals and crazy chugga rhythms, but like most metalcore bands, don't get the tempo high enough to rock me right. ADI (201 Maple Ln./N Syracuse, NY 13212)

STATUS #10 with V/A • Samplers Are Fun CD

With this new issue, *Status* continues to get bigger and while giving space to smaller acts as well. I am amazed at some of the interviews he gets. This issue features talks with Give Until Gone, Tom Waits (yes, you read that right), Isis, Encyclopedia Of American Traitors, Mike Patton, Leatherface, Uanehard, Hot Water Music, Eighteen Visions, and Bread & Circuits. It is a nice mix of cultural stars and cool people whose opinions have yet to be disseminated to the masses. The CD sampler that accompanies this features a cross section of the really popular indie poppy, and metal-influence bands around right now. The songs you might have heard before are from Countervail, Piebald, Coalesce, Disembodied, Fastbreak, Sharks Keep Moving, No Motive, The Casket Lottery, Rocky Votolato, Euclid, Amendment 18, Joshua, Fury 66, For The Love Of..., Staynless, Nora, As Friends Rust, Treadwell, Waxwing, Close Call, Grey AM, and Dust To Dust; plus there are unreleased tracks from Kid Kilowatt, Turnedown, Jazz June, Systral, Committed, and Nemirah. But *Status* doesn't just cover music; this issue has a number of interesting columns about politics, sincerity, aging, working, and life. LO (\$3 to Seth/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

INDECISION

by Justin Borucki

SUBURBAN VOICE #42 with V/A • 7"

Another issue of *Suburban Voice* that is filled with pages and pages of reviews and interviews. This time around interviews include Subhumans, Final Conflict, The Boils, along with a local area section that features bands from Boston and New England: Dropkick Murphys, Ducky Boys, Fit For Abuse, Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, The Unseen, and The Trouble. This issue also comes with a 7" featuring unreleased tracks from Fit For Abuse, The Trouble, and The Pinkerton Thugs, which fits nicely with the local area section. Plus there is a feature on the industry of prisons, and some columns and letters. Another good issue of a very old hardcore 'zine that just keeps on ticking. KM (\$4 to PO Box 2746/Lynn, MA 01903-2746)

00 • CD

I reviewed the demo from this band as well and in that review I give a much better description. I suggest you look at that when you are finished here. After listening to this CD, I really couldn't bring myself to say much about it. This CD is broken up into 2 parts: "noises" and "structured noises." The structured noises are actually much more like songs than anything else I had heard from 00 before. If you are into noise, or industrial influenced stuff, you may want to check out this original CD. LO (Luca Mauri/Via Lambro 8/20038 Seragno (MI)/Italy)

12 AULLIDOS • 7"

Crazy hardcore that does not disappoint! This was my pleasant surprise for this issue. 12 Aullidos play energetic music that is part thrash and part layered hardcore. Their sound is comparable to bands like Reversal Of Man, Combat Wounded Veteran, Encyclopedia Of American Traitors, or Orchid. The four songs on this 7" are fast, full, frantic, and fun! LO (Thrash Records c/o Matthias Reinders/Bernstorffstr. 24/22767 Hamburg/Germany)

25 TA LIFE • Friendship Loyalty Commitment CD

Fifteen new songs from New York's 25 Ta Life, a band synonymous with tough NYHC. Super tough vocals, harsh guitar, assaulting bass, and a steady drum beat are present in each song. Most of the songs are (not surprisingly) about friendship, loyalty, commitment, and the hard things in life. I was surprised at how emotional many of the songs turned out; one doesn't really expect to find a soft side to 25 Ta Life. Still, they don't get close to losing their tough edge. LO (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

9 SHOCKS TERROR • Zil & The Art Of Beating Your Ass 12"

Mostly very fast and sort of crusty hardcore, but also has some catchiness with a little melody thrown in. But then again, maybe not. The faster songs reminded me a little of Abuse. The vocals make me wonder, this guy's throat must be killing him. One may think of that after hearing almost any hardcore record, but this guy is really screaming his lungs out.

The songs are sort of simple, but there is a good variety to them, not just straight fast stuff. RG (Devour c/o Yasuhiro Koketsu/5-19 Shiojo-Cho Mizuho-Ku/Nagoya 47-0003/Japan)

720 • Fuerza Para Luchar CD

If this band was from the east coast around the late 80's they would be playing hardcore matinees at CBGB's. NYHC style from Argentina with positive and social conscience lyrics in Spanish. Good production. MA (A.M.P. Discos/C.C. 3893/Correo Central (1000)/Argentina)

ACROBAT DOWN • Re: Dereliction CD

These guys know how to have fun when writing these songs, especially the first song. There are a few on here that I could do without but for the most part this is good background music when you want to dance around and feel positive about the day. 12 songs on this CD, maybe a little too long for me but I'm sure this would attract many other kids. Indie rock with a good sense of humor. SA (Atact Musicalities/PO Box 104/Denver, CO 80201-0104)

AFFRONT • Fallen Stars 7"

Four songs of top notch hardcore in the style of old. Fast drums, yelled vocals and lots of shout-out parts. Stripped down and straight forward punk rock that rules the land. The only lame part about this is, the vocals do that annoying rhyme every line thing. "Humor me with your gaze of ice, shield me from being nice, I thought we saw eye to eye, but like most trends your spirit died." Other than the lyrics, this record is good. Check it out, you really should. GC (Phyte Records/PO Box 90363/Washington, DC 20090)

ALL THE ANSWERS • The One Forgotten CD

All The Answers are a punk band from Montreal who play catchy and rocky punk in the vein of Avail. The tempo is always up and the twelve tracks move along swiftly, but not so fast that you can't take in the songs. Most of them are convey personal observations about life, but there are a couple that deal with bigger issues as well. I enjoyed this CD more than I had expected to. LO (\$8 to Traffic Violation Records/PO Box 772/E Setauket, NY 11733)

ACTIVE MINDS • I'm Not A Tourist, I Live Here 7"

First off, this 7" has an excellent booklet. The liner notes and lyrics for these songs are inspiring, engaging, and original. I wish all records had this much care put into them. I can't remember the last time I heard an Active Minds record, so their varied sound came as a surprise to me. Some of their tracks are melodic punk tunes and some are fast thrash, but all of them have energy and spirit. The issues they bring up on this record are local activism, the scourge of drinking on the punk scene, promoting meaningful music, landmarks, capitalism, revolution, and selling out. Definitely worth checking out. LO (Don't Belong c/o M.G.S./PO Box 8035/Xixon/Spain)

AMERICAN FOOTBALL • CD

This self titled CD is actually a full length that shouldn't be confused with their self titled CDeP. As you might expect, American Football are still playing soft beautiful melodies with sweet singing. Very polished and gentle. Not for everyone of course, but they do it very well and if the soft caress of a pretty serenade is appealing then American Football will woo you to ecstasy. KM (Polyvinyl Records)

ANCHORMAN • Still Need You More Than Air CD

Fast melodic stuff with lots of energy and power. The band is made up of members of Bird Of Ill Omen and As Friends Rust, but Anchorman don't sound anything like Bird Of Ill omen of course. They do sound a lot like As Friends Rust, but aren't nearly as good. Anyway, if you like fast melodic stuff then Anchorman will deliver with speed and energy. KM (Good Bye Blue Skies/PO Box #1306/Tevernier, FL 33070)

ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT • Define A Lifetime LP

This is basically Assück doing '88 style youth crew hardcore ala Judge, Burn or Youth Of Today. When I heard about Anthem Eighty Eight I figured it would be really good, but honestly I think the music is pretty ho-hum; no better and no worse than the hordes of kids that are playing this stuff today. The lyrics are a bit better than a lot of bands that are in this genre today and Anthem Eighty Eight plays metal-free hardcore, which is a nice break from the constant jud-jud of mosh metal youth crew hardcore. KM (\$7 to No Idea Records/PO Box 15636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

ARMAGEDDON CLOCK • Destined To Oppress 7"

These guys play seven songs of mid-paced crust, though I use the term loosely. Some songs have spoken words parts and attempts at "real" singing, also there are some sing along choruses. There is a fair amount of variety between the songs which is good since listening to the same fuzzy guitar might make a person want to use this record as a Frisbee. Cover folds out with pictures and lyrics on the inside. CD (Morbid Productions c/o Mikko Honkanen/Vahelaniemi B3/36200 Kandasala/Finland)

ARMISTICE • Endless Struggle 7"

Oh yeah! I have waited for this record since I heard of its existence and I wasn't let down in any way. Armistice hail from southern CA. The music is hardcore/crust with a really cool style to it—and of course political lyrics that are so important to the punk movement. There are four songs by Armistice and one by Bodycount. I've never heard of Bodycount before, but both bands have a similar sound. But by far the coolest thing about this 7" is more pooh bear artwork! It's a nice change from the endless pix of dead bodies that the usual crust records have. If Armistice had been around in the '80s, this would have been considered peace punk, in my opinion. 100% paws in the air punk rock! DD (Hunnypot Records/1215 Ronan Ave./Wilmington, CA 90744)

AUTUMN RISING • Dawn CD

Lots of off-beat drumming and clean guitars. I'm tired of math-core; it's really not my thing, but I try to understand and write something about it. This is better than a lot of similar bands that I've heard, very rhythmic and rocking in a quirky way that doesn't appeal to me. The singing is not structured enough and doesn't have enough power for me either. The packaging is good. On a note to Brass Ass Recordings: What's wrong with "pound-out storms of beat, guitar and screaming-vocals"? Are you dissing metal!!!! Well, I'm going to have to listen to some Suffocation to set my mind worthy. ADI (\$7 to Brass Ass Recordings/11622 Pierce Way/Louisville, KY 40272)

ASTRID OTO • 7"

Finally, something I really liked. The vocals on this record remind me so much of Penelope Houston's that I have a hard time not saying the whole band sounds like The Avengers. Still, the music isn't that far off. The songs are all upbeat, driven, and catchy. Astrid Oto are more of edgy pop punk outfit with straight up vocals though. This band features Aaron Cometbus and Cindy (from Doris?). Quite good. LO (\$3 to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

AUTOMATIC • Crossing Kill Creek 7"

Automatic plays semi-melodic, mid-paced hardcore with an old school feel to it. A part of me really, really likes this, but another part of me just thinks it's cheesy and unoriginal. The music is played well and the lyrics are good and positive, but there is absolutely nothing new being done here whatsoever. Not that there aren't plenty of great unoriginal bands out there, but this is a little too run of the mill for me to really get into. GC (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

AMPUTEE SET • When The Last Game Is Done CD

A not-so-hot Sleepytime Trio. That's what I get from this. There are some good points to this, like some nice rolling basslines and pretty solid playing all around, but it lacks originality and the vocals are really quite annoying. The guitars also sound weak in the mix. They also opt to use the Sunny Day Real Estate "Diary" font...you know, the typewriter font that at least half of the bands in America use for their lyric sheet...I don't mean to harp on them, since I like this far better than many of the albums I've reviewed in recent memory and since they apparently agree with me that "there are 13 steps to world domination..." in any case, if you just can't get enough of the screamy D.C. style hardcore, I suppose Amputee Set might appeal to you. A little lacking in some aspects, but not a complete write-off either. They apparently lift some of the writings from the *We've Lost Beauty* compilation for Chris Horne, but make no mention of it. Hmmm... maybe there's an explanation somewhere... Seven songs, 20 minutes. DO (1662 Highridge Circle/Columbia, MO 65203; amset@hotmail.com)

AS FRIENDS RUST • 6 Song CD

These six songs are all pretty damn good. Powerful and melodic with lots of energy. At times they remind me a bit of Avail with their fast catchy powerful songs and rough but sung vocals. The key word is energy. And hell, they do a Circle Jerks song, so how can you lose. KM (Good Life Records/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

ANN BERETTA • The Other Side Of The Coin... CD

This is the all acoustic CD from Richmond's Ann Beretta. Since the guitars are unplugged their sound is changed to resemble more of a folk style. Unlike most acoustic stuff, the songs on this CD are very upbeat and catchy in a simple way. I find that most acoustic stuff just sounds slowed down and too soft. Most of these songs have a lot of energy and are plenty loud. I have a sneaking suspicion that some of the songs on this CD have been released on their *Bitter Tongues* CD or *Burning Bridges* CDeP. However, I don't know enough about them to really recognize any of their songs. LO (\$8 to Whitehouse/830 Baylor Wissman Rd./Lanesville, IN 47136)

AS I BLEED • Fire In Summer 10"

Hard, heavy, grindy pounding hardcore, typical of the whole new school sound that is so popular these days. Dual vocalists alternate between "GRROOOOWWWLLLLL" and "YEAOOOOOHHHH." Pretty good stuff, intense and heavy. Lyrics dealing with philosophical issues in a fairly vague way. I am left with the impression that these folks are religious, but it is never stated explicitly. Dark and melodic. Good stuff. ARB (Voice of Life Records/PO Box 1137/04701 Leisnig/Germany)

ANANDA • CD

Wow, this is quite a change from their sound on the *Habeas Corpus* LP. Now Ananda play super tough mosh metal-influenced hardcore in the vein of much German stuff or an American band like Catharsis. These five new songs are precise and clean, and they have a whole other kind of intensity than their older, more moody, and more distinctly French stuff had. The lyrics are all in French, so I am unable to understand if what they are talking about has changed as well. Though I do like the way French lyrics mesh with this style of music. As a bonus there is a newly remastered version of their LP that is more along the lines of this release. LO (Antarius c/o LACOMBE Jerome/65 Rue Haute/78250 Meulan/France)

BATTLE OF DISARM • Live In Slovenia 1997 10"

Sixteen songs recorded live in Slovenia by the Japanese political thrash band Battle Of Disarm. The sound quality is quite good for a live record and fans of the band will undoubtedly find this worth acquiring. Battle Of Disarm oddly enough only sing about two topics on this 10". Half of the songs have to do with war and the effects of war and the other half of the songs are about animal rights and all the various aspects of the struggle to end the human consumption of animals as food or tools. KM (Malarie Records/PO Box 10/60-170 Poznan 27/Poland)

BLOODPACT • As Good As Dead 7"

Musically this is a manic assault of fast hardcore and screaming vocals. The anger drips like blood, and the lyrics attempt to puncture gigantic holes in the flesh of their enemies (figuratively speaking of course). This sounds a lot better to me then the material on their split with Varsity. Very political with explanations and lots of rage. Certainly angst driven and hardcore for the hardcore. KM (Element Records/4701 Woodworth/Dearborn, MI 48126)

BODA • Difficile De Se Perde... CD

Really bad pop-punk that sounds like it belongs on Fat Wreck Chords. Really bad lyrics, riffs that sound like I've heard them a thousand times before, and annoying, whiny vocals. Oh, hey, they're from France. GD (Sanjam c/o Yann Dubois/9 Rue Des Mesanges/35650 Le Rheu/France)

BOILING MAN • Roadkill Museum 7"

Fast-paced, pissed off music with two singers going from screaming to whiny singing. Pissed, pissed, pissed. NS (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

BOOBYHATCH • Grinding Asscore At Its Worst? 7"

6 songs from a Tennessee grindcore band who don't stay in the lines and found the infinite wisdom to draw a picture of a dog pinching loaf as the cover art. Far from above average, these guys pound out some hot 'n' heavy grindage, with a really memorable track called "Dead Dogs Stink" that plays around the 4/4 beat in ways more interesting than I've heard on similar records. They have the sense to slow down and actually play instead of inundating us all with blast beats, which I find pretty nice, and enough humor (hopefully intentional) to carry through the rest of the songs (in particular, the ambiguity of the lyrics of "One Day You Will Understand" really made me chuckle). Yeah, DM (Denied a Custom/3-5-12-106 Hashigadai/Narita-Shi/Chiba 286-0037/Japan)

BREAD AND WATER • Strength In Numbers 7"

Bread And Water play furious political punk. The music is a rush of guitar, bass, and drums with harsh shouted vocals way out in front. The words delve into education, corporate rock, living for today and people joining together to fight the system with violent overthrow. Bread And Water are pissed off and they show it through their music. SJS (PO Box 595264/Dallas, TX 75359-5264)

BURIED INSIDE • In And Of The Self CD

This CD contains seven tracks at 25:45 minutes. Buried Inside play bass heavy metal with harshly screamed vocals. Lots of chug chug stop and start stuff. Pretty commonplace. A read through the lyrics reveal that the boys are politically astute as they decry the privatization and/or destruction of social programs, the sorry state of race relations and other human concerns. Unfortunately the vocals suck. To bad they didn't put some effort into coming up with a different way to be heard. SJS (Matlock Records/11 Cove Neck Rd./Oyster Bay, NY 11771)

COUNCIL ON TRENT • Mosaic CD

This is quite possibly the weirdest thing I reviewed this issue. With song titles like "Night Terror," "The Beast: Man," "Will O' The Wisp," and "Celtic Mourning" I was prepared for some kind of death metal. However, this went way beyond my expectations. Council On Trent do twenty tracks of straight up freakdom. Honestly, it was like the background music for a vampire or horror movie. There is a heavy tone to each song and the lyrics just sort of float in the mist above it. Very eerie and convincing. LO (Grimmlake/116 Stanford/Lake Jackson, TX 77566)

X LIMP WRIST X

by Sean Stansberry



BLASTCAPS • CD

This is pretty good rock influenced hardcore that is played with melody and speed. At times they reminded me of older Bad Religion stuff though the comparison is only accurate here and there. Apparently the Blastcaps have members that were in Blunderman and Mr. Nobody and a host of other bands from Canada (yeah, they are from Canada too). Anyway, the Blastcaps do fast melodic hardcore with talent and plenty of catchy tunes. Oh, and they do a great cover of Naked Raygun's "Rat Patrol." KM (Battersea Records/PO Box 24036/900 Dufferin St./Toronto, ON/M6A 4H6/Canada)

BOZART • Kurth CD

This CD contains eight tracks at 24:35 minutes. Two guys play guitars and drums on this CD of fine instrumental music. They rock out at times and lay back into a clear gentle sway occasionally as well. This is good listening music that does not get caught up in drama or pretense. It is just two guys playing in a practice space. SJS (PO Box 3146/Minneapolis, MN 55403)

CLUSTER BOMB UNIT • ...And The Dirty Little Weapons 7"

Angry political hardcore thrash reminiscent to most Profane Existence bands. Straight forward and in your face early '80s thrash-core. Some of the songs have a very layered sound heard dominant in many of Motorhead's songs but then break into a faster and louder Seein' Red sound. Solid and abrasive, this 7" is fucking loaded. SA (Havoc/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

CLOCKED IN • Standing CD

This CD contains seven tracks at 19:06 minutes. This is tough guy rock with funky lead bass grooves. The moderate tempo and emphasis on groove riffing makes these tunes very stompable and mosh pit ready. Vocals are that rap-sing thing. This is probably fun for the guys who play it. SJS (www.mindspring.com/~bosstomp/atlbc)



CAPTURE THE FLAG • Time And Again CD

These ten tracks are fast melodic hardcore songs with a powerful back beat and a solid pop punk influence and a subtle but ever present emotive feel. The singing is tuneful and works well with their music. Capture The Flag utilizes a sound that is very popular these days without becoming a mere clone of the better bands that have influenced them. Decent. KM (Conquer The World/PO Box 40282/Reford, MI 48240)

CHUPACABRA • Tired Of Talking To Shadows... 7"

Excellent crazy hardcore in the vein of Coleman. Very fast guitar accompanied by incredibly harsh vocals come at you and do not let up. Though the 7" is very heavy, it does not fall into the increasingly generic metal category. The lyrics are also satisfying for any free thinking, caring punk; they sing intelligently about how consumer culture has eaten away at our society, the barriers of language, and the realization of potential. A very pleasing record all around. LO (Ubble-Gubble/Dykarens, 3/41871 GBC/Sweden)

CRESHKIGAL • 7"

The fucking packaging rocks my world, but let's see if the music can live up to the die-cut hellfire...uhhhh...almost. Lyrics rule (take "demons will rejoice on your rotting flesh/everything you've done to me will lead you to an afterlife of fiery pitchfork sodomy" and the song entitled "My Landlord Will Be the First to Go," for example), but as a band they just sound like a pretty typical screaming hardcore outfit. Pretty cool, but by no means as extraordinary as the 7" packaging. (I got hand-numbered "149/666.") The guitars treble-happy sound and the high-pitched (but not "Cradle of Fifth high-pitched") vocals take away from the evil potential, but if Ink & Dagger got big in part due to their vampire thing, nothing should be standing in these cats' ways... You might not be sold on a review, but if you run across this in a local record shop, there's little chance of you walking away without a second look at very least. DO (Outlaws Not Robbers/PO Box 1441/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

CAKE WALK • 7"

So I guess this band is "ex-Unbroken pre-John Angel," which is probably enough to stir some interest. But before you rush out and get this you should probably know a couple things: One: this sounds nothing like Unbroken; and two: that it rocks regardless. Upbeat pop punk with great flowing song writing while at the same time not getting to wimpy or whiny. A tad on the raw side giving it a nice edge—just rough enough to capture the rock energy. Covers are silk screened. A record which is welcome into my collection. ADI (Three Year Jinx Records/1216 Bolton St. #1 Baltimore, MD 21217)

CONVINCED • Life Is My Enemy CD

I haven't heard this yet, but I bet you they have a "creepy" intro. Sure enough they have an instrumental intro but it wasn't quite as "creepy" as I was expecting. Convinced are metal. Straight up metal. They have female vocals which does make this sound a whole hell of a lot better than most metal (just due to the fact that Convinced's sound is just a bit more different). If you like Metallica or Iron Maiden then this could be for you, but it sounds nothing, and I mean nothing like any sort of hardcore, well maybe a bit like metal music that is played by hardcore bands....hmmmm...anyway. The lyrics are mostly personal stuff, but there is one song that is unique to a woman's perspective on life. Good or bad? How would I know? It is metal. I don't voluntarily listen to metal. KM (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH • Handbook... CD/Book

I don't know what it is with Countdown To Putsch, but just like their demo it is near impossible to get the fucker out of the bag that it comes in. It is almost as if they are deliberately fucking with me from the get go! (mental note: Let it go, let it go...) This is a pretty amazing piece of work no matter what you think of the contents. The book is one hundred pages long and it isn't really set up like a book, but rather like a dictionary. There are entries for each letter of the alphabet. The entries range in length from a few words to several pages and they cover every topic that you could possibly think of (well it is only 100 pages so not literally, but you know what I mean). This is a good format for the MTV generation raised on 30 second commercials and fast paced images. You can read a few entries and put it down and move on. If something seems dull, well don't worry it will end very shortly. I have only started to look through the entries, but it is quite easy to find something of interest every time I manage to get the book out of the bag (ugh!!!). As for the music, I was impressed. I didn't really think the demo was that good and I am not sure what seems different this time around, but I was certainly won over by Countdown To Putsch's eclectic assault of sound and message. The vocals are impassioned and semi-understandable, while the music really is an eclectic combination of styles with a touch of what I guess would be called a jazz influence. It all comes together with a very tangible passion to create an amazing piece of activism-art when combined with the contents of their book and also the radio interview with Jafar Hanzabi about the problems between Indonesia and the people of Aceh. Inspiring. KM (The Mountain Cooperative/PO Box 220320/Greenpoint Post Office/Brooklyn, NY 11222)

CRUNCH • Rock 'n Roll Doping 7"

I remember hearing an earlier Crunch 7" awhile back and liking it a lot. I'm pretty sure this is the same Crunch from Italy but I might be wrong. This one didn't really stand out to me as the one I heard before. It's really fast punk/hc (more punk than hc) with screaming vocals in Italian. They also do an Angry Samoans cover. Not bad. MA (Federico Lisfera/Via Montemagno 34/10132 Torino/Italy)

CURBSIDE JOURNAL • CD

I can't really say much about this band other than that the guitarist looks like the singer of the Spin Doctors and they are your typical generic indie rock outfit that seems to bore rather than rock. SA (No Karma/PO Box 71203/Milwaukee, WI 53211-7303)

CURTAINRAIL • To Be With You LP

Mayhem and chaos from Japan. Curtairail offer up sixteen songs of speed and noisy hardcore angst. The vocals are raspy screams and deep throated harsh croons. Fast and furious. Comes on white vinyl, and the US and European pressings have different covers. KM (Coalition Records/Hugo De Grootstraat 25/2518 EB Den Haag/Holland)

DRUNK 'N' ANGER • Blindefolded, Beaten & Brainwashed CD

Sixteen tracks of classic punk rock. The songs are quick and furious; keeping the pace of the pit while singing out about this world. Many of the songs are depressing observations of how fucked up life is, the others are a call to arms against that which destroys us. LO (Box 22002/RPO Brantford East/Brantford, ON/N3S 7V1/Cana)

DEADEYESUNDER • Cursed Be The Deceiver CD

If you're gonna play metal, don't mix it with hardcore. And no personal/political lyrics either, Satan only please. Here we get generic moshy metal/he with a very good pro sound. I don't really dig this type of stuff although I give them credit for the grind parts. MA (Plus Minus Records/PO Box 709/Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

D.D.T. • We Are D.D.T.—Punk Will Never Die! 1981-1991 CD

This is a discography CD of a traditional punk band from Bulgaria. The tracks are grainy live and demo recordings, but they capture the spirit of this band well. When D.D.T. started most punk bands were persecuted by the state and rebelling was a serious matter. The punk that you find here is real and honest. Although they were never very popular, the person who puts this out feels they were "one of the most brilliant early to late '80s punk bands from Bulgaria." LO (Ivailo Tonchev/Stara Zagora 6010/KV Kazanski/16-G-115/Bulgaria)

DEATH OF MARAT • 7"

This record seems focused on mixing. Both the vocals and the guitar work each mix some interesting rhythms with the standard hardcore intensity. I'm not sure why, but it wasn't quite enough for me to personally set them apart from the pack. Some of the pieces are there, but I couldn't put them together. Three songs with little effort put into the minimal packaging. DF, (The System/PO Box 37041/Phoenix, AZ 85069)

THE DENTS • The End Of All Civilization 7"

Pretty typical "fuck you" punk. I would start a pit if I could find my steel toes. "The Dents are anti-authoritarian, anti-capitalist and, anti-fascist." I wonder if they practice what they preach. Guinness beer T-shirts and songs about breaking someone's "old and fat" back. S (So Fucking What Records/253 Alexander St. #322/Rochester, NY 14607)

DERAIL • Picturesque CD

This Orange County indie rock band contains members of Stickfigurecarousels, but don't let that fool you. They're very much like The Get Up Kids, except not annoying. Upbeat, poppy, rockin'. Indie rock fans really would appreciate this. My friend Melissa absolutely LOVED this CD, but it hasn't really stuck with me yet. I'm going to hang on to it for a while... GD (Transit Music/PO Box 3617/Laguna Hills, CA 92654)

DESTRO • Lost, Lonely, Broken... That's Just The Beginning CD

This record starts off with a loud bang with awesome vocal work but then the drumming becomes so overbearing that it is hard to keep my attention on the band as a whole. It sounds like he should be playing for a faster pop punk outfit that focuses most of its emphasis on the constant and repetitive bass drum. Outside that, this album is fierce and contains a lot of energy and breakdowns where all the macho kids can do the floor punch. But the definite highlight is the vocals which remind me of Endeavor a lot. I can see a strong future for this band. I'm sure I'll see them out in the west coast by the summer. SA (Ides of March/PO Box 758822/Coral Springs, FL 33075-8822)

DEZERTER • Ziema Jest Plaska LP

On this LP you get 14 tracks of medium to fast political punk. This band has been around for a while. Musically they are a tight unit playing a variety of sounds into some of the songs. The clear and spacious mix allows the energy from each player to be heard and the vocals are not loud. The words are sung in Polish but English translations are provided; though I suspect some of the power of the words has been lost. Dezertor take on social and ecological issues in their country as western entertainment and ideologies influence the population. The production smooths over a lot of the rough edges, however there is a lot of good guitar and bass playing throughout the record. SJS (Niki Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

DISCIPLE • No Blood, No Altar Now CD

Christian death metal hardcore stuff from Erie, Pennsylvania. The lyrics aren't really that different than normal death metal since Disciple uses the same sort of "spooky" biblical sounding words. The music is chugga chugga metal. Pretty boring on all fronts, but hey if you like metal and Jesus Christ then Disciple will bring the power of God down on your ear drums like the hammer of justice. KM (Goodlife Records/PO Box 114/Kortrijk/Belgium)

DISICIRIO • Il Marchio Della Vostra Infamia 7"

This fucking 7" is skipping like fuck; it keeps throwing my needle off the edge of the record (making that horrid sound when the needle is scraping on the actual turntable), then I had to fuck with my needle weight (which is a pain) just to get this so it'd only skip minimally. What I can make out of the music sounds like your below average crust band; the packaging seems quite political and the sleeve does fold out into a cool poster. The grooves on the vinyl are crammed and the recording is shit. You couldn't even get Chuck drunk enough to like this record. ADI (Kollaps Realität c/o Ennio Milano/Via Quercione 59/81020 Briano (CE)/Italy)

DRUNK • Hate Songs 7"

I thought this band was called Hate Songs at first because it just says "hate songs" on the cover, so go figure... I just went ahead and jumped to the conclusion that they were called "Hate Songs." OK, now I would classify the music as pop-punk or new-skool, but these guys' vocal melodies are uncontrollably catchy in a weird way. Nice thick wall of guitars with the chaos vocals brings a lot of rock to this 7" as well as reminding me of '80s pop. Epic in a sense, or maybe these guys should write songs for commercials. Either way this 7" is cool. No RPM speed listing... how rude of them. ADI (Revolution Inside c/o Le Sabot/Breite Str. 76/53111 Bonn/Germany)

E-150 • La Rabia Justifica Los Medios 7"

Apparently Spain's E-150 really impressed a lot of people when they were on tour in the U.S. this summer. Unfortunately, I didn't get to see them, but I can understand why people have been talking about them because this 7" is fast, furious, and powerful as hell. The recording is a little thin, but it is very harsh and certainly not over produced. Their lyrics (printed in both Spanish and English) cover lots of topics from mistrust, to exploitation, to violence at gigs, to inequality based on gender and sexual orientation. Plus this version (I believe this is the U.S. pressing) is on Lengua Armada so if you don't snap it up quick you may never get the chance. KM (\$3 to Lengua Armada/2340 W. 24th St./Chicago, IL 60608)

ENDEAVOR • Don't Die With Your Eyes Closed CD

Endeavor was a good band. Their music was distinctly their own, and they had strong message that was always present. Don't Die... is a collection of all of their tracks and it comes with an interesting closing statement by the band's singer. And since this is an enhanced CD there is also an interview and some live footage on the CD that you can view on you PC, which is what "enhanced CD" is all about. These songs were good when they were playing them and they are still good today. Endeavor played hard hitting hardcore with plenty of attitude; hardcore for the hardcore. Good stuff in my book. KM (Trustkill Records/23 Farm Edge Lane/Tinton Falls, NJ 07734)

EGG RAID • Go Kiss The Blind CD

11 tracks @ 38:35. Thin-sounding punkish-rock from England. Pretty bland, introspective lyrics about not fitting in and being controlled by the Unseen Hand are set to some vaguely Citizen Fish-esque moments. Nothing really stands out here that's worth mentioning, so I won't. DM (FEK Records/5 Church Fields/Talgarth, Brecon Powys/LD3 0BD/UK)

EARTHTMOVER • Death Carved In Every Word CD

Powerful sounding mosh metal meets youth crew from Earthmover. They are certainly not the enemy of metal. Their lyrics are mostly personal with a few declarations that can not be ignored. They are pretty good at what they do and I would describe this as decent hardcore. KM (\$8 to +/- Records/PO Box 7096/Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

END OF THE CENTURY PARTY • LP

Twelve blistering maniac rippers from Florida's End Of The Century Party. Similar in some ways to Mohinder; fast and short, but with several moments of slow emotive transition and diversity. The lyrics are weird little things with really long titles, which gives End Of The Century Party a quirky feel. All of it is all it school emo power violence with a peculiar feel. Definitely put End Of The Century Party in the same camp as other Florida bands such as Palatak and Combat Wounded Veteran. KM (Enslaved Records/PO Box 169/Foster Court/Bradford/West Yorkshire/BD1 2UJ/United Kingdom)

ETERNA INOCENCIA • Recycle CD

Finally, the highly anticipated (by me at least) CD of this great band from Argentina. I absolutely loved their tape Dias Tristes which came out awhile back. Hearing this CD it seems they've matured both musically and lyrically because these 12 new songs are much, much better than any previous stuff. El play southern California style melodic punk. I'm sure there are other influences involved that I can't quite make out at the moment but either way it's done with damn good style. The lyrics, especially the way they're sung, is the main highlight for me it gives it a sense of seriousness. The lyrics deal with many issues but all are political, it's great to hear these kind of lyrics from a melodic punk band. The packaging is very DIY and the lyric booklet is a pleasure to look at. They sing in English. I wish they sang in Spanish but I'm just being picky. They'll leave you humming their songs after you stop playing the CD. MA (Sniffing Recording Industries/C.C. 3288 (1000)/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

ENVY • Angers Curse Whispered... CD

Japan's Envy is at it again with another emotionally charged hardcore assault. Their sound can be emotive and then harsh and powerful. The CD booklet is put together really nicely with lyrics in Japanese and English. Melody, anger and power. In a lot of ways they seem to be influenced by the French style where the music is melodic and catchy with harsh sounding vocal work (like Finger Print or Jasmine). It is really well done and one of the better releases I have heard from Japan. KM (H:G Fact Records/401 Hongo-M2-36-2 Yayoi-Chuo/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

ENEMY OF THE SUN • Eclipse CD

Five modern sounding hardcore songs that combine metal some emotive concepts and a bit of a mosh influence to concoct a sound that they can call their own. The lyrics are a mess of ideas that don't make much sense to me, though I think (or hope) that they are more than simply babble. Musically Enemy Of The Sun do a good job with this sound; their songs are complicated and the recording is solid. KM (Maliciousmen Records/Kerkstraat 39/3630 Maasmechelen/Belgium)

THE EVERGREEN TRIO • 7"

"Some Other December" is reminiscent of the American Football CDep with the mix a little screwy and some additional (unnecessary) Joan of Arc-y electronic noises and drum machine-sounding loops. Not the most hideous noise ever, but it really treats on what could be a sweet-sounding ballad. The b-side, "Once An Anchor," starts off in a great way a la the Football and other such Illinois-based "pretty" bands (also home to these fellas), but those drum loops again throw some craziness in... not so obtrusive this time, however. The recording sounds sort of backgroundish, but with the melody of the guitars and the solid singing of Mr. Reina, it works to its advantage. Although this will not go down as a legendary record, The Evergreen Trio manages to lay a solid foundation to build upon. I just hope they can find a niche without falling into the oversynthesized style of Joan Of Arc or following too closely behind the Polyvinyl parade. 2 songs, 8 minutes. DO (The Rosewood Union/PO Box 20508/London/NW8 8WT/England)

EXCELSIOR • LP

Very odd. This looks like a really shitty metal LP. The cover art features these three really cheesy looking warrior monsters standing in front of what looks like a burning village, and the insert has a drawing of a barbarian warrior coming to the top of a hill over looking the wilderness. But Excelsior which consists of former members of Goodbye, Blue Monday and Encyclopedia Of American Traitors sounds like an arty rock band with vocals that are sort of reminiscent of Circus Lupus; quirky and snuffed up sounding. It is well done, and anyone that likes indie rock or a lot of the newer Discharge releases could like Excelsior. KM (\$8 to Broken Glass Records/1688 Fairway Dr./Jamison, PA 18929)

EXISTENCH • Blood Money CD

So I put this CD in not really knowing what to think because I had never heard of or stumbled across this band. Let's just say this is the most brutal thing I had an opportunity to listening to this month. The general feel of the music floats within the crust/grind field. 14 tracks of neck break drumming blasting to fuck, growling and screaming, brutal guitar riffs and a sick fucking bass. The lyrics are politically motivated and straight to the point. This is not your normal, every day crust or metal band. Do not miss out on hearing this; it is B-R-U-T-A-L! CF (Subproffit Records/PO Box 34029/Scotia Square R.P.O./Halifax, NS/B3J 3S1/Canada)

EYEBALL • More Days To Come LP

Eyeball isn't exactly blazing a trail of new music, but they do a great job with the '88 youth crew hardcore style. Their music is catchy and powerful with good singing. These days a lot of youth crew bands are really into mosh metal, but Eyeball is straight hardcore. Their songs are well written and the lyrics deal with the usual youth crew stuff. The layout is nice, and the gatefold LP jacket is a nice look. More Days To Come is a good release that is way better than a lot of similar releases coming from the posy-youth genre. KM (Crucial Response/Kaisersfeld 98/46047/Oberhausen/Germany)

EYELID • Conflict's Invitation 7"

This is a damn good record. Eyelid pump out three songs of full on rocking. The songs are chunky and powerful with lots of tempo changes and heavy breakdowns that are definitely head bang inducing. The vocals are expressive following the rest of the music and go back and forth from screaming to talking without sounding like bro metal. Well crafted and memorable with a top notch production. This is definitely something I could listen to over and over again without getting bored of. GC (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE FEUD • Versus Yr Universe CD

This band is rad. Think June Of 44 meets Cap'n Jazz except without vocals. You know, the wacky, creative, and incredibly catchy rock that proves to be fairly original. I would recommend this to anyone who likes June Of 44 or really wacky creative rock with synthesizers, horns, and all that jazz. GD (The Rosewood Union/PO Box 20508/London/NW8 8WT/England)

FACING DOWN • Two Sided 7"

Melodic pop punk from the Netherlands. Musically it kind of reminds me of Propagandhi or a lot of other Fat Wreck Chords bands. It sounds very good though. Catchy and ear friendly. MA (Refill Records/Klaproosstraat 4/5443 BW Haps/The Netherlands)

FALL SILENT • Superstructure LP

Political, powerful, and positive!! A fucking band that embraces the 3 P's in life. 12 songs of fury backed with fire and with an enormous sound that can only be captured if turned to volume 11. By far, this is the best album they have done. This time they brought with them "the lonely, the tired, the hopeless, and the living dead" to gain their revenge on the exploitative practices enslaving their bodies and minds. This album is one of empowerment and strength and provides the capacity to foster revolutionary thought. Fucking incredible hardcore. As I stated in their last review I did years ago, the Reno-volution is coming, and Fall Silent are the anthem band to supply that threat. SA (702 Records/PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504)

FLAGRUM • LP

I don't even really know where to start. Instrumental experimental noise that is very repetitive. I don't know really this record is pretty damn mysterious to me and everyone I know. There are some words written in Latin but I don't know what they mean. No singing, just repeated riffs and odd notes. CF (Malaria Records c/o Martin Valasek/Ropice 28/73956 Trinec 6/Czech Republic)

FOREVER AND A DAY • Where Has The Passion Gone? CD

That is what I would like to know, where has the passion gone? Forever And A Day certainly don't know. They are too busy singing about lost love, new love, lost love, and stuff I don't necessarily understand. Oh sure maybe they have passion about love, but since that is what 99% of all songs ever written are about I can't really say that this "passion" is very interesting. In any event, their music is catchy and it is good. They sing nice and play their pleasant sounding music with plenty of energy and a bit of power as well. I didn't dislike listening, but I probably won't be going back for more. Happy stuff with the occasional melancholy moment. KM (Eulogy Records/PO Box 59083/Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33359)

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS • Suture And Other Songs CD

This is not a new release, but rather a reissue of 400 Years' *Suture* LP along with three tracks from their 7" and also a song from the 51 Comp LP. The sound is classic mid-'90s emotive hardcore, with a slight similarity to Shotmaker. Actually, I don't hear the Shotmaker influence as much now as I did when I originally heard this back in '97. Still pretty good a few years later, and if you liked 400 Years' *Transmit Failure* LP then this material will be even more enthralling. KM (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210-9998)

DRIVEN

by David Tujol



THE FUSES • I Wanna Burn LP

I remember seeing these guys last time I went to go visit my good friend Ryan Shelkett in Baltimore at the Ottobar and they were nothing short of a fun and happy punk rock bar band. This is for the older crowd that can taste the finer elements of good punk rock. Although I don't listen to this type of music that much or even at all, this LP seems to be in pretty persistent rotation on my Technics. The Joy Division cover song, "Warsaw," was done well but doesn't compare to Swing Kids' cover of that song any day. 12 songs with strong early '80s punk goodness reminiscent to the Clash at times, even some Pistols. Contemporarily, a good band to compare them with now would be Panthro UK, out of Florida. I know all the employees of Vinyl Solution and probably Reptilian Records would recommend this album. SA (American Punk/802 S Broadway/Baltimore, MD 21231)

FROM ASHES RISE • Life And Death 7"

From Ashes Rise can be described as His Hero Is Gone's little brother since both bands share a similar sound as well as the home state of Tennessee. Heavy and powerful, they thunder through a set of songs that are both interesting and catchy while retaining a very rough edge that could easily decapitate the unwary. This is their second 7" (their first 7" was on Clean Plate) and their LP should be out next year for Great American Steak Religion. Six songs that will definitely appeal to anyone interested in Deathreat or His Hero Is Gone. Great stuff. KM (Partners In Crime/PO Box 820043/Memphis, TN 38182)

FRAMMENTI • Corrono Giocchia Sbuciate 7"

Upbeat melodic emotive stuff. Lots of energy in this music, the singing is done very well too. They do the screaming yet still singing style. Lyrics in Italian. MA (Andrea Pomini/C.P. 215/10064 Pinerolo/Torino/Italy)

FREE YOURSELF • The Head Of Truth On The Body Of Lie CD

Free Yourself is composed of "four guys living in Germany," three of which are from Greek immigrant families. Their music sounds like a blend of mid-tempo pop-punk and indie rock... sometimes catchy, sometimes a bit dull... but holding my interest nevertheless. The tracks are fairly diverse and the vocals are sung (and screamed...) in English, German and Greek, which adds to its appeal I suppose... The vocals are annoying at times, but all and all, I'd say it's worth checking out. It's a good recording. Really clean... and the CD comes in a nifty cardboard case. They put it out themselves... "totally DIY." That's it. ALP (Buena Ventura Notes c/o Miltiadis Oulos/Takustr. 24/50825 Koln/Germany)

FRIENDS UNSEEN • 7"

Apparently Friends Unseen are a five piece from Sweden. They have a mellow rock sound, and with melodic female vocals, were a welcome change of pace. Their two songs are pleasant and sung in English, but I think this is the kind of record that works if you can make some kind of personal connection with the lyrics. That didn't quite happen for me, but maybe it will for you. DF (Subjugation Records/PO Box 191/Darlington/IL 63YNA/United Kingdom)

FRONTSIDE • CD

It was hard for me to come up with an exact description of this band. There is a certain amount of influence from the chugga-chugga straight edge music from a few years back. Most comparable bands that are around today play metal, but Frontside doesn't really fit in with them. At best, I would compare them to Chokehold, though they don't entirely have the same feel. Frontside play powerful hardcore that has a personal edge. LO (Sinister Label/PO Box 1178/LaGrange, IL 60526)

GLASSEATER • Miles Ahead Of Where... CD

Melodic hardcore with vocals that are sung with the occasionally screamed back up vocals. Almost pretty sounding at times. The music is quick paced and fairly powerful; fast melodic tuneful songs that simply aren't wimpy most of the time. The lyrics are personal stuff. Not bad, but not all that exciting to me either. KM (Ides Of March/PO Box 758822/Coral Springs, FL 33075-8822)

THE GODS HATE KANSAS • For Snaked CD and CD-ROM

I am a sucker for enhanced CD-ROMs. The way this one was set up was like a web page. As you open the index file in your browser and navigate like you're on the web, it's packed with Mp3s, flyers, photos, live super 8 footage which was cool, and a zine. Now let's get to what you really care about. The godshatekansas are a popper version of Bad Religion. Although not as boring as your typical pop punk traditional style, these kids tend to make things a little bit more interesting. Fans of early East Bay pop would much enjoy this I would say. I did enjoy the ROM part of their CD. BR (New Disorder/445 14th St./San Francisco, CA 94103)

GODSTOMPER • Heavy Metal Vomit Party LP

Fast, brutal, thrashy, hardcore with moments of heavy slow droning is what Godstomper does. Ugly vocals and double kick drum madness. This LP has 24 tracks on it. The LP doesn't come with a lyric sheet or any info of any sort. I didn't find Godstomper's music all that exciting and I certainly wasn't too impressed by the fact that they instruct me to send \$1 to them to get the lyrics and stickers. How about putting the stickers and lyrics in the LP so people don't have to waste money getting what should have come with the LP in the first place!! A "heavy metal vomit party" is a decent description for this one. Oddly enough I just saw the ad for the LP from Dead & Alive Records and the ad is far more informative than the record. KM (Dead & Alive Records/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006)

THE GRANDPIXX • 33 MPH 7"

Six songs from this Massachusetts punk band who sound like a faster version of the Queers. Draining the soul minute by minute, I can barely muster the energy to finish this review. I hate punk rock SO much. God save the Kinks. "We'll play any show we can get. For booking, call 413-783-6804." Yeah, call them and order them pizzas. DM (2 Gold St./Westfield, MA 01085)

GREETINGS FROM JOON • Static To The Homeland CD

These eight songs from Florida's Greetings From Joon are very long and very soothing with a very mainstream sounding melodic approach. I guess they could be compared to a lot of melodic bands that have some distant influence to Christie Front Drive. I mean I really think Christie Front Drive was the first band to really play melodic soothing stuff with absolutely no edge. Greetings From Joon certainly don't sound all that similar, but their sound is very much in that tradition with almost no edge in any of their songs. Instead they just play smooth sounding music with an almost sad remorseful soothing quality. Polished and incredibly non threatening. KM (Good By Blue Skies/PO Box 1306/Tavernier, FL 33070)

GUNSPIKING • 7"

This caught my eye because of the cool packaging, using 99.9% post consumer recycled materials the covers are two cardboards silk screened and tied together with strings, my first impressions were it's probably some emo-sounding band, but it turned out to be a powerful chaotic punk which jumps around from sounding heavy and evil to some metal sounding parts with screaming and talking female vocals and male backup vocals. The recording made the vocals real loud so it draws out most of the music and guitars could've been cleaner. The lyrics seem well thought out and sincere with explanations dealing with sexism, environmental destruction, and the personal struggle, this could've been better but still pretty cool. DIY. AM (\$3ppd to 27 Welsford St. #2/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

GUYANA PUNCH LINE • Maximum Smashism CD

I really like bands that have a theory or a theme to what they are doing. The fact that Guyana Punchline asserts a new world order type of feeling when they talk about "smashism" makes me like them even more. Their songs are well constructed ditties about the kids being fed up, wiping out those who make your life shit, the meaning of life, bureaucracy, and making the world how you want it. Musically, Guyana Punchline are an all-out assault on the senses in the spirit of the most refined chaos-core. Since the singer from In/Humanity is also the singer for this band, I can't help but think of "The Nutty Anti-Christ" LP. I loved that LP but I really do think this is even better. A crazy band that is much more than crazy. "Make your revolution deafening!" Fuck yeah! LO (Frank/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

HABLAN POR LA ESPALDA • Música Para Los... 7"

Fuckin' amazing emotive hardcore in Spanish from Uruguay!!! Their style is along the lines of great French bands such as Peu Etre or Ivich. It's raw, powerful and driving music with great build ups to intense frantic violence. Intelligent lyrics that question the established with explanations in both Spanish and English. I've heard a lot of bands from South America but none ever like this one. I can't stop listening to this record. When bands make me feel this good I like to thank them, thank you. MA (Sniffing Recording Industries/CC 3288 (1000)Buenos Aires/Argentina)

HABLATION DE ROUSTOUS • Mal Aux Burnes 7"

These songs have that hardcore sound that is very raw and spastic. Although there is no one sound that encompasses French hardcore, one exists in my mind anyway. That said, this record doesn't fit into the same sound category as bands like Ivich. I like the dueling high end/low end vocals and I think they sing in English and French, but I'm not sure. It's long on music with eight songs, but short on packaging. Although it was not my favorite, I think that is an OK record. DF (Sarcem Records c/o Johnny Mes Boules/69 Rue du Zegge/51000 Ricard/France)

THE HAGGARD • I've Been Sick 7"

Four songs of pissed-off hardcore, made by two women in Portland, OR. Kind of thin sounding, yet very earnest politicore, delving into problems inherent with gender roles, an elegy for Matthew Shepard, and the dangers of TV. Good for what it is—a hardcore record made by two very serious and impassioned women—but it's a hardcore record nonetheless, and I just can't see why they want to stick with this genre (unless of course it's what they like) than going out and making something that sounds new and original and not like something straight outta 15 years ago. DM (xHeartcore/Columbia University Station/PO Box 250636/New York, NY 10025)

THE HATED • Unreleased LP

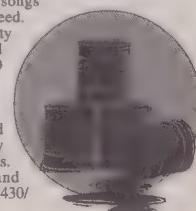
This is a bootleg of unreleased Hated stuff. It features demo tracks and lots of tracks that simply never saw the light of day before. There aren't many of these records floating around, but in theory all of this material will come out as an official release on Troublemaker Unlimited at some point. The Hated sound is very much akin to the Revolution Summer explosion that occurred in the Washington, DC and Annapolis, MD areas in the mid to late '80s with bands playing emotionally charged music that wasn't simply fast and loud and angry. The Hated took the energy and feel of hardcore and combined it with the rebellious spirit of the sort of protest folk music that was done in the '60s. Much like Moss Icon, The Hated didn't really develop their cult following until after they had broken up. KM (no address)

HELLNATION • Fucked Up Mess LP

Twenty-four fast and brutal hardcore songs played with lots of aggression and speed. Lyrics about the fucked up mess of a society that we live in. Not timid. Ugly and overbearing. KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

HUMAN DECAY • 7"

Human Decay play grinding detuned sludge metal with faster thrash parts. They have heavily distorted screaming for vocals. The lyrics touch on animal abuse and economic abuse of humans. SJS (PO Box 430/Youngstown, PA 15696-0430)



HAYWOOD • Men Called Him Mister CD

This CD contains 12 tracks at 54:46 minutes. This is supremely well-crafted guitar pop that calls to mind any number of Brit pop bands of the '80s or '90s. A full sound from the guitars, bass, and drums plus breathy vocals fills the lush mix from wall to wall. Haywood are adept at crafting pop dreams. SJS (The Self Starter Foundation/PO Box 1776/Horsham, PA 19044)

HELLBASTARD • Blood, Fire And Hate CD

19 tracks 67:43. Really bad metal punk that was recorded back in '88 and released this year. I don't know why someone released this, but maybe it was influential or something. The recording is shit and the music drags on and on but what really makes me not like this are the vocals which seem pretty meathead-ish. Reading through the booklet I find that it is meathead-ish, especially when the writer starts talking about how they want WWIII to arrive so they can "cherish the beauty of global destruction and purification. In short, fuck all you faggot pussy left-wing dreamers." It's funny seeing that printed in the same CD where the bass player is wearing a Rudimentary Peni shirt. At least they could have the common sense not to send this into HaC. Oh shit, the CD just broke in half in my hand. ADI (Control/PO Box 6591/Dun Laoghaire/Co. Dublin/Ireland)

HELLWORMS • ?"

Total goof punk. The singer spews out words so fast I fear his intestines are going to fly out his mouth. This reminds me of what I've heard of No Means No, or maybe if the Dead Kennedys had a child with the Dead Milkmen and added guitar effects. I don't know—just all out craziness that's really just rock on acid and crack. Packaging is nifty and the vinyl is half yellow and half red, which is just ugly enough to complement these bizarre folks. ADI (\$3ppd to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

HER SPACE HOLIDAY • The Astronauts Are... (vol. 1) CD

Marc Bianchi, formerly of Calm, is the mastermind behind Her Space Holiday, an introspective project consisting of hushed vocals, stripped-down guitarwork, drum loops, synthesizers and samples. This disc is definitely a "lazy Sunday morning" album rather than a "get things done" soundtrack. This first of two albums released simultaneously is slightly more upbeat than the second, with songs like the faster-paced "Slide Guitars and Moving Cars" setting a less somber tone for this CD. The 21 minute version of "The Fourth of July" is a little excessive (by about 10-15 minutes, I'd say), but an interesting idea... he had recorded the fireworks display as he recorded live in his backyard and then overdubbed extra tracks... Vocally (and guitar-wise, for that matter), Her Space Holiday is very reminiscent of Ben Lee's latest efforts. I really like this CD quite a lot. Get this one if you're more in the mood to tap your toes and sway. 8 songs, 50 minutes. DO (Skylab Operations/PO Box 4376/Salisbury, NC 28145-4376; www.skylaboperations.com)

HER SPACE HOLIDAY • The Astronauts Are... (vol. 2) CD

Once again, Her Space Holiday is Marc Bianchi (of Calm fame) playing, believe it or not, spacey ballads with minimalist guitars and synthesizers. This disc is part two of a two-part album released simultaneously on two labels. This is not an album to get you all roused up and ready to take on the world. This is an album to sit back and get enveloped by once you've already taken over the world. It causes your eye lids to grow heavy and your body to wind down and your ears to be soothed. It's not flawless, with monotone vocals keeping the variation to a minimum, but it's a very pleasant listen. It somehow reminds me of a really low-key Ben Lee. Very lovely and a good acquisition for fans of mood music. Get this one if you're in a more trance-like mood or use "chemical enhancers." Personal highlights: "These Days," "Audiophage," and "1939." 10 songs, 48 minutes. DO (No Karma/PO Box 71203/Milwaukee, WI 53211-7303; www.nokarma.com)

HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS • CD

Gadzooks! I really like this one... unique, dissonant yet melodic, clean, distorted, chaotic, rockin' syncopated rhythms, different time frames, spoken, yelled, and aggravated vocals... yep. It's quite enjoyable to say the least. Some parts sound like a lighter Botch, while others sound more Dischord-ish. This is definitely one to pick up. It rocks! I only wish they printed their lyrics on the insert... ALP (404 Records/PO Box 827/Normal, IL 61761)

HERS NEVER EXISTED • A Static State... CD

14 tracks @ 25:14. Hey, I met these women this summer! I actually drove two of them around in my car and dropped them off at the Oakland Beehive to watch "Mystery Men." They're a three-piece rock band from the Bay Area featuring old-schooler Kamala Parks (Yeastie Girls... can I get a what?) and they have enough grit and spit between them to have created a mature, abrasive record that swiftly eliminates any comparisons to "grrl punk band X" as well as to introspective media darlings like Sleater-Kinney, and in the process makes something better than both. Songwriting is a stand-out, referencing Patti Smith and Ronnie Spector as well as the Au Pairs and Frightwig. Very highly recommended. DM (New Disorder Records/445 14th St./San Francisco, CA 94103)

THE HIDDEN CHORD • ?"

The Big Hole! Really classy print job on the cover, although the layout looks a little too busy. Musically, The Hidden Chord play an upbeat, semi-snotty style of fringe, college pop... that's sort of a genre. What I mean is they sound like indie-rock with a strange twist on the "rock" plus some sort of pseudo-oldie influence, maybe along the lines of The Rolling Stones. Sort of intriguing, but holds no great long-term interest for me. The jangly guitars start rocking in the second song, "Soundtrack To Murder," and I like the talking style of the vocalist... kind of like a less rambunctious Make*Up. All in all, I do like The Hidden Chord's style of groove better than many trying a similar thing and could recommend them to fans of eclectic tastes. DO (Heart of a Champion/PO Box 3861/Minneapolis, MN 55403; HeartChamp@aol.com)

THE HIDDEN CHORD • ?"

R.A.W.K. from Minneapolis, amped up and not without twangy nods to Nuggets-style '60s garage rock. They burn through the A-side, maybe not with the stopping power of Estus Records band X, but with something more memorable, possibly the avoidance of wanting to be just another garage band. Things get even better on the flip, where an even catcher hook gets banged out on a rinky-dink little organ and stapled to your head with some majorly cool gang vocals in the chorus. Big points for doing this type of thing right, and making me want to listen to this over and over. Red vinyl, big hole, get ol' Salvatore to put this in the jukebox at your local pizza parlor today. DM (Modern Radio Record Label/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

HOT TUB COLLECTIVE • ?"

No information whatsoever exists about this record, other than the name of the artist, and a brief, confusing track listing on one 7.25" square piece of cardboard that approximates a cover. Vacillating between weak, over-jammy space rock, drum program experiments, and some heliously faux-lounge cheese samba, this does us all more harm than good. DM (Aloha Records/PO Box 1070/Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

HIS HERO IS GONE • The Plot Sickens: Enslavement... LP

The positive. Another amazing LP from His Hero Is Gone. This time around all eleven songs are focused on technology and the failure of progress to improve our lives. *The Plot Sickens* is packaged in a beautiful gatefold LP jacket and comes complete with lyrics and text. Brutal and uncompromising, His Hero Is Gone once again prove why they were one the best hardcore bands around in the last few years. The negative. Unfortunately this record is really short and it seems to end right after it starts, and I must admit I do find it very humorous to be able to send email to every member of His Hero Is Gone considering that the LP makes fun of the internet; as they say "Boot 'em up! Boot 'em down!" Yeah right. KM (no address)

HOG • Hombre Muerto 7"

This 7" doesn't come with any info about it other than lyrics in Spanish and explanations in English, but I believe Martin from Lengua Aramada said that this was a repressing of a 7" that came out of Mexico in the '80s though I could be mistaken... I just can't remember exactly. In any event, Hog are brutal. Fast and brutal. They are very much power violence played in a very ugly and destructive style. Brutal. The songs are about all sorts of problems (10 songs in total) that effect the everyday people of Mexico, but really they are about problems that effect all of us no matter where we live. Political power violence dished out mean and harsh. KM (\$3 to Lengua Aramada/2340 W. 24th St./Chicago, IL 60608)

HOT WATER MUSIC • Moonpies For Misfits CD

One of the funnest shows I ever set up at the Pickle Patch was with Hot Water Music and only 8 people showed up. After seeing them live they became one of my favorite live band experiences, especially at our house. This 4 song CDEP is one of the many records they have released in the past year that blows my fucking mind. Hot Water Music is an amazing vehicle for musical expression. Emotionally charged and with heavily intensified energy, their recording comes out as thoroughly as you'd expect after seeing them live. This album is a bit more on the depressing end but still has the impact that *Forever And Counting* did when I first played that album. A solid 4 song CD that is worth every cent. Go buy it or buy the two seven inches. SA (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

HUMAN BODY FLAWED • demo CD

The insert says, "The original point of [HBF] was to write the most intellectually challenging hardcore to date." That's a pretty heady statement. I would comment on the song content, but apparently they didn't feel that including the lyrics was necessary to challenge this listener, and the vocals are too fuzzy to decipher. The only things I could make out were the between-song sound bites that included Robert DeNiro and Bruce Willis. Intellectual matters aside, the distorted hardcore-metallic sound does come across as fairly massive. But it just didn't get my juices flowing. 8 songs in around 20 minutes. DF (Cory Stevenson/Longwood College/PO Box 2592/Farmville, VA 23909)

IMPACT • Winchester Per Un Massacro 7"

These guys have still got the cowboy theme going, which they seem to do pretty well. I'm not sure what they're singing about so I don't know if they sing about cowboy stuff or not, but they have cowboy looking covers. Musically, they're pretty much a punk rock band (whatever that means) on the popper mid-tempo side of things—but not really like Lookout Records stuff, more like classic rock mixed with classic punk. Not too bad, but not too memorable. ADI (Revolution Inside c/o Le Sabot/Breite Str. 76/53111 Bonn/Germany)



INSURANCE RISK • How Much More... 7"

Insurance risk play mediocre youth crew hardcore that is musically influenced by the Boston sound, but the only thing that is important about this 7" is the lyrics to "We Don't Care." They go like this, "You take it up the butt. Suck it like candy. Think you're a man. You're a fucking sissy. Do we offend - we don't care! Friday night is here. You wanna get fucked. But you don't want pussy. You wanna butt-fuck. Do we offend - we don't care!" What the hell is wrong with Crucial Response? I can't believe that this has been released by the same label that put out Man Lifting Banner and Dead Stool Pigeon records. Show this to the next person that tells you that most hardcore bands just preach to the converted. Insurance Risk live up to all the stereotypes about youth crew kids just being dumb conservative white male jocks that can't think past their dicks. Do I offend - I don't care! KM (Crucial Response/Kaisersfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

INKWYZYCJA • Slowo 7"

Though I find myself liking this 7" the more I listen to it, I can't really put it in a category. That is good. Inkwyzycja play melody driven punk rock with a clear intensity. They were around in 1991, when the DIY scene was just beginning to blossom in Poland and they played a big part. They were popular, but their sound never really fit in musically. The translation of their lyrics show creativity and directness when they talk about the power of voice, money, and creating a God that is more like humankind. LO (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

INSIDIOUS • Noon In June CD

I really shouldn't be the one reviewing stuff like this. I don't know what call to make. I guess this could be called indie rock. It's got off beat drumming, mellow spacey parts and lots of pretty boy singing. Looks like one of those Polyvinyl releases. MA (404 Records/PO Box 827/Normal, IL 61761)

INSIDE • My Funeral CD

It's a damn shame that this beautiful band broke up. These guys really know how to reflect the word emotional in emo. Very intense and incredibly louder than I expected but that has a lot to do with the polished recording that reminds me a little too much like Far. One of my favorite characteristics of Inside is that they still embraced a raw sound especially live. 11 songs of pure ingenuity and musicianship that many can appreciate. This album might cure those with emotional problems as well. Inside will be dearly missed. SA (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

INTROSPECT • Education 7"

Drum machine punk. At first I thought it was going to be a Digital Hardcore rip off band, then I thought of Carter USM, but I'll say it's atmospheric punk rock done with a drum machine and an occasional catchy keyboard lick. The first song has crazier programming with simple guitars riffs and a keyboard break that sounds like something for an Atom And His Package song. Song 2 is more stripped down and it sounds like it might be a cover song, but if it is they don't mention it. The singer sounds like he has a British accent, but I think it's a put-on because the band is from California. This makes me want to get my MIDI studio up and running again. Keep up the good work and original sounds. ADI (G.C. Records/PO Box 3743/Laguna Hills, CA 92654)

THE IVY CROWN • ...After So Much Red Wine CD

The Ivy Crown plays an interesting style of rock that has some greatness and some great mediocrity sitting right next to each other in the middle of any given song. Most bands have hit-or-miss songs, but rarely does it vary so much within a single song... the guitarwork reminds me of another Michigan band, Current, at times and the best times are the low-key mellow parts. When the intensity increases, not only does the singing start straining, but the recording begins to compress, cutting off the dynamic nature of the music. I dig stuff like the beginning of the second track, "A Fair Amount," with softly sung dual vocals over gently rolling drums and guitars. It then kicks into a sort of Back of Dave Rock session, which is both a positive and negative point... with some more work on the vocals and a better recording, The Ivy Crown could really be onto something wonderful. Seven songs, 36 minutes. DO (Systematic Labor/PO Box 6231/East Lansing, MI 48826; godwinsh@msu.edu)

INDECISION • To Starve And Steal In NY City 7"

This record is dedicated to the Japanese hardcore scene and has lyrics translated into Japanese. The insert also told me that the music originally appeared on *Most Precious Blood* CD and the vocals have been re-recorded. I've never heard *Indecision* till now and they're better than I thought they would be. Metal stridged hardcore done pretty darn well with high energy. Well, maybe it's the un-slick production that I get the high energy comment from. I was expecting them to have an overly produced recording, but that's not the case here. Anyway, this is some pretty heavy shit. ADI (Denied A Custom Records/3-5-12-106 Hashigada/Narita-Shi/Chiba 286-0037/Japan)

THE JAZZ JUNE • Breakdance Suburbia CD

This ten song CD is a collection of tracks from their *Breakdance Suburbia* 7" with the addition of songs from an out of print 7" and some tracks from comp records. Musically they are light jangly stuff with plenty of melody and indie elements (not unlike the Get Up Kids or the Promise Ring). Indie fans the world over are rejoicing. KM (Initial Records/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

JERK WITH A BOMB • Death To False Metal CD

Twelve songs played by a duo from Canada, I think. At least the label is based in Canada, but what difference does it make anyway, right? This duo, featuring a guitar and drums, play music that sounds like The Pogues doing Neil Diamond covers. I'd hate to say that this is folky, but in a good way it is and done well. The simplicity of the instruments makes it easy to get used to the music. There's even a song which made me dance the way I did to the Cure's "Lovecats." I liked the electric acoustic sound along with the loose snare beats make up the songs. Fans of bands like Kind Of Like Spitting and Urban Legends should give this a listen. AF (Seven Segment/1682 Frances St/Vancouver, BC V5L 1Z4/Canada)

JUD JUD • No Tolerance For Instruments 7"

Jud Jud are back again with another seven inch of hardcore played exclusively with the mouth. "Judd" and "Wahhhh" replace the guitars and bass, playing what sounds like old hardcore songs you've heard a million times before. Funny stuff. Although I would have to say that this time they pulled out all the stops (double bass pedal song, tuffed down song), I can't say that I recommend this if you've heard the first one. I can't say I recommend this at all because once the humor wears off, I couldn't imagine listening to this again. Final verdict: somewhere between really funny and a waste of plastic. ARB (Schematics)

KEYSER SOZE • The Images We See CD

This quintet of suspects plays loud, aggressive, boomy, grinding, critical hardcore. The songs are played well with lots of energy, but they just don't have a personality that I could pick up on. They also broke it up enough to avoid monotony, but there wasn't anything that made me say, "OK, this is what Keyser Soze is all about. This is LP length, in a jewel box, and the lyrics are included. There's a wacky secret track too. DF (1024 73rd Way North/Minneapolis, MN 55444).

KIDS LIKE US • Truth Alone Triumphs 7"

A real '90s hardcore feel from this band. Sounds kinda like the *In My Eyes Difference Between* record. Nice look to it and at first sight you might not think that the music being played would go with the cover art. The Commitment label that put this out is putting some good bands out along with some good records. NS (Commitment/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

KILARA • Southern Fried Metal CD

Kilara was a great band with a lot of power and character, and while they never got a lot of recognition, this CD does a good job of capturing their Southern metal meets hardcore mesh that could only belong to Kilara. The title really does describe Kilara quite well, especially with some of the very bizarre sounding tracks at the end of the CD. Good stuff. KM (Slave/PO Box 10093/Greensboro, NC 27404)

KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS • Sugar... CD

Kill The Man Who Questions takes about half an hour to blast out their fifteen tracks of political hardcore with male and female vocals. The music is powerful and conveys their extremely political message with energy and plenty of bite. The enclosed booklet is very nice with lots of artwork and text. The LP version should be out soon as well. KM (Coalition Records/Hugo De Grootstraat 25/2518 EB Den Haag/Holland)

KONTORTION • ?"

"Fear, emptiness, despair, misery..." as one of their lyrics states is definitely the theme captured here. Grindcore from CT. It seems like there are two vocalists doing the duties here. One does the high pitched grunts which kind of annoyed me and the other does the deep growls which I liked a lot more simply because it makes their music sound a lot more powerful. If you're up to the power violence thing or just like fast ass grindcore then it's worth checking out. Nice looking record too. MA (Dead Alive Records/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006)

KONTROVERS • Skendemokrati 7"

Kontrovers play fast Swedish political thrash. The music is what you would expect; good but not very innovative. The lyrics are strong and cover a lot of important topics from the exploitation of the third world to the oppression of minorities, women and homosexuals. KM (Putrid Filth Conspiracy/Rodrigo Alfaro/Söderparkg. 35/214 22 Malmö/Sweden)

THE KILLERS • Voice Of Reason 7"

The Killers play ugly thrash hardcore. There is little else to say. The words are critical of Christians, gun owners, frat boys, race relations, and various people who have gained the attention of The Killers. SJS (4334 N Hermitage, Apt. 3W/Chicago, IL 60613)

KWISATZ HADERACH • 7"

I find this 7" to be quite interesting, but honestly I just don't understand. It is apparent to me that there is something going on here, but what it means or why it is being done remains a mystery to me. The printed lyrics for instance make little sense to me, and at times they alternate every other line with English and another language that I am not familiar with (Spanish? Portuguese?). The record also has what sounds like surface noise that runs through the whole course of one side of the 7", though I am positive that it was intentionally put there (the other side uses a different sort of background noise to lead into the song). The music is quite good; fast, frantic, powerful hardcore with crazed screaming. Interesting to see the least. KM (\$3 to Todd Hoffman/1701 A Hobart Street NW/ Washington, DC 20009)

KONTRAACTÁQUE • Luchas, Tragedias, Y Historias De... 7"

Fast thrashy hardcore, but not one dimensional. Vocals are deep and growly (reminiscent of His Hero Is Gone), with another vocalist adding some high screechy screams here and there. The lyrics are political with a thick booklet to explain the songs as well as a few other things. My only complaints are about the recording quality (it could be a bit better) and the screechy singer (I've never liked the high pitched screechy singers). BH (PO Box 39432/Downey, CA 90239)

KILLSADIE • Half Cocked Concepts CD

Five more songs from Killsadie combined with four songs from their 7" on one CD. All of the songs are pretty well done and the production of the entire CD is top notch with a nice booklet with arty photos of the band and their instruments (at least I think those are Killsadie's instruments, but you never know with Killsadie). The music is a sort of blend of chaotic hardcore and mellow emotive influences with plenty of power and drive. They don't get all frantic and sloppy though, which makes them a lot better than a lot of bands today. The vocals are very strong with a slightly raspy sound that fits well with the music. Pretty damn good. KM (\$7 to One Percent Records/PO Box 141048/Minneapolis, MN 55414-1048)

KOKOSHKAR • Allah Akbar Overdrive CD

Sixteen tracks of experimental freakdom from the arty end of the perspective. It sounded like the kind of release you'd see from Slapmt or Troublemaker. Drums, a saxophone, keyboards, guitars, a gong, and multiple vocal chords create an atonal mix of funk and frolic. At times, the melody hits you as something rather pleasant but the songs move on so quickly that it is hard to get oneself to understand (much less enjoy) each song. When the pieces come together, blaring and jumping, the energy gets you to a certain point that I had hoped would help me understand this band. Unfortunately, all I really heard was noise and I found myself lost on the concept and sound of this release. LO (\$10 to Organic Records c/o Annette/3 Shinnick St./Dover Gardens/SA 5048/Australia)

KRZYCZ • Trauma LP

This is heavily distorted drone metal that just grinds on and on and on and on... The nondescript sludge bass and guitar repeat a few riffs over and over and over. One voice shout sings while the other screams through heavy distortion and the band drones on and on and on and on for an unbelievable length of time with only an occasional shift to a quiet part. Krzyz are rather relentless in their sonic attack, which is impressive for a while. Ultimately though, the continuous over the top grinding wears thin. SJS (Niki Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

LA AFERRA • Milosz CD

La Aferra play very empowered hardcore that resonates deep emotion. The songs are slow and heavy which suck you into a space of contemplation and rest. I wish I could read their lyrics that are in Polish. The note that came with this CD said that the title is "Love" and, due to some personal experiences, is taken very seriously throughout the tracks. While the music is good, I feel that I am really missing something without the lyrics. I imagine they must be quite entrancing live. LO (Niki Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

LACK OF INTEREST • Trapped Inside CD

Power violence with a heavy Infest influence. Pretty standard stuff. I'm not too into this sort of thing, but these guys seem pretty good at it music-wise. The vocals leave a bit to be desired. Just as Visual Discrimination's singer sounded more New York-ish than any New York band, regardless of the fact that VD was from southern California, this singer just sounds "too tough." It sounds more like a caricature. BH (Slap A Ham/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

LADDERBACK • Honest, I Swear... CD

This is a pretty odd CD in some ways. I was expecting straight up indie rock with nice singing and plenty of melody, and maybe some harder moments where they really rock out. But the truth be known, Ladderback are way more aggressive and at times I would even go so far as to call them "spastic indie rock." The harder moments are often lightening fast with a very spastic feel and a whole lot of energy. Their is most certainly an arty element to their music, but it isn't pretentious, and Ladderback will never be called dull or mellow. Interesting at the very worst, and energetic hardcore with a slight indie influence at their best. An indie influenced hardcore band is the best description I can up for Ladderback. Good stuff if you don't mind fast and chaotic hardcore intermixed with melody and singing. KM (Bifocal Media/PO Box 296/Greenville, NC 27835-0296)

LAST SECURITY • Fuck Your Attitude 7"

The first thing that struck me about Last Security's lyrics was that "I Would Like To Eat A Hotdog Just To Watch You Kill Me" is in direct opposition to "No Compromise." Can you seriously write a song criticizing "a bunch of self-righteous people who think they have all the answers" and then go on to write a song stating that when people won't listen to you then it is okay to use direct action to force them to do what you want? Who is self-righteous again? Very weird. In any event, other than that blunder Last Security has some very up front and in your face lyrics about sexism and homophobia and then some more light hearted songs about snowball fighting and having a good time making noisy hardcore, which incidentally is exactly what Last Security does best. Angry and loud and a bit crazed. KM (Putrid Filth Conspiracy/Rodrigo Alfaro/Södarparkg. 35/214 22 Malmö/Sweden)

LEGION • 7"

Very evil artwork and layout. Too bad Legion aren't as evil as they make themselves out to be. I'll admit they have evil/dissonant overtones but for the most part they're just a crust punk band with deep vocals. Almost reminds me of boring black metal, but played at a slower speed. ADI (Ugly Pop Vinyl/2 Bloor St. W, Suite 100/Box 477/Toronto, ON/M4W 3EZ/Canada)

LEGION • Embedded In Darkness CD

Hailing from the same lands as the band Congress, I couldn't help seeing some similarities. The music is very metal and the songs all go from fast to very fast. The singing is a kind of evil scream that somewhat reminded me of Gehenna, and there is also a low growly guy that shows up occasionally. If you like Congress then you will probably like this as well. I don't mean to say they are taking their sound or anything, because they are not. Maybe both bands are friends. Total of 6 songs so it is sort of in between a mini (?) CD and a full length. RG (Days of Fury/PO Box 65/Wallasey/L45 3QE/England) or distro through (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

LEIAH • Mood Shifting Tones CD

Goodness gracious! A band on Genet that isn't mosh metal! And it's surprisingly pleasant. Pretty melodic indie rock. Delicate guitar pickings which lead to power-chord crunch. The promo insert states that their sound, "definitely has a huge Get-Up Kids influence," but I don't hear it at all. In fact, Leah sounds nothing like any of the bands they're compared to on this insert... Braids, Native Nomad, Promise Ring, and Hot Water Music? Nope. They really remind me of Mineral, though, especially the way that the singer takes four measures to pronounce three syllables. Well... it's OK. Mau in Barcelona really likes them. ALP (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)



LIFE'S HALT • We Sold Our Soul For Hardcore 7"

This is definitely a keeper. Life's Halt has the same endearing energy and youthful spirit that Youth Of Today had with their first 7" ep and I would definitely compare the Life's Halt sound to early Youth Of Today stuff mixed with some of the fury that Infest had on their first 7". Not to be missed. If Life's Halt sticks together and puts out more records then someday this 7" will be highly sought after. Great stuff. KM (\$3.50 to Youngblood Records/217 W Main St./Ephrata, PA 17522)

THE LUDDITE CLONE • The Arsonist And The Architect CD

METAAAAHHHL! The Luddite Clone plays a metallic hardcore style that has become increasingly popular in the underground scene over the last half of this decade. On that note, I can't say that it stands out all that much, musically-speaking. It's fast and hectic and all that, which counts for something. Cool samples interspersed throughout the tracks. But I can't really tell the difference between most metal bands... however, I enjoyed reading the lyric sheet for this CD: while most bands opt for "creeping death will blacken your soul and drag you into the pits of HEEEEEELLLL!" (or the like), The Luddite Clone writes some worthwhile things. Don't get me wrong, the lyrics are brutal and bloody and are not without a cliché or two, but as the title of the disc clues you into, the songs are thought-out and constructed, rather than thrown together. They build you up and burn you down. Yeah. Anyway... stop reading my idiotic banter and listen to some fucking metal already. Six songs, 13 minutes. DO (Cyberdine Records/1350 Mt. Vernon Rd./Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

LOS CRUDOS • Last Stand LP

This live LP is from the last show that Crudos played at Chicago's Fireside Bowl. The sound starts out sort of dodgy, but gets much better as the set goes on. The music is great, and whoever put out the bootleg let in a lot of Martin's talking between songs. The LP also comes with an insert that goes into detail about the last show and is actually the coolest part of this LP. And as I said this is a bootleg so DO NOT try to order them from Lengua Armada. The insert claims this was limited to 315, but that is an incredibly small number of records and if this is true then no one will get this so don't even bother looking. This is too bad since the record really is pretty good and it is obvious that it was made by people that are both into Crudos and mindful of what Crudos were all about. KM (no address)

LOST WORLD • Tot Aber Halbtar LP

Another great looking record from Skuld and Lost World. Tot Aber Halbtar comes with a gigantic poster which is four feet wide! The poster has art and lyrics in both English and German. Lost World is a German anarchist punk band that combines melody and a crusty punk sound to come up with something sounding uniquely like Lost World. The female vocals are sung and screamed in a raspy attack and cover a lot of political topics. Sincere and important stuff from Lost World. KM (Skuld Releases/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Renningen/Germany)

LUCK OF ALEIA • CD

Featuring Bernie McGinn of Sideshow and Caulfield Records fame on guitar and vocals, Luck of Aleia rocks in the way many bands from the Mid-West do. Mellow and melodic. Pretty and poetic. If this wasn't on Caulfield, you could bet your bottom dollar it would be on Crank!. You know the style, perhaps better than you'd like. Mineral and the rest of the forerunners have helped bash it to death and commercial radio looms on the horizon. This band is far better than most playing the style, I can safely say. If it were as great a challenge to get a CD put out these days as it was about five years ago, this would still make the cut. It's not a challenge, however, so this is simply a diamond in the rough. Elements of low-key Superchunk and Giants Chair are apparent and any fan of good indie-rock can find a place for Luck of Aleia in their heavy rotation pile. Six songs, 26 minutes. DO (\$6ppd to Caulfield/PO Box 8432/Lincoln, NE 68501; www.acton.com/bernie)

MALCONTENT • CD

The packaging on this CD is the highlight of this release. Beautifully taken pictures of some of the world's ugliest moments. Apocalyptic. Political lyrics about the world going to shit help bring these disturbing images more meaning. Musically, this seems to be influenced by Neurosis circa Souls At Zero and Enemy. This is slow heavy with eerie riffs, but falls short with the minimal production. The recording is not bad, and you can hear everything fine—it just lacks power. The instrumental, "Vertigo," was the song that really stood out for me. The addition of a violin gave them the extra edge. ADI (\$8ppd to PO Box 787/McMinnville, OR 97128)

MANIFESTO JUKEBOX • CD

Pop-punk from Finland that sounds identical to mid-period Moving Targets. May I take this time to plug the Moving Targets 2fer CD of Burning In Water/Brave Noise. It's on Taang! and I know that sucks but just take the deepest breath you can and get that CD. If you enjoy it, you will also enjoy the sounds of Manifesto Jukebox. They're glossier than some might care for, but underneath that lies rehearsed experience, strong and catchy songwriting, and a really nice sense of balance. Some may find a bit of Rocket from the Crypt in here too, but that might be stretching it. A fine little record for you, the kids. DM (Fragments of Hope/PL/2190501 Oulu/Finland)

MEATJACK • Trust CD

At first look of this CD you would think you were looking at Rob Zombie or some industrial super star. Once I popped it in, I wasn't too surprised at the sound. At times I hear a sloppier VSS, at least with the vocals, although they are not as slurred as the VSS vocals were. Musically they are a lot heavier than the VSS were, and their metal influence is shown well. Meatjack tend to remind me a washed up '80s metal band that's come back with something they think is new. Meatjack are not a bad band, they just did nothing for me really. I guess if you're into slow monotonous twangy mayhem then this will fit with your collection. BR (At A Loss/PO Box 3597/Annapolis, MD 21403)

MACH TIVER • 7"

This record should not have been pressed. I guess someone had a lot of money to burn to release such a poor recording of such boring songs. This is what demos are for. Bass, vocals and drums play 3 droning songs with simple drumming and distortion bass making it hard to find anything tangible. Vocals are just kinda there at times and not there at others. There's nothing in these songs to make me want to listen to them ever again. Leaving on a good note, I like the packaging—simple but not sparse. ADI (Red Elephant Records/RR #4/Trenton, ON/KBV 5P7/Canada)

MONTH OF BIRTHDAYS • Lost In The Translation CD

Last year I heard all sorts of good things about this band, but it has been so long that I had forgotten exactly what was being said. Listening to this CD brought back the praise people were giving this band for being very accurate and heartfelt. The music is indie inspired hardcore that builds and mellows throughout for effect. What sets this band apart is the vocals. Cath's voice is totally powerful and emotional, which brings special meaning out of what she is singing. At their best, this band reminds me of the late and great Dahlia Seed. LO (Subjugation/PO Box 191/Darlington/DL13 8YN/UK)

MG15 • Derecho A La Vida 7"

This is a repressing of a 7" that came out back in 1984. MG15 played very typical early '80s hardcore. Their sound is hard and raw with a thinner guitar sound than is standard today. They are comparable to Discharge or a whole host of hardcore bands that had songs on the P.E.A.C.E. comp that came out around the same time. The 7" comes with an interview that has been reprinted from Maximum Rock'n'Roll and it has printed text in English and Spanish. The songs are good and I would recommend this to anyone interested in old style hardcore. KM (Don't Belong/PO Box 8035/33200 Xixon/Spain)



THE MERCURY PROGRAM • LP

The music is kind of like Fugazi. The vocals are just spoken. They demonstrate that they're pretty talented musicians, but the music didn't have anything that was really grabbed me. Some people would like this, but it's just not for me. GD (Boxcar Records/PO Box 1141/Melbourne, FL 32902)

MARILYN'S VITAMINS • *Meanwhile During The Class...* 7"

I got this thinking it would sound like one of the bands on the *Reproach* comp of Negative Approach songs (Dropdead, Spazz, Man is the...), but this was not true. Marilyn's Vitamins play new school pop punk that is really boring. NS (2 Bloor St. W. Suite 100 Box 477/Toronto, ON/M4W 3E2/Canada)

M.I.J. • CDep

Just as "God Don't Make No Junk" (according to The Halo Benders), the same could be said for Caulfield Records. With an impeccable track record that includes Christie Front Drive, Traluma and Giants Chair, a precedent has been set... and M.I.J. more than meets the standard. Gorgeous female vocals over well-played melodic, dynamic rock a la Sunny Day Real Estate and Jejune. Great movement in the playing and it is very pleasing to the ear. No packaging was included on the review copy, unfortunately, so that's the one negative I can come up. The four songs on here make me antsy in anticipation for further output by this new wondergroup. Really highly recommended for fans of everyone's least favorite musical style. Four songs, 13 minutes. DO (\$5ppd to Caulfield/PO Box 84323/Lincoln, NE 68501; www.acton.com/bernie)

MY LAI • 7"

My Lai have a very eclectic sound to say the least. Their style for the most part leaning toward the thrashy end of things, which unfortunately includes the machine-gun drum beat that seems to be so popular today but just bugs the living shit out of me. They also mix in some catchier, more melodic parts here and there though. Unfortunately they tend to try to pack too many of their varied styles into each song. Just when you start to get into a song they head off in some completely unrelated direction, and they lose you. Which is too bad, because the parts that really grab are really good. Once you get a bit used to it and have heard the songs a few times the jarring effects fade somewhat, but I found myself still wishing that they were a bit less eclectic. BH (PO Box 470650/Chicago, IL 60647)

MONKHOUSE • *Recognise Your Enemies* 2x7"

Eight punk anthems from Northern Ireland. Catchy and simple, but the songs drag. This was recorded in '95 and '96, but this still wouldn't be anything original back then. If you're into really stripped-down street punk then this record might bring you joy. ADI (PO Box 5466/Atlanta, GA 30307)

METROSCHIFTER • *Strawberries* CDep

6 tracks @19:53. Mercifully short new recording by this long-running Louisville rock "concern." I stopped by their Pittsburgh show to see my friends in the Atom Panic perform, and soon learned that only three people (myself included) paid to get in. I'm glad that K. Scott Ritcher exists and all, but (and this is a big "but" as he seems like a nice guy and really dedicated to getting Louisville kids all riled up about expressing themselves), there is absolutely nothing novel or remarkable about the music on this record. Their rock music is so flat and lifeless and seemingly conceived without any effort that I can't even imagine the visages of three humans who would walk into a recording studio and lay it down. At its peak ("My Old Kentucky Home") they eke out some Dinosaur Jr.-esque fuzz-guitar blats; the rest of these tracks are executed without even the bare minimum of energy or charm, and Ritcher's vocal delivery couldn't be any more hollow if he were caught talking in his sleep. With both feet planted firmly on the ground, I squat and squirt proudly over this plastic disc. DM (Doughouse/PO Box 8946/Toledo, OH 43623)

NA KRAWEDZI DEPORTACJI • *Synchronized* 7"

This 7" was recorded in the kitchen of a famous squat in Berlin. The sound quality is pretty bad, but the lyrics and writing inside this record make up for most of that. The band's name means "on the edge of deportation" in Polish; this ties together some of the points they make about borders. I think the concepts this band push are very interesting. They talk of freeing yourself of government, the sham of the Olympic Games, the problems with nuclear energy, squatting, and animal torture. The ideas haven't been discussed before, but they do it with a certain originality that makes you think and not just assume you know what they are saying. The songs on this 7" are recorded really low and the music itself has a slower tempo, so it makes it hard to really catch the energy. They just sort of plug along in a crust/anarcho-punk style with the two vocalists screaming back and forth at one another. With a quicker pace and a better recording I think this 7" would be way more appealing to listen to. LO (Nikt Nie Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

THE NATIONAL ACROBAT • CD

Intense rock, that seemed to please for a bit, but soon began to irritate. The song structure seemed really muddled and much of it got lost in the "emo-noise." Vocals bugged, too. Packaging was nice. Whatever. GD (ISV/PO Box 6805/Louisville, KY 40206-0805)

NEUTRINO • Motion Picture Soundtrack CD

Think Quarterstick Records, Chicago, math rock and all that jazz and you've got the basic idea about Neutrino. Kissing cousins of June of '44, minus the whole sailor thing. I'm afraid that Neutrino lacks a little something if put up against the legends of indie-rock, however. It moves like them, with the slow, pulsating rhythms and stops and starts. It picks up some momentum here and there, but all paths lead back to the bumping and grinding. For math-rock, it's good but not great. Not a whole lot to differentiate them from the masses and the lack of information doesn't earn them any extra points. All in all, I'm left needing more to keep me satisfied. They're on the right track, but they don't explore any... they just trod along the way that many have trodden before. Next time I'd like them to push the boundaries a bit more. 10 songs, 34 minutes. DO (Divot/PO Box 14061/Chicago, IL 60614-0061; www.divot.com)

NEXUS SIX • CD

This CD features some of the songs from the Nexus Six demo along with some newer songs for a total of 6 songs. And then there are twenty minutes of live Nexus Six stuff as well. I remember the Nexus Six demo as being strongly influenced by Portraits Of Past. I don't hear that influence nearly as much as I did back then, though I am pretty sure the recording on this CD is the same as the demo recording. I guess I would describe the Nexus Six sound as being somewhere between Portraits Of Past meets mid '80s emo stuff before emo and indie rock became synonymous. The music is moody and very expressive, which is what reminds me of Portraits Of Past. They play both speedy hardcore and more slower and somber sounding stuff which they intermix together for some nice transitions. The vocals are screamed and sometimes they are very raspy, and at times everything gets right to the edge of being chaotic. Nexus Six is no longer, but if you like quality hardcore that has a very moody feel and if you liked Portraits Of Past then I would certainly recommend this CD. KM (Spare Organ/421 Sherwood Way/Menlo Park, CA 94025)

THE NEIGHBORS • *The More Money One Has...* 7"

This is a 7" version of the *The More Money One Has...* CD that was released in the USA by Muck Records. Believe it or not the entire CD is included on this 7". The Neighbors play fast hardcore with shouted and snotty vocals. In addition they have great lyrics that are amazingly lengthy; no sloganizing or cheap one liners here, but rather in depth content and well delivered sarcasm. These people could move into my neighborhood and I would be happy to say hello. KM (Kangaroo Records/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/Netherlands)

NERO • The Dune Concept Album CD

8 tracks @ 44:53. I've had this one in my car for a few weeks and it's been pretty hard to stop listening to it (the only things that actually bumped it were the Kinks' *Something Else* and Ice Cube's *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted*). They're a band from Louisville, Kentucky, this is their first full-length, and it's smokin', yet I'm having a hard time finding words to do it justice. They employ a lot of complex rhythm and time signatures in what they play, but their rock never gets masturbatory or loses its sense of importance. I've heard comparisons of these guys to Wire and Don Caballero and neither one sticks at all. Nero looks towards the monolithic guitar product of a Bitch Magnet or Engine Kid, then infuses that big hugeness with an unstable perimeter of math path core function that recalls Okara, or maybe the Hal Al Shedad in earlier, less weepy days. The record never lets up, not even in its 18-minute magnum opus finale, yet it doesn't trap you, the listener, into mistaking what they play as something else. It's strong as hell, and yet it is a concept album based on David Lynch's film version of the sci-fi novel *Dune*. The world would be a little brighter if there were more bands like Nero peeling the paint off of its worldly walls. Mad props to their drummer for maintaining the hilarious Band-a-Minute homepage. DM (Temporary Residence, Ltd./PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203-4910)

OBLIVION • *Suckers From The Start* CD

This CD contains 26 tracks at 69:12 minutes. This is a compilation of 7"ers and other recordings from Chicago's Oblivion. They play speedy upbeat punk with a tip of their hats to simple melodies. But mostly they just blast along having a grand time and certainly putting smiles on the faces of anyone lucky enough to hear their music. There are an inordinate number of cover tunes on this CD but such is the case with split 7"ers and compilation tracks. Fortunately their contribution to the *Achting Chicago!* Drei compilation is included here. It is called "She's Moving To Paris" and it is a monumental raw pop punk tune with a huge guitar solo and energy galore. All these songs show plenty of rough edges while maintaining considerable sing along potential. Aside from the goofy cover tunes this is a really good time. SJS (Sinister Records/PO Box 1178/La Grange Park, IL 60526)

ONExMORE • *They Say You Sold Out* 7"

Great hardcore with straight screaming no attempt at singing at all just a growl. Just fast songs with all the same pick slides and breakdowns that you love. Great band, great drummer and a great 7"! NS (Commitment/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

ONE REASON • *Closing Our Chapters* CD

I can think of about a million reasons to close this chapter of my reviews, but the most important is the idea, "If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all." Horrible pop-punk. GD (PO Box 4244/Cleveland, MS 38732)

OPERATION • *Destruktiv Utveckling* 12"

Sweden's Operation is back with more blistering anarchist punk thrash tunes. Keeping crust powerful and intelligent, Operation assaults with a dual male and female vocals. The booklet comes with lyrics in English and Swedish and they throw a poster in for good times. Vicious and well done. KM (Skuld Releases/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Renningen/Germany)

OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN • *When...* 2xCD and 'zine

This overview contains much of the recorded material from OCC. Even if this is not a complete discography, they were prolific during their 5 year existence. What you get is non-stop upbeat pop punk with energy to spare. The lyrics are smart, vocals are well done and the recordings are perfect for the music they capture. The 'zine tells the OCC story from the remnants of the Ted Dancin' Machine through multiple members, tours, mishaps, and records to their final show. The rest of the 'zine contains explanations of every song on the 2 CDs. The band story is excellent. Chris mentions that there are many more stories he does not feel like writing. I wish he would. The songs are all about relevant social and political concerns and the descriptions of each are well written. SJS (\$9 to Plan-It-X Records/5810 Willis Rd/Georgetown, IN 47122-9117)

OTOPHOBIA • 7"

Brutal Crust/Grind from Atlanta. Short, fast, sweet, and to the point in your face barrage of growling and a flurry of drums and guitars. There isn't really much else to say, but I do wish that there was a little more screaming instead of just growls. CF (Eric Mohr/PO Box 5304/Atlanta, GA 31107)

OUT COLD • *Live In Amsterdam* CD

Our Cold play fast and furious punk rock. I can't say much about the content of their stuff because there isn't much explanation of what is on this live CD. Their music is reminiscent of '80s punk: thought my lack of knowledge of that time period leaves me with nothing to compare them to. This recording is unreefined but does capture a lot of spunk as the band burns through 28 tracks of old school punk. LO (Kangaroo Records/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/The Netherlands)

OUTCRY • LP

These eight songs are fast and harsh with moments of slower and heavier meandering. I would almost call this emo-violence since they seem to be influenced by both genres (but don't for a second think that Outcry are for the weak at heart!). They put it all together with some very distorted but solid sounding vocals that have a real feeling of desperation at times. The lyrics... well I can't really tell what goes with what, but there is a lyric sheet of sorts that just spews it all out as one statement. Some of the writing (once again I am assuming these are the lyrics) seems like the ramblings of madmen, while at other times it is fierce and pointed political outcry. Fairly intense, and in their own words, "one for apocalypse." Oh, yeah, and the record comes on the thickest vinyl I have ever seen! KM (Don't Belong/M.G.S./PO Box 8035/33200 Xixon/Spain)

THE PAPER CHASE • ...And The Machines Are Winning 7"

Weird quirky sounding hardcore with odd lyrics and writings that have meanings that aren't always apparent. I listened to this many times, and I still can't decide if I like it or not. At first it was just really annoying, but The Paper Chase are just interesting enough to make me wonder if I am missing out on something that they have to offer. The music alternates between a full pulsating sound and a minimalist mid tempo approach. Very much guitar driven with subtle drum playing on the quite parts. Interesting, but I still can't decide if I like or dislike their style of playing. KM (Magister Ludi Records/PO Box 47012/Tulsa, OK 74147)

PAGENINETYNINE • Document #4 6"

Hmm...this is a very interesting little 6", not really musically but more because of what is written inside the cover. The theme of the record is suicide as a result of four suicides of loved ones lost by the band members. They decided to express their feelings about this through this record. 2 songs here, the first a crazy fast spastic hc song, the second a more slower eerie sounding hc song. Sometimes playing music or doing projects such as a record like this can help heal wounds by allowing you to openly talk/write about things that are hurting you and knowing that others might be listening. I hope something positive came out of this for them. MA (Robodog Records/12001 Aintree Lane/Reston, VA 20191)

PAINTBOX • 7"

Wow, this is strange. Super high energy Japanese thrash that sounds like Motorhead. '80s style thrash metal that's fast paced from start to finish with chessball solos, a harmonica and goofy trumpet parts that seem to come out of nowhere. The music is tight and technical and the recording is top-notch. The vocals are screchy and energetic and give the impression that the singer is totally spazzing out. I dig it. GC (H:G Fact/401 Hongo/M-2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo, 164-0013/Japan)

PANTHRO U.K. UNITED 13 • *Goleta...* 7"

Once again Panthro are all over the place with their sound. "Goleta" sounds like a slightly rougher Hot Water Music tune (incidentally, when Panthro played Goleta they had a song with no name and a couple of the eight or nine people at the show said, "Call it Goleta"; and so lo and behold they named it "Goleta"). "Dead Asshole" sounds like a cross between Hot Water Music and Slap Shot (am I the only one that hears this?), while "Rat Patrol" is a decent Nekid Raygun cover, though not as good as the Blasters version which I also reviewed for this issue. If you like edgy melodic stuff that has that Florida Fugazi influence via Hot Water Music then Panthro U.K. United 13 will be appealing. In truth, I prefer Panthro to Hot Water Music. KM (\$3 to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 37304/Las Vegas, NV 89170)

PART TIME WHORE • Home LP

There are some very interesting and original thoughts expressed on this record. What they say about technology, the scene, interpreting the media, nuclear war and skepticism were cool to read. Musically, they play melodic hardcore that reminds me of late eighties Dischord stuff in a weird way. I don't know if anyone else would hear that, but I do. I think that is the main reason I enjoyed the music. LO (\$5 to Meat Slap Records/PO Box 73034/Las Vegas, NV 89170)

THE PAWNS • ...And They Thought Anarchy Was Bad CD

This is some pretty good stuff, played in the Bay Area tradition. Angry anarchist lyrics and female vocals sung smoothly and with more of an older style. This kind of reminds me of really good Vicesquad. This is pretty good straight up punk with political lyrics. I really dig the layout and the cover. CF (Bad Monkey Records/473 North St./Oakland, CA 94609)

PENCILCASE • For The Kids CD

Okay, there is no denying that the name is really bad, but Pencilcase pretty much make up for it with high energy hardcore that utilizes solid choruses, metal guitar, lots of catchy beats, and a sense of melody. At times I would even describe them as a metal influenced emo band; in general a good mix of influences to create something interesting. Pencilcase has a good sound and they deliver it with plenty of power and enthusiasm. KM (Antagonist Records/Holunderweg 3/53937 Gembünd/Germany)

PHONORAKES • Aldila Di Tutto CD

At first I thought Amphetamine Reptile had some part in this, but it turns out that somebody was just paying homage to their logo. Phonorakes has a very middle-of-the-road hardcore sound. Not too loud, not too soft, not too fast, not too slow. While they don't do anything wrong, they never quite get past being non-descript either. I did however appreciate the CD packaging and the lyrics in English and Italian (I think). 6 songs in about 20 minutes. DF (Angelo Olive/Via F.LLI/Fosselli, 39/72015 Fasano (BR)/Italy)

PIEKTO KOBIET • *Liberation of Men. Liberation of Women* 10"

Whoa... this shit is crazy! This all female Polish crust/grind group busts out some of the strangest hardcore I've ever heard! The only thing I can relate this to is Spitboy. Even though the two bands don't sound the same, the spirit is still there and both bands are have 4 members. Really nice lyrics in Polish, with English translations and explanations. Some of the lyrical flow is lost in the translations, but the lyrics are right on! Lyrics about sexist society and the enforcement of patriarchy through the church and culture. I'm really into the Polish stuff, and this record mixes the "traditional" Polish sound (i.e. mixing metal and HC like Homomilitia) and something I've never heard. 8 tax total, including two live ones! If Spitboy was Polish, it would sound a lot like this! DD (Malarie Records/PO Box 10/60-170 Poznan 27/Poland)

PINEWOOD DERBY • *The 18th Emergency* CD

New school punk done by a few positive kids singing songs about losing friends, school, coming of age and the confusion of life. Lyrics are straight forward and bring sad images of departure to me which is kind of ironic with catchy poppy music and all. A worthwhile listen at a decent DIY price. ADI (\$5ppd to Whitehouse Records/830 Baylor Wissman Rd./Laneville, IN 47136)

THE PUT DOWNS • *National Band Of Texas* 7"

The cover of the record shows the 3 members of this band trying to break into a beer truck. From that I expected them to be a mediocre punk rock band. I was right. GD (Turkey Baster Records/PO Box 22205/Dallas, TX 75222)

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS • *7"*

Two hard and short songs from this rockin' band. Real pissed at parts and said in others. This is really short; I went to get a piece of paper to write on and the first song was over. Kinda sounds like a mix of Sunny Day Real Estate and Grade with some faster parts. Nice looking record from a nice sounding band that was fun to see live. NS (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 1404/I/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS • *Fucking Fight* 7"

Some high-velocity, rough-and-tumble rock springing forth from this slab o' wax. Planes Mistaken For Stars know how to rock the jams, sort of like an angrier, screamier Hot Water Music with Chamberlain vocals (on bits of both "Fucking Fight" and "The Part You Left Out"), but boy I gotta say that this 7" might warrant being called "Fucking Short" instead... When the big man behind Dim Mak told me of the plan to put out this 7" I thought he was joking when he said it was about three minutes long, but it really is.. the layout's pretty, the sound quality is excellent and the band is great, too, but I feel a little let down by the lack of quantity. The song's aren't fully developed, so everyone gets short-changed; the band, the label and the listener alike. For what's here, it's lovely... it's just not here for long enough... DO (Dim Mak/PO Box 1404/I/Santa Barbara, CA 93107; www.dimmak.com)

POSITIVE NEGATIVE • Throughout The Holocaust 7"

Positive Negative mixes it up. For the most part they are blistering fast hardcore that verges on being thrash, but then they will add some metal riffs or through in a melodic punk element. It is all well done, and it fits pretty well with their apocalyptic and political lyrics to create a very eerie and ugly experience. Nothing pretty here. KM (Fight Records/Hikivuorenkatu 17 D. 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

THE PRICKS • Horror House On Highway Five 7"

As the name of the band might lead you to believe, The Pricks do indeed play some fairly smoky punk. It's not crust or grind per se, but it's sort of in that direction. The lyrics are standard, but also classic in a punk angst kind of way. There's nothing really new here, but if you've got room for more of this kind of punk, these six songs were done well enough that they should fill that void nicely. DF (Rubber City Records/PO Box 8349/Akron, OH 44320-0349)

POUND WI • I've Got A Terrible Secret CD

The first thing I did with this CD was read the insert and saw that they did a cover of "When Doves Cry" by, you got it, Prince. So I couldn't wait until track 9 of 11, since I am an avid Prince fan. The sound of Pound WI is mellow and dreamy worked heavily by the bass and drums. When things pick up a little, I'd say a very slim comparison would be Fugazi. A very radio friendly CD. BR (Sun.Sea.Sky/307 West Lake Dr./Randon Lake, WI 53075)

PITBOSS 2000 • Everyone's A Winner CD

Musically, Pitboss 2000 are pretty good with a sound that builds off of early '80s hardcore, fast crossover stuff, rap-street lingo, and a catchy Slapshot influence. But I guess the important thing about Pitboss 2000 isn't the music. The bottom line is that these are four white guys that live in a world where white guys rule. They throw around words like "fag" and "bitch" over and over again in an attempt to make you laugh. Some of their songs are actually pretty funny, and I would even go so far as to say that some of them have good points at their base. But a white guy I just can't listen to this homophobic and sexist language with a clear conscience. Pitboss 2000 may well think they are entertaining, but they are endorsing oppression and since they are white guys they will never understand what that means. If there was justice in this world these four guys would be reborn as women and gays, and then maybe they would think it was funny when they get raped or beaten to death by white guys. But unfortunately we live in a world with no justice, so these four white guys will continue to endorse sexism and homophobia and oppression through their "humor" and they will never understand what their "jokes" mean to a whole world of people that aren't white guys. If your need to laugh is more important than your need to empathize with people that have to live with constant abuse and oppression then I guess Pitboss 2000 will be of interest, but if you can listen to these songs without feeling the slightest inclination of embarrassment then I would have to argue that it isn't that you find Pitboss 2000 funny so much as that you are a sexist homophobic white guy that would just like an excuse to be an asshole. KM (Use Your Head Records/PO Box 297977/Columbus, OH 43229)

PRAY SILENT • This Was Not My War CD

Wow. Beautifully orchestrated intro with strings-oh-plenty, but then... CHUNK CHUNK CHUNK!!! Oh God! It's more metallic, mosh, metal mumbo jumbo... oh well. There's a song on this album entitled "I Curse the Day I Was Born," which sounds like a rip off of Path Of Resistance... but, considering the fact that no one in their right mind would rip off Path Of Resistance, I'm sure it's unintentional. Rumor has it that someone broke into the van of this Swiss band and stole all of their equipment at this year's Vort 'n Vis hardcore fest (probably the same bastards that stole my backpack there), so maybe you should buy this album out of sympathy... ALP (Genet Records/PO Box 4479000 Gent 1/Belgium)

PROLAPSE NATION • CD

I don't even know where to start describing this. This is so incredibly DIY. Home burned CD, brown paper bag over-cover holds the CD cover, poster, and lyric booklet/zine. Recorded on a four track, the music has the same home made feel as the packaging. The music is absolute insanity; sloppy, intense, chaotic hardcore reminding me of a low-fi Locust, but it seems far more strained than that, like a nervous breakdown. Fast at parts with electronic effects added in, slow and plodding at others. Neat stuff, recommended. ARB (1925 Records/1931 E California/Bakersfield, CA 93307)

RADIO 4 • 7"

First off, they lose major points for not having a lyric sheet in their record. I guess that doesn't matter really because I don't think I want to know what this band is singing about. Modern rock for modern rock radio stations. MA (Gern Blandsten Records/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

R.A.P. • Follow The Sun CD

In the early '80s, the members of this band were originally in a well known punk group called Smierc Kliniczna. After a few years they became R.A.P., a very influential and popular punk reggae band from Poland. This CD is a compilation of old demos and well recorded live tapes from R.A.P.'s history. The twelve tracks on this CD are more reggae than punk, but very well done. The songs are about suffering, living, and rocking—and each one sticks to a tight, mellow groove. They capture the same kind of spirit as the Bad Brains' exude in their reggae songs; that is quite a feat. LO (Nikit Nic Wie/PO Box 53/34/40 Nowy Targ/Poland)

RAHAKKA • Napalmia 7"

Crust from Finland with all that it should have: dual vocals, political songs, a mediocre recording job and the must-have reference to their crustyness. In this case, "Drunk as Crust." 8 songs with lyrics in their native tongue and English. The cover is nice and shiny and folds out with the band pictures and lyrics on the inside. Overall, it's nothing that hasn't been done before. CD (Morbid Productions & Rahakka/Leo Van Aarschot/Kanslerinie 9 as. 93/20200 Turku/Finland)

RANDOM CONFLICT • New World Order CD

The music on this CD is your typical party punk. Random Conflict stick to an old style and do a fine job of it. The real problem with this band is the lyrics. The topics they sing about range from the sterile themes of revelry and disgust with society to the offensive theories displayed in "Whore" and "Heavy Metal Slut." Really, those two are essentially the same song; both about women who "sleep around" and how the people in this band think that is bad. Somehow a woman can't have casual sex and still be considered a decent person? Get over it, boys. LO (PO Box 1226/Huntsville, AL 35815-2262)

RECESS THEORY • They Would Walk Into The Picture CD

Eight songs from Florida's Recess Theory capture the spirit of today's current indie rock fare. Each song is mellow and emotional in its own way, but the band does its best to keep an overall theme without having everything sound the same. This is nothing new, but it is done well and the lyrics are better than most bands like this. The only thing that put me off to this band was their professional promo sheet that had a description of the CD from someone at MTV.com and listed key markets and selling points for the band. When will the DIY scene kick this shit out? LO (Takehold Records/PO Box 19831/Birmingham, AL 35219)



LEBENSREFORM

by David Pujol

RED FORTY • discography CD

I don't think I have ever listened to a Red Forty record before, or at least if I did then it wasn't very memorable, but I really enjoyed listening to these songs. Granted the lyrics are complete throw away pop crap. For instance from "Smile Back" we are treated to "you're sexy and you're seventeen, my little rock and roll queen." But the music is very well written and catchy as hell. The vocals, however, are what really gives Red Forty their character. The vocalist has a very distinct and nasal sounding style that reminds me of why I am a sucker for Mike Ness of Social Distortion's vocals (also a wee bit comparable I think to Blake's vocals on the early Jawbreaker records). Pop punk that isn't polished but instead rather edgy. KM (Haran Records/7205 Geronimo/N. Little Rock, AR 72116)

REDRUM • 7"

Redrum play totally pissed off and mean sounding music. Nothing nice here; aggressive hardcore, played fast and raw (just how I like it). The lyrics are spiteful and strait to the point depicting the ills of society. Eight songs of total ugliness and aggression. The poor recording just makes the songs even more pissed sounding. The last song rules. GC (720 Records/PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504)

RENT BOYS • Long Time 7"

Some very bland college rock on the A-side, played slow with a vocalist who manages to evoke Tom Waits, Shane McGowan and that dickhead from Live. Guitar solo. Orange vinyl. Now I want to die... but no, there's a Misfits cover on the flip done acoustic with banjo and mandolin, a joke far beneath me. What were these people thinking when they sent this to Heartattack? My morning is ruined. DM (Reactionary Records/PO Box 5466/Atlanta, GA 31107)

THE RED STARS • Welcome To The Party 7"

This band looks like they're trying to emulate The Clash with their image. The first song sounds like it too. The other song is a little screamier and just plain bad. "Welcome to the Party" is actually a pretty decent song, but this record is really pretty boring. GD (Far Out Records/PO Box 14361/Fort Lauderdale, FL 33302)

THE REPORTS • Run Into The Night CD

11 tracks @ 31:53. Well-groomed indie rock trio from parts unknown, who know enough to not tamper with a solid hook or a steady sound. Their music is basement-pedigree boycore with the occasional touch of electronica, but the simplicity of their music totally crept up on me and kept me listening. An exceptional, non-flashy recording really brings out the rough-hewn nature of electricrocksound that's being worn on their sleeves, a bold, non-bullshit move in these days of hyper-glossy sweater rock emo-schmeemo jackassity. Whatever, I like this a lot, and if you're into Seam or Haywood, you just might too. DM (Satellite Transmissions/PO Box 4432/Boulder, CO 80306)

RETCONNED • Simulant Skin Included CD

I don't know what to call this music. Maybe it's industrial or electro-rock or something like that, I don't know. It's got lots of synthesizer sounds and other weird stuff. I'm sure a lot of people are into this type of stuff. MA (Stickfigure/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

ROCKY VOTOLATO • CD

All male solo artists seem to get the Elliott Smith comparison. But, honestly, listen to the second track on this CD and you'll realize that it's warranted. Don't get me wrong, Mr. Votolato is a very talented individual (and a nice guy to boot), but the similarities are certainly there. When Wade played here recently and a string was broken (or maybe their light show was on the fritz or something...), Rocky played "Work Hard" without thinking twice or showing any sort of nerves... a real showman. This CD is well-recorded and produced and for a drizzly day when you want to get settled in and comfortable, it's the perfect complement. I'll listen to this numerous times this rainy season (if we get one this year). Very well done. The lyrics are solid and the whole feeling is one of perfect serenity and warmth. 12 songs, 34 minutes. DO (Status/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358) or (Henry's Finest Recordings/16128 NE 145th St./Woodinville, WA 98072; henry1@earthlink.com)

ROCKY VOTOLATO & SETH WARREN • 7"

Really fucking pleasant acoustic guitar and violin and a nice male voice. The song "Perfect and Permanent" has pseudo-Christian lyrics but is perfect to listen to at three in the morning. I thought the B-side was nowhere near as good as the first two songs. I like this a lot. Kinda like Appendix Out and Tracy Chapman had a kid... well, sorta. S (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

ROTARY BEGINNERS • First EP 7"

This band plays very upbeat punk with a driving edge. Though they are relentless in their rhythm they also have a lot of harmony. The quick beat and persistent vocals make for a nice pairing and kept me interested throughout. The letter enclosed insures me that the lyrics are well done, though I can't read them myself because they are all in Japanese. For me, that doesn't take away from the overall sound because Rotary Beginners are not lyric driven. LO (Answer/Hase Bid. No. 2 B 1/5-49/Osu 3/Naka-Ku/Nagoya City/Aichi, 460/Japan)

RUBBISH HEAP • CD

I am amazed that this band hasn't caught on in the USA because Rubbish Heap are the German equivalent of Reversal Of Man. Rubbish Heap play fast powerful hardcore with screamed vocals, which really sound a lot like the Reversal Of Man vocals. The music is heavy and oppressive with dark ugly lyrics about the joys of life in 20th century world and the ease of communication with our fellow earth dwellers. Brutal and harsh. Excellent. KM (\$12 to Conspiracy Records/PO Box 269/2000 Antwerpen 1/Belgium)

RUDIMENTI • 7"

The first song on this four song 7" really kicks ass, it sounds a lot like Still Life. The rest of it is pretty good as well if you like that type of stuff. It sounds like early 90's emo if that means anything. They do soft subtle parts that then break into more intense jams. MA (Danielle Pierini/Fraz. St Maurice 9E/11010 Sarre (Aosta)/Italy)

RUN FAT BOY RUN • Aloha From Hell's Beach 7"

Run Fat Boy Run play speeding punk rock that would be a perfect soundtrack for a drag race. Surprisingly, their title track "Run Fat Boy Run" is a harsh commentary about neo-fascists in Germany and how stupid they are. Other tunes discuss landlords, Jesus, and mental imprisonment. LO (Moon Madness c/o Marc Göring/Hauptstr. 90/50389 Wesseling/Germany)

SAD ORIGIN • A Double Edged Sword In A Triangle... CD

Jinkies! It's another mosh metal band on Genet! How many do they sign per week? Well... a black metal-esque intro starts it off, and from there on, it's pretty much the same ol' stuff (with the exception of an acoustic track which is my favorite song on the album). CHUGGA-CHUG CHUG. There's a picture on the insert of the singer singin' in a fishing hat... that's cool. Except for the fishing part... Oh yeah, I heard that. "The crowds always liked them a lot!" That's it. ALP (Genet Records/PO Box 4479000 Gent 1/Belgium)

SHORT MILLIE • CD

Short Millie may well be from Ohio, but they sound exactly like an East Bay punk band that cut their teeth on playing shows at the Gilman and listening to lots of Lookout! bands before Green Day became a mainstream sensation. Fast edgy pop punk played well and with plenty of excitement and enthusiasm. KM (Whitehouse Records/830 Baylor Wissman Rd./Lanesville, IN 47136)



SCOTT RITCHER • CD

It seems like a new trend where the singer of some popular indie rock band puts out a solo record of all acoustic stuff. Scott Ritcher is of course from Metrosifter. It is acoustic. Whatever. KM (I Can't Believe It's A Record Company/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

SANGRAAL • Wolves Of Armageddon LP

Wicked stuff with a very hard edge. Sangraal play fast and heavy punk that is greatly influenced by the dark and demonic. Their religious allusions and vivid imagery make their songs all the more evil. Listening to this record transports you into their dimension of the strange and the dreary. They say: "We shall ride again to crush the head of god." I don't doubt that. LO (Wicked Witch/PO Box 3835/1001 AP Amsterdam/The Netherlands)

THE SASKATCHEWAN TRIO • Songs For A Cold... CD

Screamy punk with kinda questionable lyrics. Songs about industry and convenience and not being able to live our lives even though there are so many things made to make our lives worth living. Then a fucking song about going down the road and fucking up "old people"? Political aspects and good ideas but dumb humor. Still, I like this record. Fast and cute and tough and lots of short songs. \$5 (\$5 to Eradicator Records/37 Edgcumb Rd./W. Milford, NJ 07480)

SEA SCOUTS • 7"

This band played in Pittsburgh this summer with the Rondeles and the Cananans, and if it weren't so beastly hot outside I might have gone. They're from Australia (Tasmania to be exact) and play some raw, inspired pop music that sounds cut from the same cloth that New Zealanders Graeme and Peter Jefferies wore in their Nocturnal Projections days. Screamy male/female vocals don't quite fit but they're here anyway. Not too much high-end in the recording, which sucks, because the clarity of cymbal crashes is much needed to life these songs up. Hearkens back to the days when bands like Sleepyhead were first making the scene and you could count on Slumberland to put out the best pop record of the summer. Brought to you by the good people of Zum magazine. DM (Zum/PO Box 4449/Berkeley, CA 94707)

SEAMONSTER • You May Unfasten Your Seatbelts CD

Grooving, soothing tunes I am adding to my list of CDs to fall asleep to. (That's the good list.) Lots of experimental noise thrown in, sometimes unnecessarily, but it doesn't particularly fun anything. Mellow. GD (The Rosewood Union/PO Box 20508/London/NW8 8WT/England)

THE SEARCH FOR SATURNALIA • CD

This Austin, TX-based quartet strikes me as an excellent rock outfit. The main elements I hear in my initial listen place them somewhere between Spirit Assembly, Shoomaker and Superchunk. In fact, if I didn't know better, I'd think that they were quoting Superchunk's "Silverleaf and Snowy Tears" in their second track, "You're Song." Eerie. More harshness than the "Chunk and more flat-out melody than either Spirit Assembly or Shoomaker. Very strange combination, granted, but it's really working for me right now. Six songs, 21 minutes. DO (\$8ppd to 614 S 1st St. #218/Austin, TX 78704; thesearchforsaturnalia@yahoo.com)

SEVEN DAY CURSE • After The Storm CD

I am not going to waste my time trying to decipher any meaning out of the lyrics. Besides, I already have a Cradle Of Filth record. Don't mercilessly drag any pitiful souls screaming through the depths of hell on yer way to the big time boys. At least they did not have god or Jesus or Boy Sets Dire in the thank you list. S (PO Box 398/Halifax, MA 02338)

SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA • ...A Reason To Sing CD

This CD contains 6 tracks at 18:59 minutes. Musically this band is doing OK. They play together well and do some interesting things with dynamics and volume. Too bad about the vocals. They use the same old harsh scream that 1000 other emotionally direct hardcore bands employ and they put them out in front of the music. It is difficult to care about what they have to say when they didn't put any effort into figuring out how to be heard. The package is an elaborate hand made construction that is nice to look at and touch. SJS (EA Records/201 East Fullerton/Elmhurst, IL 60126)

SHARKS KEEP MOVING • LP or CD

Amazing. Truly Amazing. I've been an enormous fan since the split 7" and this band never fails to continue to impress. Finally a full length from the ex-State Route 522 rockers from Seattle. Soothing indie-rock that I'd go far enough to describe as heavenly. Long, drawn out songs with beautiful bass lines and intricate guitar parts. Vocals fit perfectly, quiet, pretty, yet occasionally off-pitch in a great way. Great. Great. Great. GD (CD on Status/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358) or (LP on Redwood/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

SHOGUN • Everything I Love Kills Me In The End CD

The Shogun sound is founded in the power gruff style, but there are splashes of other sounds as well. A bit of metal here, a bit of melody there. Chaos is an element too, but not to the degree of a couple of the Botch or Cave In records. As you might guess from the title of this album, the lyrics are not upbeat. Amidst the angst, Shogun has their moments, but it's not a record I'll listen to more. Six songs, about the length of a short LP. DF (Not Bad Records/PO Box 2455/Boulder, CO 80302)

SILENCE WIELDS NO BEAUTY • Broken... CD

The cover of the CD and lyric sheet have pictures of war, so I was expecting some crazy anarcho-punk/crust band on the CD, but was surprised to find some good music played in the emotive hi-style. The music for the most part is pretty catchy and original, and reminds me of Jawbreaker at time with harsh vocals. I can imagine kids dancing and falling down and beating their chests at a show. I'd go see this band live. AM (\$5ppd to No Shelter Records/522 Atwood Ct./Newtown, PA 18940)

THE STATUE FACTOR • A Mission Of Five CD

Wow. Rock'n'roll with keyboards and a bit of creativity. Fugazi meets the Rolling Stones, although leaning towards one or the other, mainly. Wow that caught with me quick. Male/female vocals that complement each other well. This is really good. If you have the opportunity, I'd check them out, particularly if you have the chance to see them live (assuming rock'n'roll is your thing...) GD (Nebulon Community Records/3 Glen Rd. #2/1/amaica Plain, MA 02130)

HIS HERO IS GONE

by Graham Donath



SETH! • The First Snack CD

I've seen Seth a few times on his own and am pretty familiar with his artwork. This guy has been a big contributor to the anarcho-punk scene for a while. Angry shouts unleashed from Seth with some aggressive acoustic guitar played underneath. The lyrics are really fucking cool—battling social injustice and a lot of environmental topics. I wasn't really used to the other musicians on this, though, because when I saw him he was just by himself. Nonetheless, this is a good change from distorted guitars and fast drums. CF (Black Star Recordings/PO Box 5081/Torrance, CA 90510)

THE STATE SECEDES • CD

Conceptually this release is very much influenced by The Nation Of Ulysses with The State Secedes CD booklet being a manifesto of their existence as some sort of secret society or organization. It is interesting if you like that sort of thing, and it is obvious that they put a lot of work into making the booklet. Musically, The State Secedes is a relentless wash of emo hardcore driven by screaming vocals and pulsating hardcore. They sound great and all in all I would recommend this to anyone that likes this style of hardcore. KM (\$7 to Level Plane Records/PO Box 280/Peter Cooper Station/New York City, NY 10276)

SISSY HAVOC • Ninevendemos CD

Recorded on a four-track and limited to 550, the Sissy Havoc CD actually came out sounding really good. The CD impresses me, as Canadian imports tend to. The first song is very similar to a Jawbox tune, but it's the exception rather than the rule. Most of the rest of the tracks are an upbeat, fun mish-mash of M Blanket, Crimpshrine, The Clash and good pop-punk. The vocals are mixed rather low, which is one of the few weaknesses I've noticed. Personal lyrics that are well-written and a minimalist booklet that is cleanly-designed, if not terribly exciting. Overall, this is a very good disc by a familiar, yet fresh-sounding band from the Great White North. 10 songs, 26 minutes. DO (The Mintaka Conspiracy/800 Place Victoria, Box 451/Montreal, PQ/H4Z 1J7/Canada)

THE SIX PARTS SEVEN • ...In Lines And Patterns CD

Ten instrumental songs of extreme mellowness. The first song starts out so quiet you have to turn your stereo way up to even hear what's going on. The rest of the songs kind of float by not really seeming to go in any particular direction or ever changing all that much. The instruments consist of drums, guitars, bass, keyboards, a lapsteel and a violin. This would be good fall-asleep-to music. GC (Dome Friends/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44244)

THE SLASHER FILM FESTIVAL STRATEGY • CD

Casio-core!! Keyboards and little noises going here and there. The songs are more sound collages than actual songs. Most of the songs are really short and don't really get embellished enough to take me anywhere. But, all in all, OK and definitely a nice break from the norm. Hopefully next time around they'll impress me more with song writing abilities while still keeping all the weird sounds. If you're into this kinda stuff, I'd suggest Sukia. ADI (Kill Frank Lentini/8471-F Yadkin Cir./North Charleston, SC 29406)

SLAVE ONE • LP

This is the limited edition LP version of the Slave One LP (500 copies made) and what follows is the review that I wrote for the CD in the last issue of HaC: I swear the guitar intro to the first song is lifted straight from a Downcast song, though other than that Slave One sound nothing like Downcast. What Slave One does sound like is a semi truck running head on into you on the Freeway at about 55 miles an hour. They aren't fast, but they do some damage and they are heavy. Pretty metal at times, and also fairly catchy as well. The sound is well done, and doesn't get old and stale half way through. The vocals are throaty and deep. KM (Redwood Records)

SLOWER THAN SEASONS • Songs For The... 7"

Immediately makes me think of Rocketscience and Texas is the Reason. Very 1997. The first song, "Mineola Pike," would have headed my Top Ten list in Heartattack Ck #12 or so, but by now it just doesn't hold my interest as effectively. It rocks a bit, but the energy is lacking. The vocals are directly associated to the two aforementioned East Coast rock bands, and the music follows closely, perhaps with a little West Coast Radio Wendy/San Diego influence. The second song, "For Love and Romance," adds some Mineral guitar, but continues on with the Texas thing... the third and final song, "Without You. Without Me," starts with a Goo Goo Dolls "Slide" riff and sounds strained the entire time. I will still confess to enjoying this record, in spite of my desire to move on in a new direction and the lackluster third song. I'm a sucker for it though, and I think that many people are stuck in a similar rut. DO (\$3.50 to Dopamine Records/PO Box 3221/Beverly, MA 01915; www.dopaminerecords.com)

SMASH YOUR FACE • 7"

The three songs on this record are so fast that by the time I sit down it is time to pick the needle back up and flip the damn thing over. It is hardcore inspired Japanese thrash that comes at a steady even pace—not so fast that you can't take it in. Prank seems to be putting out more and more of this solid hardcore style; from Deathreat to Talk Is Poison to Svart Snö to this release, the stuff on Prank really rocks. Mind you, I have no idea what these songs are about because there isn't any sort of lyric sheet or clear list of songs, but I'm more caught up in the sound anyway. Smash my face! LO (Prank/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94114-0892)

SOCIAL INFESTATION • Redemption Is Only Skin... CD

Fast, growly, crust/grind stuff. I really had to turn this off, because I just couldn't stand it. However, I did appreciate the fact that they had a song explanation sheet. GD (170 Blvd. SE #B206/Atlanta, GA 30312)

SONNA • These Windows Are Pistons CD

Very mellow stuff. Floating music that relaxes in a redundant sort of way. Much like the style of the Chicago slow math rock which has been emerging in the past. Recorded by Geoff Turner, who has worked with Hoover, Garden Variety, the Sorts, and Jazz June, this 3 track instrumental should satisfy the hungry Sea and Cake/Low fans. AF (Temporary Residence Ltd./PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

SPORTSWEAR • CD

This CD includes Sportswear's two 7"s and also a bonus track called "Straight Edge Pride." Everything about Sportswear is very straightforward and predictable. They play '89 style youth crew hardcore with lots of group sing-a-longs and their lyrics cover all of the normal themes such as friendship, staying true, searching for a better way, and back-stabbing those back-stabbing friends. Then of course there is the name "Sportswear" which could have been a runner up for Crucial Youth when they were trying to come up with a name. But if none of that matters and pos-core is your trip then Sportswear will deliver with an excellent sound and non-stop youth crew energy. And I will have to admit that if this had come out in the late '80s it would be a classic today since it is a lot better than some of the stuff that influenced these Norwegian kids to start Sportswear in the first place. KM (Crucial Response/Kaisersfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

SPUGGY • Songs About Hate, Anger, And The American Way CD
Really, really BAD punk rock/oi! for the working class. Blah. This really sucks... no wonder it's on a label called Headache Records. GD (Headache Records/PO Box 204/Midland Park, NJ 07432)

STARING BACK • The Mean Streets Of Goleta CDeP

High energy poppy punk from some of our town's most musically-talented individuals. They have a strange mish-mash of styles—from Lifetime influence to the whole Propagandhi thing to crazy, old school hardcore. Some really great tracks such as "Mom" (complete with witty lyrics about a hardcore mother) and "Every Other Day" (with excellent breakdowns and catchy sing-along choruses)... along with some awkward, or at least average, ones like "What You Came For" and "That's It." It's hit-or-miss with me, but there's no denying that these guys can play... the songs just sometimes come out sounding a bit contrived, or perhaps just too familiar. The production is clean, well recorded and mixed, the packaging is slick and, all in all, if you're going to be buying pop-punk this time around, Staring Back is a damn fine place to start. Nine songs, 17 minutes. DO (Lobster Records/PO Box 1473/Santa Barbara, CA 93102; www.lobsterrecords.com)

STAYLESS • Transistor Theory And Circuits Made Simple CD

Grooving rock that transitions slowly from quiet to loud parts. At times reminding me of Four Hundred Years, other times Sleepy Time Trio, except a bit more mellow parts than both of those. Bass driven hardcore/rock that surprised me (my initial reaction to the packaging was not positive). Smooth, refined yet chaotic at times, this band has the definite ability to rock. GD (Undecided Records/2541 Cardigan Dr./Memphis, TN 38119)

STENMARK • 7"

Four well recorded songs of the New School Hardcore punk type. Nothing new, just the same old same old done a bit better than a lot. The singer has a deep voice which I'm really not into and the songs just don't move me, sorry. ADI (Badman Records/Nebrehoice/738601 Strakonice/Czech Republic)

SUNDAY FLOOD • Velvet Is Falling CD

Thoughtful, slow to mid-tempo, indie rock. Sometimes spacey with a U2 flair, other times straight ahead rockin'. I really enjoy the last track. It's a waltz that builds and builds until the singer breaks into a scream... then, having reached a climax, the music falls and fades into the lone sound of a music box. Pretty darn okaley-dokaley. Oh... and they thank Mr. T too. Radical! ALP (Sun.Sea.Sky/307 West Lake Dr./Random Lake, WI 53075)

STILL WAITING • 7"

Starts out with a nice mellow instrumental and then breaks into a melodic yet heavy emo rock thing with occasional screaming. The guitar goes back and forth from distorted to clean. Lots of build up and release stuff going on to keep the tunes moving along and interesting while the lyrics take personal approach and are well written. Nothing all that original, but it rocks never the less. GC (Neil Simmons/PO Box 2603/Oak Bluffs, MA 02557)

STILLWATER • Robot CD

This CD contains eight tracks at 26:25 minutes. Here is some throbbing rock from Southeast Pennsylvania. Stillwater plays crunchy riffs over a big beat, which is a bit similar to the recent Rye Coalition sound. They get a bit funky while stripping down to just vocals and drums during the title track, which is exciting. Elsewhere the groove gets outright bombastic which can be equally nice. The vocals are a guttural shout that gets tiring after a while but the music is enjoyable throughout. They have written some decent lyrics for these songs, especially "Robot" which deals with deprogramming yourself. SJS (1124 Recording Company/PO Box 60305/Providence, RI 02906)

TALK IS POISON ~ 7"

Whenever I hear Talk Is Poison, the first thing that comes to mind is Pain of Mind era Neurosis (back when they were still a thrash band). Talk Is Poison's sound is a bit more modern sounding though, with some Born Against and Econochrist influences creeping in. Seeing as how I really like these bands you'd probably assume that I like this as well, and you'd be right. BH (Prank/PO Box 410892/-San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

TEAR ME DOWN • III 7"

Militant political straight edge from Italy. It is obvious that Tear Me Down is a straight edge band, but you won't find any songs about friendship and staying true. Instead, Tear Me Down promotes violent resistance to Fascism, hippies, and people that don't take a side in the struggle of rebellion. The lyrics are in Italian and while there are translations I get the feeling that the true complexities of these songs can not be understood without being able to speak Italian. The music is harsh and fast. KM (Angry Records/Fulvio Dogliotti/Via Cornaglia 9/15100 Alessandria/Italy)

TEJ LEO (?) & RX/PHARMACISTS • CD

More and more the stuff released on Gern Blandsten are reinterpretations of older sounds. The CD has a mix of styles and sounds. There are mellow indie styles tunes, dub parts, sampled tracks, and random noises. It all comes together to create something that can't really be contained by words. The overall sound is a mish-mash of these styles converging and diverging. Sometimes it is pleasant to listen to, and sometimes it is just too experimental. The songs with printed lyrics appear intelligent and thought out, even though they are cleverly ambiguous at times. LO (Gern Blandsten/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

THIRD HARMONIC DISTORTION • 7"

Limited to 600 copies this is a really good punk record from Baltimore's Third Harmonic Distortion. Both "He's No Diplomat" and "State Of The Union" are catchy and hard driving punk songs. The songs are well written and they really are solid and catchy. Good stuff. KM (Morphius Records/PO Box 13474/Baltimore, MD 21203)

THIRTY SECONDS UNTIL ARMAGEDDON • CD

These five songs are long and complicated with lots of change ups and different parts. At times Thirty Seconds Until Armageddon ("whew! a mouthful!") is moshy metal with harsh vocals and at other times they utilizes more pleasant sounding singing and a bit of melody. At all times they maintain a foundation of metal sounding guitar work. Pretty good. KM (Contrition Records/PO Box 187/Leeds/LS6 1LH/England)

THROUGH THE EYES OF KATELYN • Your... CD

This is terrible! I guess this is a solo project from the drummer of Zao but it really doesn't matter because this band sounds nothing like I've ever heard within the hardcore community. It is more like a project that wants to sound like Korn and does a terrible job at it, or possibly a good job since most of that shit that is out right now is pure shit. Oh god, 6 more songs to go... SA (Takehold Records/PO Box 1983/Birmingham, AL 35219)

THUMBS DOWN • No Retreat No Surrender 7"

Old school NYHC influenced, Thumbs Down plays one of their hits, "No Retreat No Surrender," that reminds me of an earlier 7 Seconds song, and the rest cover songs by Bold, Dead Kennedys, and Negative Approach. I wish I could hear more of their own material since they do a positive job at playing these cover songs. The singer's voice is uniquely explosive and is higher pitched bringing in more positive and a less machismo vibe. Fucking go! Too bad, this is limited to 451. You better mailorder this one quick! Thumbs up to Thumbs Down! SA (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent/Belgium)

TIME FLIES • On Our Way LP

Yes! This is exactly what I've been waiting for! I have the 7" so I knew this was going to be good, but this was totally unexpected. High energy, fast and solid straightedge hardcore played exactly how it should be. In short, this is completely amazing. The first day I got this I probably listened to it at least five times in a row. There are no duds on this one; every song is awesome! Although the lyrical topics are fairly typical of the genre, they are well written and positive for the most part. The songs are very well thought out with lots of breakdowns and dual guitar stuff going on. The vocals are energetic and speed along with the rest of the band. The production is crystal clear and the packaging is slick. This record rules! I totally recommend this; one of the best record I've heard in a while. GC (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

TWELVE TRIBES • As Feathers To Flowers... CD

I think Twelve Tribes will definitely appeal to fans of other Eulogy releases. The Twelve Tribes music is metal influenced mosh hardcore but not by the numbers and there are a lot of moments where everything is really pretty and delicate sounding. Their lyrics are complicated and long, though most of the meanings are completely lost on me. There is one track that eventually turns into this sort of tribal sounding drum marathon; really cool sounding. KM (Eulogy Records/PO Box 590833/Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33359)

TIME IN MALTA • Construct And Demolish CD

Although this band doesn't necessarily innovate they do combine all the best parts of current popular hardcore styles to create a good release. Musically, they embody all of the precise power of a band like Botch and the engaging melody of an emo band like Julia. Each song is entertaining and strong, with a discernible melody. The lyrics are really what warmed me up to this band. Finally, a band with this kind of sound whose lyrics speak to me; there is much discussion of feelings, experiences, and decisions. They were very real and well done. The only thing I could have wished for was liner notes, but I suppose they give that kind of thing when they play live. LO (Escape Artist/PO Box 472/Downington, PA 19335)

TOMORROW • The Industry Of Natural Occurrence CDep

This is apparently a re-release of some old Tomorrow songs. Tomorrow hails from Florida and, along with superstar neighbors Hot Water Music, play a rough style of hardcore that mixes elements of tough-guy rock with the smooth sounds of wussy-kid melody. They play it extremely well. "Lead Halo" is a monument to self-empowerment and the feeling that the music conveys fits the theme very nicely. "One Fell Swoop" doesn't catch me as fully... it plays the role of the b-side to the first anthem. The next track, "Idaho," calms things down to half-time and a more subdued spoken approach. "The Song of Songs" brings some pop beats into the picture and rounds out the short disc with gusto. Four songs, 17 minutes. DO (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604; noideaneards@earthlink.net)

TOMORROW • Nuovo Punto Di Partenza CD

Yess!!! Check it out, they're from Japan, they play crazy energetic fast hardcore with breakdowns and sing alongs, and the crazy part about this...they sing in Italian!!! Mixing different languages and cultures with punk is very fuckin' punk in my book. They have these awesome melodic breaks and choruses in their songs that reminds me of old punk bands from Spain when they sing, very melodic and catchy over raw punk/hc riffs. Their lyrics deal with personal and social change. It's packaged like a 7" with a big fat booklet that includes lyric translations in Italian, Japanese and English. If you like what you hear then stop reading and order this damn CD already you'll thank me later. MA (Answer/Haze BLD No. 2 B1 5-49/OSU 3 Naka-Ku Nagoya City/Aichi 460/Japan)

TOTAL RESISTENCIA • Autosugestionaria Tu Mente CD

25 tracks @ 47:45. Spanish hardcore. Entirely in Spanish hardcore, which means I have nothing to go on as far as lyrics are concerned. There sure are a lot of songs here—maybe too many—but this may very well be a discography and I can't tell due to my ignorance of the Spanish language. They're no Los Crudos; their songs are too long, not manic enough, and don't have the energy, but it's pretty commendable nonetheless to a band who's obviously trying to keep things old school. Big thick full-color booklet with lyrics and illustrations. DM (W.C. Records c/o Juan I. Herrera/PO Box 41019/28080 Madrid/Spain)

TWOTHIRTYEIGHT • Matter Has A Breaking Point CD

To start things off it took me over a few minutes to open the darn thing; something I never have patience for. Anyhow, Twothirtyeight stand as another pop-punk indie rock band with songs that are somewhat energetic, drifting from heavy guitar riffs to soft mellow whispers... but nonetheless not catchy enough for me. If you're a fan of the ever-so-saturated indie rock circuit, I am sure this would fit well with your collection of CDEPs. Although this is not an ep, I wish it was. BR (Takehold Records/PO Box 1983/Birmingham, AL 35219)

UNDER PRIVILEGED NATION • For We Are Many LP

This is a one sided LP with text etched on the flip side. The five songs are hardcore with male and female vocals. They play mid-tempo and at times try for a scary atmosphere with slow music and sound bites of people reading from the bible. During some songs the male vocals are screamed and distorted and a buried behind the female vocals that are more up-front and understandable. This is a pretty good record, and while I don't have any complaints about it I wouldn't say that it was amazing or anything like that. Just a good hardcore record. KM (Dead & Alive Records/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006)

THE UNIFORM • If It Takes The Form... 12"

Apparently there are only 400 of these 12", which is a bit crazy considering that the band features former members of both Universal Order Of Armageddon and The Great Unraveling. The music doesn't really sound much like either of these two bands though since The Uniform uses more of a savage new wave punk style to build their sound; discordant rock with a lot of sharp edges. KM (Morphius Records/PO Box 13474/Baltimore, MD 21203-3474)

UNIVERSAL • 7"

A.K.A. The Mental Toilet. Pretty brutal stuff. Has some of that Man Vs. Humanity brutal-metalness with barbed out vocals that are impossible to understand without reading along. The songs explode on through at a good pace, not extremely fast but not at all slow. The lyrics are about how macho men are stupid, and other things; one of them is in German (I think) so I don't know what it is about. Pretty intense, and good. RG (Scorched Earth Policy/Flirstr. 19/67067 Ludwigshafen/Germany)

UNRUH • Setting Fire To Sinking Ships LP

Once again Unruh rises from the grave to beat you with their demonic metal influenced hardcore brutality. The vocals are harsh and heavy and the vocals are anything but positive ditties about life. Bloody and unrelenting, Unruh carries on their savage journey. KM (Pessimiser Records)

UNKIND • Who's The Fucking Terrorist? 7"

Unkind are promoting all kinds of animal rights and environmental action on this record. When they ask, "Who is the fucking terrorist?" they are indicting the fur farmers who have recently taken up arms to defend their crops. Their music takes an equally hard stance. Fight Records generally releases crust stuff with some kind of hard edge—that isn't too far from that. The vocals rasp and the guitars wail. The energy level in the recording is sometimes low, but Unkind still grind on with their political punk. It is nice to see the dedication. LO (Fight Records/Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

VITAMIN X • 7"

I picked this up for the packaging. The little yellow sticker on the sleeve says "from the makers of 'Straight Edge Crew'" and the whole layout is a mock movie soundtrack about the straightedge lifestyle. Think Good Clean Fun frolicking in The Netherlands and you're on the right track. The English is a little awkward and the Gorilla Biscuits false harmonics are borderline plagiarism, but it's a fun ride nonetheless. The back cover touts it as a "fingerpointing, circleclipping, sing along hardcore punk disaster." Not a disaster exactly, but not an early paradise either. Ten songs cover all the issues, both old and new: Anti-drug, pro-legalization ("First Step"), condoms ("Raincoat"), realization of dreams ("Take It Back"), loss of friends ("How You Changed"), deception ("Pretend"), unity in the music scene ("Musical Prejudice"), shit-talking ("I'm Sorry"), community ("We Are One") and pro-activism in everyday life ("Get Up"). Chock-full of positivity and frank observations. Nicht schlecht. DO (Commitment/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/Netherlands)

Vietnam SYNDROME • Kill In The Blanks 7"

Ugh, this record is utter disaster. I would go far enough to call this an oi band. Boring and plain, like most bands of this genre. Vietnam Syndrome give you 3 tracks all which sound pretty similar besides the few acoustic bits which were not too bad. Spatted our vocals which sounds like Oscar the Grouch if he joined the Glee Club. The music is boring with no energy and power. I am not a fan of this record or style. My copy was on yellow vinyl. Send me 3 bucks and maybe yours will be too. BR (Ding Dong Ditch/PO Box 2408/Kalamazoo, MI 49003-2409)

VERSAILLES • 12"

It took me a bit of time to figure out if Versailles and Spirit Of Versailles are in fact two different bands. They don't sound anything alike, but both the Spirit Of Versailles 7" and the Versailles 12" come from Florida. In any event, I can say without a high degree of certainty that Versailles is not the same band as Spirit Of Versailles. Phew. Okay, so this Versailles 12" just goes on and on and on; a couple times I had to check my turntable to make sure I hadn't inadvertently hit repeat. There is very little singing and at one point I was convinced that it was all instrumental. The music is straight out indie rock with an emphasis on creating a somber atmosphere. It isn't light melodic stuff but more of a sort of arty style of indie rock. KM (Gin & Catonic/303 NW 16th Ave./Gainesville, FL 32601)

THE VICE DOLLS • All This And Nothing CD

This song contains 14 songs at 21:27 minutes. The Vice Dolls play fast buzzsaw punk rock. They bash the music out in an energetic rush to finish each tune before the two-minute mark. Their lyrics are intelligent. Looking at life situations and interpersonal relationships, and espousing a fave for today philosophy. Carrie's vocals are perfectly placed in the mix making this CD a fun listening experience. SJS (548 S Chicago Ave./Bismarck, IL 61814)

VOORHEES • 13 LP

Fast heavy and thrashy hardcore from England. Reminiscent of various releases from Havoc Records, or maybe a little Slap A Ham style power thrash thrown in. Above average in its genre, this comes off as angry and hopeless. The lyrics don't make any specific points or address any particular topics; they just seem chronically dissatisfied and angry, although I can't seem to tell what about. Includes a song about killing hippies and another about "Night of the Crabs." This will please fans of power violence, thrash, etc. ARB (Armed With Anger Records/PO Box 487/Bradford/BD2 4YU/UK)

WANDA CHROME AND THE LEATHER PHARAOHS • Dangerous Times LP

Very traditional '70s style punk rock. The info sheet says this record was recorded live, which really surprised me because the recording is quite good. It certainly doesn't seem like a sloppy live show at all. The songs follow a basic theme about how drugs fuck you up, life on the street being hard, and how easily things go bad. They cover Link Wray, The Ramones, and Thirteenth Floor Elevators on here as well. I had expected Wanda to be the front person for this band, but most of the vocals are from one of the other guys. I guess they just couldn't pass up using her super-tough name. LO (\$10 to Beer City Records/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226)

THE WANKIN' FAMILY • We Did It For The Kids CD

Punk/punk that strikes me as pretty damn typical. The cover with someone flipping the bird through the Canadian flag is the highlight of the CD. Maybe Mr. Chuck Franco would dig this, but the bad recording, irritating vocals and overall blandness of the disc just makes me want to throw up all over myself and wear spikes. What a sight that would be... songs of anarchy and "fuck the commonwealth" really don't do much for me... nor does o! O! O! O! 12 songs, 20 minutes. DO (\$6ppd to Subpro c/o Richard Lafontaine/PO Box 34029/Scotia Square R.P.O./Halifax, NS/B3J 3S1/Canada)

WARCOLLAPSE • Divine Intoxication LP

This new Warcollapse LP looks great. The gatefold cover, which is of course a standard for Mind Control, really looks great with the black and white art and design. Warcollapse plays Swedish thrash, hey they are from Sweden too, and their sound is a powerful rumble of energy and crust meets grind meets thrash hardcore. Not an amazing release, but well put together and definitely worth checking out for anyone that has liked previous Warcollapse material or is interested in this genre of hardcore. KM (Mind Control/1012 Brodie St./Austin, TX 78704)

WEST BEVERLY • Kids These Days CD

This bands tries too damn hard to emulate Braid, and they do a really bad job of doing it. They also try to throw in some pop-punk which just makes things worse. There should be some government agency that monitors and regulates indie-rock bands. GD (no address)

WILBUR COBB • The Night Of Wilbur Cobb 7"

11 shots to the dome from these German punk kids who live about a half-run down on the hardcore ladder beneath Charles Bronson, but with better mosh parts. Loaded with soundbites from movies and TV (including multiples from Clerks), these kids work up some fuckin' intense metallic HC gummel and keep it fast, short, and true. You gotta appreciate the Jerry's Kids cover too. Excel-fuckin'-lent! DM (Nova Recordings/Farewell Records/Scene Police)

WIND OF PAIN • Worldmaching LP

YES! This is some rocking stuff from Finland. Before I picked this up, I had heard nothing but good things about this band. I was expecting the fast thrash that has made Finland infamous, but I was pleasantly surprised to hear rocking hardcore verging on the edge of crust. This has a definite metal edge, and rocks through the whole 12" of vinyl! Wind Of Pain live up to their name and can get real brutal. This hasn't left my turntable since it got on there a month ago! And on top of all that, all 11 songs have a political message of ending the world machine of control. The drummer is in Forca Macabra as well! This definitely fits the Polish label it's on. DD (Malarie Records/PO Box 10/60-170 Poznan 27/Poland)

WISIGOTH • L'aversion Du Schizoide CD

Six brutal epics make up this CD. Scary ass metal/hc/grind from Canada sun in what believes to be French but that doesn't matter right now cuz when you hear these growls they sound like they're straight from hell. The music is constructed very well, it's very hard to write long songs and be able to keep it interesting but they have no problem doing that. I wanna see this band live. MA (GOB/P.O. Box 893/Sherbrooke, PQ/J1H 5L1/Canada)

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD • The Frozen Divide CD

I hesitate to say that this has any sort of hardcore influence, but I suppose that The Year Of Our Lord probably do listen to hardcore and most likely they play with lots of hardcore crossover bands. But these six songs are straight up metal. Perhaps their sound might be described as death metal, black metal, or heavy metal. But metal most certainly will be in the description. The sound is good and they have a certain eerie sense to them, which certainly is not new to this sort of band, but at least it works fairly well here. Vicious and yet very polished with all the fury and energy that a head banger might lust for in a metal band. And incidentally, even though Lifeforce Records is from Germany The Year Of Our Lord are actually from the USA. KM (Lifeforce Records/PO Box 101106/04011 Leipzig/Germany)



THE YOUNG HASSELHOFFS • *Foibles And Follies 7"*
They sound a lot like Screeching Weasel. They don't include a lyric sheet and I can guess that with songs titled "She's A Man" and "Susy Got Laid" it's because the lyrics aren't worth knowing. The writing on the back of the record is incredibly annoying too. If you're going to try to impress people by using words like "vernacular," at least use them properly. Terrible. GD (Far Out Records/PO Box 14361/Fort Lauderdale, FL 33312)

COMRADES/DUDMAN • split 7"

I was really looking forward to hearing the Comrades. I had heard a lot of good stuff from these hockey mask wearing Italians. I was not at all unimpressed with their unique brand of metal influenced hardcore. They tread into some dangerous waters criticizing the SXe scene and its followers for being narrow minded and following anyone who gets up on stage. Dudman was a band I was kind of familiar with already. They kind of sound like a Japanese Spazz. Fast and brutal. I didn't really understand what the lyrics mean. I don't even really know what the subjects of their songs were about, pretty chaotic stuff; that's what makes it good. Denied A Custom lets you know they put this one out, their label is all over the damn thing! CF (Denied A Custom/3-5-12-106 Hashigadai/Narita-Shi/Chiba 286-0037/Japan)

AT THE PRICE OF THE UNION/SOME SOVIET STATION • split 7"

At The Price Of The Union shares many elements with Regulator Watts and Hoover, including meandering basslines and strained yelling vocals. Some Soviet Station goes for a more straight-forward rock approach, keeping with the D.C. feel, somewhere between Giants Chair, Fugazi and Shotmaker/Three Penny Opera. Some dope-ass rock going on... I was especially taken by the Some Soviet Station side of this fine, fine record. I see no reason not to recommend this to fans of the independent rock genre, with nice sounds emanating and clean, respectable packaging. A little attitude thrown in there to spice it up. Excellent work. DO (The Buddy System/302 Bedford Ave. #246/Brooklyn, NY 11210) or (Incidental Music/PO Box 862/Athens, GA 30603)

KILL SADIE/BRAND NEW UNIT • split 7"

Over the summer, I spent a few weeks with Kill Sadie on a west coast tour and it was one of the most positive experiences I've had on the road. They not only became one of my favorite bands but became very close friends. I have heard the song on this split a hundred times and can listen to it hundred more. It is by far their best song they've written especially with their new vocalist, little Steve. Great fucking lyrics and great fucking music. Kill Sadie is a fucking amazing band live and recorded. Brand New Unit surprise me with a much more punchier rather than poppier song than expected. If they continue in this direction I might have to follow their step because this song definitely set precedent to their other songs I have caught a glimpse in the past. You can hear why they are a BYO Records band—poppy and abrasive like Dan Yemin. This split should not be passed up. SA (Modern Radio/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

F.Y.P./CHANIWA • split CD

FYP have become fluffier since I'd last heard them. They still play simple punk, but they seem to have traded some of their snotty edge for a more bubblegum pop punk sound. Not too bad, just not as fun as they used to be. The description that the record label gives Chaniwa say they're "Japan's answer to FYP," which I can agree with. They are extremely catchy at times but the description also said that Chaniwa are "...insanely fast/chaotic..." I guess I have a different perception on what's fast and chaotic. ADI (Suburban Home/1750 30th St. #365/Boulder, CO 80301)

VICTIMS/ACCURSED • split 7"

The Victims stuff starts out really strong with a really catchy yet fast and harsh sounding attack. They have coarse vocals and metal solos here and there. Accursed are more straight up crust. Both bands have political lyrics, and both bands cover a song from the other band. Be warned each side plays at a different speed. KM (Putrid Filth Conspiracy/Rodrigo Alfaro/Södrapark, 35/214 22 Malmö/Sweden)

QUATRO/THE VIDA BLUE • split 7"

Quatro's first track is an off the wall manic destructive one, the second a more mellow spacey jam with use of voice samples. TVB do one track which to me sounds like indie rock with vocals that don't sound to pleasant. MA (Quattro/935 Hiawatha Dr./Elgin, IL 60120)

SEEIN' RED/JUDAS ISCARIOT • split LP

The Netherlands' Seein' Red are back at it again with twelve more lightning fast hardcore songs complete with revolutionary political messages. New York's Judas Iscariot offer up eight songs on their side. They also play great hardcore with a political message, but they bring in a sort of emotive experimental flavor. The LP covers are different for the Mountain version which was released in the USA and the Coalition version which was released in the Netherlands (so collectors beware). Great shit. KM (Coalition Records/Hugo De Grootstraat 25/2518 EB Den Haag/Holland)

ASHRAM/DIM REFLECTIONS • split LP

Ashram play good melodic hardcore with well written political lyrics. Musically they remind me a lot of Amber Inn, but with less rock-out parts and more intricate guitar work. Dim Reflections sound like a weird mixture of '70s rock meets Submission Hold with a funk bass player. At times, I swear, the singer sounds like just like Elvis. This sounds like something I might find in my parents' record collection. Both bands are from Sweden and haven't been around since 95/96. GC (Insect Records/Postfack 58/11674 Stockholm/Sweden) or (Smudge Recordings/Vibyv. 54/19273 Solentuna/Sweden)

BROKEN/A GLOBAL THREAT • split 7"

Broken play three quick punk tunes in a traditional style. They sing about being a wage slave, living in a police state, and people who talk big and then sell out. Their crust inspired sound is typical, but they do a good job of it. The three songs from A Global Threat are about resistance, hating pro-lifers, and the power of the state. Musically, they play thrashy punk rock with a bit of speed. The recording is grainy which makes them sound punk but also takes away from the quality of their sound. LO (Controlled Conscience/320 Rt. 81/Killingworth, CT 06419)

THE FALL OF LENINGRAD/FORCE FED GLASS • split 7"

RAWK. TFG have a whole little socialist manifesto. Socialist History of Soviet Russia and socialism, kinda a socialist call to arms. I can't think of anything this sounds like. Well researched lyrics. They are not a band anymore, and I wonder if they are still socialists. Plenty of Soviet samples. FFG sound like Reversal Of Man pretty heavily. Well, a little more metal. This is a pretty good record. S (\$3 to The Sound Factory/213 Beacon St. Apt. br/Boston, MA 02116)

DARKSIDE OF MY SOUL/E-150 • split 7"

Darksides Of My Soul plays a harsh sounding hardcore that would have been called emo before indie rock bands like Braid and the Get Up Kids became known as emo bands. Emotional and powerful. E-150 are fast and harsh and fast. They sound a lot like some of the bands from Chicago (Los Crudos and MK-Ultra for instance) that have popularized this super fast political hardcore sound in the last few years (not to be mistaken for crust or metal or thrash). KM (Don't Belong/M.G.S./PO Box 8035/33200 Xixon/Spain)

LEIAH/HEBRIANA • split 7"

A very '60s-ish mod looking cover which I do enjoy somewhat. First let's start off with Hebriana from Belgium. They're traveling the same route as bands like Sleepytime Trio, Maximilian Colby, and 12 Hour Turn. They touch base with a significant DC style (Ignition, Hoover) which they pull off pretty well. Clean guitar, and complex bass lines make this the better half of the record to me. Leah (Sweden) didn't have as much power and energy as Hebriana. I would say fans of The Get Up Kids and Hot Water Music would definitely be interested! All in the record is worth buying for the Hebriana side. BR (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

NOISEAR/PARADE OF THE LIFELESS • split 7"

Grindy crusty maniac frantic thrash. The only difference between the two bands that I can detect is a slightly different tone to the low screaming demonic bellows. Parade Of The Lifeless all has the insight to use a mandolin on one song. Crust. KM (Mortville Records/713 Grace St./Ottumwa, IA 52501)

ENFOLD/JUNE'S TRAGIC DRIVE • split 7"

Enfold kicks much ass. Plain and fucking simple. They start off their side with a heavy-duty, medium-paced rocking anti-television hardcore song that never lets up. It is followed up by an anti-capitalism anthem, which deals primarily with the tendency to resist change. They finish strong with "On First Hand Down." I can't really grab a hold of the meaning (maybe a simple plea for honesty with oneself?), but the universal language of quality hardcore causes it to all make sense. Enfold's side of the record is stellar. The lyrics are in English, with explanations auf Deutsch. No doubt about Enfold being a front-runner in German hardcore. June's Tragic Drive has a lot to live up to on the other side. The vocals sound extremely similar to Enfold's and the band is quite solid, although I'm not as taken by them. High-energy, but lacking a little cohesion. No matter what their side sounds like, you must pick this one up. (Happily, I can totally dig both sides and June's Tragic Drive holds up their end of the bargain quite nicely.) I'd like to see an Enfold 12" on Ebullition, please. Okay. You have your orders, soldiers. Get it. DO (Tomte Tumme Tott c/o Schlichthaber/Hardwerkerstr. 1A/33617 Bielefeld/Germany)

CHOREA/ASMODINAS LEICHENHAUS • split 7"

Chorea assault you with four fast songs. Their sound is very thick and heavy, and in a way very German. The sound is based in an older hardcore sound but stays current with the infusion of extra distortion and speed. Parts of their songs reminded me of Seein' Red (when they aren't playing straightforward stuff). They also have intelligent lyrics about repeating the past, execution, and personal thoughts. Asmodinas Leichenhaus also play heavy hardcore, but their tempo ranges from ultra fast to medium speed. Many of their songs have catchy sections and parts that are easy to get sucked into. The distortion is ever-present and they have an all around good feel. Lyrically, they talk about property, interpersonal-relationships, and the systematic oppression of peoples. I was really pleased to find two strong bands on one record, especially since this comes from an area that is releasing so much mosh metal right now. Both of these bands are doing something different and with a lot of concern. LO (Industriefeind c/o Mark Schröder/Rote Str. 1/37073 Göttingen/Germany)

SCUMBRIGADE/ENS • split 7"

Scumbrigade charge in with a full on pissed off crust assault. Political lyrics with explanations make them lead me to believe that they know what they're talking about. Some of this reminds me of His Hero, but I'm not sure if that's where they've drawn their influences from. ENS sounds similar but are a little bit more chugga-chugga, tend to have more rock-out parts and have a few lead higher end parts, but a lot gets lost in their recording, with makes it hard to make the music out. Much more than I was expecting! ADI (\$5 to Box 17210/10462 Stockholm/Sweden)

MESSED UP/????? • split flexi

Messed Up, play fast and simple hardcore with lots of energy and awesome shouted vocals. Yet another great band from Japan (fans of Assfort will like this one). The second band (the name is written in Japanese and I can't read it) is horribly recorded, even for a flexi. The music is just plain bad, and I forgot what it sounded like immediately after the song was over. GC (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M2-36-2 Yayoi-cho/Nakano/Tokyo, 164-0013/Japan)

PANKRATION/RED SCARE • split 7"

Both bands play that weird loose rock that makes the kids go wild now a days. Long songs with long parts. Both singers kinda do that scream-sing thing and with the dreary music it sounds like a bad dream. NS (Donut Friends Records/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240)

VARSITY/BLOODPACT • split LP

The Varsity side is quick youth crew style hardcore with a lot of melody. Songs about staying drug free, the importance of friendship, friendship gone bad, etc... Good '88 style hardcore without any metal mosh. The Bloodpact side suffers from sound compression; I think there is too much music on their

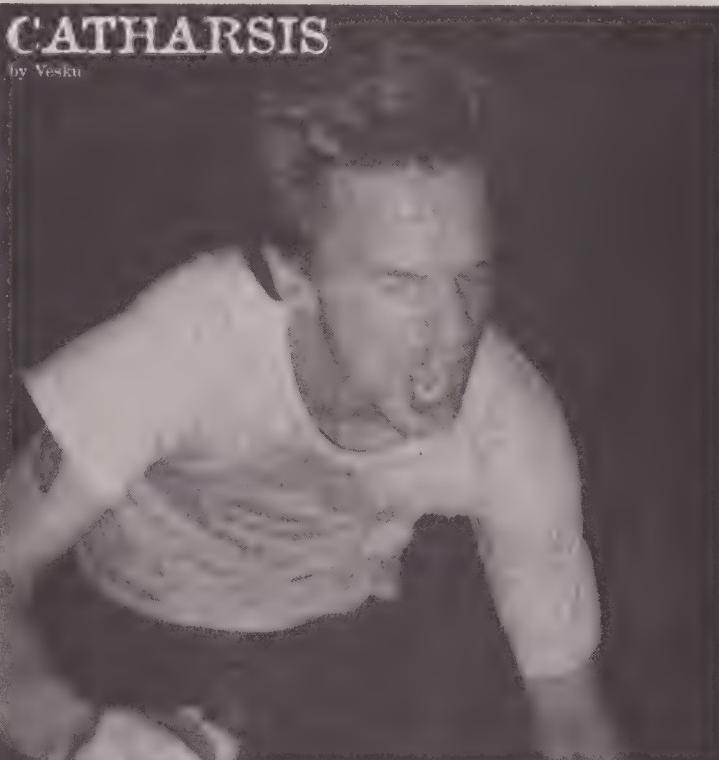
side and the volume and range suffers a bit especially compared to the Varsity side which is louder and more full sounding. Bloodpact play a more metal sounding hardcore then Varsity do, but they still fit together pretty well. Bloodpact's lyrics are fairly interesting and they also include explanations for each song. Topics range from college radicals to pro-choice to the slaughter industry. KM (\$6 to +/- Records/PO Box 7096/Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

THE MISSING 23RD/REPETER 800 • split 7"

The Missing 23rd stuff was recorded by our own local John Lyons who also recorded Suckerpunch, Bread & Circuits, Yaphet Kotto, Torches To Rome, Born & Razed, and a whole host of bands from Southern California. The Missing 23rd play good sounding hardcore that has a sense of melody but plenty of edge; in the same way that Minor Threat or a hundred bands from the early '80s used just enough melody and song structure to make excellent hardcore songs. The lyrics for these two songs deal with organized religion and drug abuse. Repeter 800 are similar but not nearly as good as The Missing 23rd. Fast hardcore with a bit of melody to hold it all together. KM (Twenty Four Hour Records/154 E Thompson Blvd./Ventura, CA 93001)

CATHARSIS

by Vesku



CASTAHEAD/INTERCEDE • split CD

Castahead plays brutal moshy-metal. Vocals really sound as if the singer's vocal chords are being ripped out. Fucking heavy. Intercede play moshy-metal hardcore as well, except not nearly as brutal as Castahead. The vocals remind me of Jihad, actually, with a little Prevail. I think both these bands are straight-edge. All in all a pretty good split, I'd say. On the most metal scale of wind-mills, I'd give it 6 arm-spins out of a possible 10, and I'd definitely go see both these bands if they ever made it to California. GD (Akledama Records/PO Box 234/Hudsonville, MI 49426)

WITNESS/BEDFORD • split 7"

Witness play melodic hardcore with good energy ala 7 Seconds or Wide Awake. The lyrics are atypical, but the music is pretty good. The recording is really raw, but the songs still rock. They get extra points for using sound clips from the Simpsons and Bottle Rocket. This didn't blow me away, but it's good and makes me think if they keep it up, you'll be hearing about them soon. Bedford play poppy punk with somewhat annoying vocals. It's not bad, it just didn't do anything for me. This record is worth picking up just for the Witness songs. GD (My Trust Records/PO Box 274/New Paltz, NY 12561)

THEMA ELEVEN/RAVELIN 7 • split LP

This is a really excellent record that will never get the exposure that it deserves in the USA because both bands are from a part of the world that Americans just aren't used to hearing from. These Czech Republic bands both play moody sounding hardcore that is very emotionally alive. The inclosed booklet is translated in several languages and much of the content is political in nature and of interest to people no matter where they live. Great stuff. KM (Minority Records/PO Box 113/110 01 Praha 1/Czech Republic)

INFLUENCE OF ATMOSPHERE/

KID CITY • split 7"

I'm sure if these were two local bands, I would go see them when they played. However, that doesn't mean that they would translate well onto record. Influence Of Atmosphere play two disjointed punk tunes that come from a stripped down approach; with the screechy female (and male) vocals I can't help but compare them to the unrefined riot girl stuff. There were a plethora of bands like this on the west coast from 1993 to 1995, and very few of them played good music. Their overall point was often crucial, but the confronting nature of their discordant sound made them hard to really enjoy. That is the case here. Kid City, unfortunately, was also a disappointment. Their first song is a silly, poppy, little thing about Luke Skywalker's hairdo. Their second song is a slower emo/indie based song about a friend going away. Both songs suffer from a bad recording and unpolished feel. I was excited to see a record from a collective, non-profit label. Too bad the record wasn't better. LO (\$4 to Octopus Head Records/532 Elmwood Rd./Pownal, ME 04069)

INTEG 2000/FEAR TOMORROW • split CD

This CD contains five tracks at 12:35 minutes. Integ 2000 play metal. Straight up and unadulterated metal. If you like double bass drums and squealing guitars Integ 2000 play exactly that. Boring but metal. Fear Tomorrow plays more metal. This time it is a slow intro with bash bash bash on the snare fast parts. The coarse vocals that are louder than the nondescript back up music. SJS (East Coast Empire Records/www.ECER.com)

FISHSTICKS/HOSTILE TAKEOVER • split 7"

Even less info than the Hot Tub Collective 7" on the same label. It took me a few minutes to figure out this was even a split 7". The Fishsticks side is some average punk with very stupid subject material that was recorded on a dingy 4 track or possibly a boom box. It's competent enough (and I heard a Germs and a Misfits cover in there somewhere) but I would not think that this is something you really would want to own. Hostile Takeover's side is one long, pointless 4th-generation Ween knockoff on sequencer. The label of this record indicates that only 300 copies exist, which means that after I smash this one, my task should be a lot easier than when I had to eliminate all of Rick Astley's recordings. DM (Aloha Records/PO Box 1070/Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

THE CABLE CAR THEORY/I, ROBOT • split 7"

This is a wonderful record. Both bands play screamy emo stuff similar to many of the bands that did so in the early nineties. I, Robot is a little screamier. The Cable Car Theory has more singing, but the music is a little bit more energetic and discordant. Both bands have really good lyrics and the layout is really neat, but it makes me think this could be a limited pressing. Two good bands team up to make a great record. GD (Immigrant Sun Records/PO Box 87/Stuyvesant Falls, NY 12174)

BAD ACID TRIP/KUNG FU RICK • split 7"

4 songs by Kung Fu Rick, who come from suburban Chicago, a land rich with bands like Charles Bronson and MK-Ultra. This is closer to straight up grindcore than all that, with constantly pummeling double bass pedal, two vocalists, sludgy mosh parts, and a stoopid, bitter nod to the horrors of white funk rapmetal. It's not really worth wasting a track on the record over, but it's there, and the "real" songs are thrashy and rockin'. Hollywood's Bad Acid Trip check in with a half-dozen tracks reminiscent of Capitalist Casualties with Eric Wood on vocals. Lyrics prove that they're all about livin' their lives without bathtub crank or college, but aren't above making Frankenhookers out of spare deadgirly parts. That particular song belongs in the Puszone for real. Circle pit dead ahead! DM (Blatherskyte Noise c/o Josh/49 Wilcox St./Rochester, NY 14607)

ANGELS IN THE ARCHITECTURE/

AMP176 • split CD

More indie rock from Minneapolis. Amp176 features members of Man Afraid, Dillinger Four, and Kilsadie. They play straight up indie rock with a bit of a pop punk feel. Really boring. Angels In The Architecture continue to dish out there usual indie rock sound. Apparently this is their last recording. Can't say I will miss them. KM (One Percent Records/PO Box 141048/Minneapolis, MN 55414-1048)

JUMPIN' LAND MINES/NOBODY CARES • split 7"

Jumpin' Land Mines play catchy punk in the vein of Leatherface. Admittedly, it's the singer's accent that reminds me of Leatherface more than the music. Still, the music has the same upbeat, poppy style with a rough edge that I would attribute to that band. Nobody Cares play sloppy garage punk.. Their two original songs follow all the basics to keep the punks moshing and they also do a cover of "Doing It Our Way" from "Laverne & Shirley." Pretty average. LO (Napalm Ape/PO Box 2510/Pt. Charlotte, FL 33949)

FORCA MACABRA/ARMAGEDOM • split CD

Forca Macabra must be very pleased with this one. This Finish hardcore band is so into Brazilian hardcore that they sing in Portuguese and create music that is very influenced by Brazilian hardcore. Well apparently Armagedom (yes, Armagedom not Armageddon) was one of their big influences. These five Armagedom songs were never released back in the '80s when Armagedom was around, so here they are along with nine new Forca Macabra songs to boot. The Armagedom stuff has a pretty rough recording, especially by today's standards, and they music is a combination of hardcore thrash and lots of death metal influences. The Forca Macabra stuff is fast and furious. Destruction and mayhem. KM (Six Weeks Records/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

BREAD & CIRCUITS

by Sam Stansberry



KNIVES AND GREENWATER/

RACEBANNON • split 7"

Front cover... ugly as sin. Like a Pavement album with more mess. Knives and Greenwater's rock: pretty damn hectic. They have some black metalness involved, with the synthesizer, but it's more eerie than most of the black metal cheese. Knives and Greenwater fucking rocks. No real information about the band, other than their names and instruments. Sort of Swing Kids-gone-swingy metal. Whatever the fuck that means to you. The tin drum mix job, however, is one of the few drawbacks... the snare sounds like ass to me. Racebannon goes with the cynical humor of Karp and Rye Coalition, putting it all into the mushmouths of two angry boys. The lyrics are indecipherable without a lyric sheet, but fortunately they include that in the record... "On A Cloud of Green Smoke" lends some thoughts on a one night stand leading to various forms of v.d. and pregnancy. "Jeff Seal" doesn't really do a whole lot for me, lyrically... but could probably land on some hardcore (in the musical sense), s&m porno soundtrack. I don't fucking know. It's got attitude and overall, this could either be right up your alley or annoy the fuck out of you... depending on your mood and the time of the day. Pretty good overall. DO (Witching Hour)

MEADOWLARK/SLAVE ONE • split 12"

Meadowlark may well sound like a indie rock or pop punk band, but make no mistake Meadowlark is a frantic and harsh bludgeoning of sensory information. These three songs are dark and powerful with a twisted sense of order. Almost chaotic in delivery. Two more metal influenced sledge drivers from Slave One. This time around they are even more metal than ever, and faster as well. At times sounding like crossover or speedmetal. KM (Six Gun Lover Records or sixgunlover@worldnet.att.net)

RACETRAITOR/BURN IT DOWN • split CD

Racetractor come out as strong as ever. All three of their songs are heavy, blistering, methodical pieces of mosh-metal influence hardcore. The cryptic lyrics talk about their disgust with a number of society's ills and doing what you can to come out on top. The whole package comes together well giving you an all around sock in the gut. The three songs by Burn It Down are much heavier than on Eat.Sleep.Mate.Defend, and are similar to Racetractor in their tough intensity. They give a kick in the face to business and religion in the lyrics and suggest that you shake off your demons. Though my interest in this sound is waning, it can be picked up if the band's lyrics speak to something I can relate to or feel is interesting. This is the case with Burn It Down. My one query about this release is the packaging: What is with the fuzzed out pictures of skinny girls? I've seen it more and more and I have to say that I don't get it. LO (Trustkill/23 Farm Edge Ln./Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

UPSET/RUBBISH HEAP • split 7"

Upset is mean and nasty sounding with a really powerful delivery. Their song is about depression caused by being betrayed by someone you trusted; basically a sophisticated version of the "stabbed in the back" song. Rubbish Heap continues where Upset leave off with more harsh sounding hardcore with lyrics about depression and the pointlessness and waste of human life. Ugly and cruel sounding. KM (Conspiracy Records/PO Box 269/2000 Antwerpen I/Belgium)



ARMS REACH/SCALPLOCK • split 7"

Arms Reach play some mid paced hardcore with some fast and slow parts thrown in. Most of the songs are pretty heavy sounding. Both male and female vocals, which are a little too high and screechy for my liking. Side Scalplock starts off with a slow riff and then gets fast then slow then fast and so on. Sounds like female vocals, but I can't be sure, but better than the other side. A lot more blasting on drums here which is a plus. Both bands provide lyrics and the cover is in a booklet form. CD (Short Fuse Records/34 Atchison Rd./Macquarie Fields, 2564/N.S.W./Australia)

TISSURA ANI/PIATA STRONA SWIATA • split CD

Piata Strona Swiata play emotive, melodic hardcore. Their songs range from grooving to more methodical, lyrically driven pieces. The music is actually pretty good; were I able to speak Polish I might be able to appreciate the overall project more. Tissura Ani play a more deep melodic rock sound with female vocals sung in English. The bio sheet referenced that sound to the Pixies, though I found the vocalist had more in common with Siouxie Sioux. The songs sometimes take on a free form feel, but always come back to some central melody or lyric. LO (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

LOVE LOST BUT NOT FORGOTTEN/JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE • split 7"

Here we have two similar emo/hc bands. Both bands are heavy on the distortion and pounding drums with great use of build ups that create intense parts in their songs. There's lots of screaming and I can imagine some falling on the floor and pounding of the chest type of shit going on here. Minimal packaging of the record makes it not look to good. However the music is pretty powerful. MA (Normal Records-no address)

AT THE DRIVE IN/THE ASEE LAKES • split 7"

Well I wasn't too impressed by The Asee Lakes. Their song lacks vocals and really I think it is a stretch to call "The Dualistic Struggle Between Good And Evil Within Ticket Lines And Reality" a song at all. Instead, it seems more like an unfinished out-take that accidentally found its way to their side of the 7". Drifting and listless and lots of meandering nothingness with an emphasis on pleasant sounding beauty. At The Drive In are quite good in comparison. Their blend of light drifting emotive moments and more driven rock parts comes together well, and I think they do a good job of maintaining some edge to their otherwise indie rock influenced sound. Well done on their end. KM (Nerd Rock Records/PO Box 5159/Louisville, KY 40205)

THE VIDA BLUE/QUATRO • split 7"

The Vida Blue plays guitar-based rock at a medium fast pace. The dual guitars churn over a walking bass and drums. The vocals are screamed on top. This recording is very muddy. Quatro play two tracks of bombastic guitar based rock. One track is short and screamey, the second is longer and combines excerpts from the film "Crumb" with an instrumental that shifts from quiet to loud a few times. The playing is a little sloppy and the song is about one minute to long. SJS (The Vida Blue/PO Box 1221/Iowa City, IA 52244-1221)

DRIFTS GET DEEPER/RENO KID • split CD

Both bands play good indie-rock. Solid grooves to fuel the Dance Party '99. Drifts Get Deeper are very soothing. Their music reminds me of The Jazz June from time to time... and their second song is a beautiful, drawn out ballad with strings and dueling vocal harmonies... quite pleasant indeed. Reno Kid are a bit more rockin'... but they have their fair share of clean, pretty guitar pickings... yup. A nice split. ALP (Nerd Rock Records/PO Box 5159/Louisville, KY 40205)

BROTHER'S KEEPER/DISEMBODIED • split CD

Disembodied do two new songs and a Quicksand cover. These songs are metal and heavy and exactly what you would expect from Disembodied. Well done. Brother's Keeper are way, way better than I was expecting. For the most part their vocalist doesn't sound all weird and freaky this time around. Their songs are hard hitting and power driven with some odd guitar effects in the first song. "Namedropper" has some good content while "Twist Of Cain" is a Danzig cover. KM (Trustkill Records/23 Farm Edge Lane/Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

CONTRA/SPLURGE • split CD

Contra plays fast and fairly crusty hardcore, with a couple vocalists. Just about all the songs go at the same fast tempo. It managed to keep my attention as the recording is good, the songs are not generic sounding, and they don't all sound the same. Yes, sometimes the same old fast hardcore sounds like the same old fast hardcore to me. This is good though. I was disappointed that they didn't include lyrics, because I get the feeling that they are intelligent, politically oriented lyrics. 7 songs. Splurge didn't include the lyrics in it either. Their music is a little more in the fast, catchy punk style. They sort of reminded me of early NOFX songs (except not as stupid) mostly because of the singer but also because they are kind of melodic fast songs. 5 songs. This struck me: in the distro catalog within, there is a Striped Bastards 12" with a limit of 100 being sold for only \$3. Wow... good deal, I thought. Then I read this part, "This has no songs on it. It is blank." RG (Traffic Violation Records/PO Box 772/E. Setauket, NY 11733)

GLOBAL HOLOCAUST/URBAN TRASH • split 7"

Crusty punk with political lyrics about environmentalism, war and stress of everyday life. 2 songs from Global Holocaust and 3 from Urban Trash. Both bands sound very similar, and only the vocals really make the difference! Although it is nothing groundbreaking, I still enjoy it! DD (Tobacco Shit Records c/o Simon Pare/827 Goldbourn/Greenfield Park, PQ J4V 3H4/Canada)

PROCESS IS DEAD/A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS • split 7"

PiD has His Hero Is Gone-ish, Saetia-ish songs and saves the split from the "shit and blood" massacre on the other side. Even though "Nike is closing in," ADDS's lyrics are WRONG and I can't make much sense out of PiD's lyrics. S (Hide The Bodies/1750 Empire Blvd./Webster, NY 14580)

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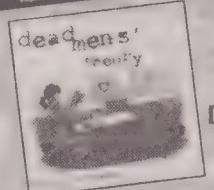
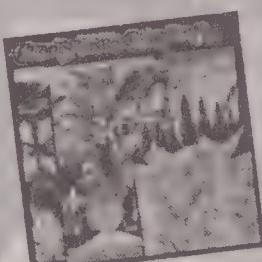
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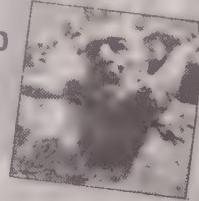
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STANDING TALL/JIYUNA • split 7"

Standing Tall plays the screamy style of hardcore that is one of two prevalent varieties in the Central Florida scene (the other being the Hot Water Music style of rock). "Trust" is apparently about the importance of trust in any sort of relationship... and I'll have to trust that the lyrics cover the topic since mush-mouth vocals make it impossible to decipher. Overall, it's average for the field. Jiyuna plays an even more chaotic style with squealing vocals and metallic, wailing guitars over chugga-chugga rhythms. Don't even try to understand what's being said here... just read the lyrics and explanations about positivity and unity... and imagine you're dragging a child behind your car, but can't hear him screaming because you're also using a table saw to cut some lead pipes for the revolution and shit... I guess FingerPrint's a close comparison. Jiyuna's side is a good seven minutes long or so... Not my bag, but it could be yours. It's definitely positive. DO (\$3ppd to Kyle Lemstrom/4424 St. Clair Ave. W./N. Ft. Myers, FL 33903)

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TIMEBOMB/REDEMPTION • split CD

The Timebomb songs are re-recorded versions from their first album with different arrangements. They have a great polished hardcore sound, and they included explanations after the lyrics which I really appreciate. The Redemption material is similar and has more female backup and other layered vocals. I liked these songs even more. It's refreshing to hear a band draw on musical history and not regurgitate it. Each band does three songs and WAR.DS includes a nice essay on morality, spirituality, veganism and straight edge. DF (Alessandro Andreoni/Via E. Medi 14/00149 Rome/Italy)

MAGGAT/125 RUE MONTMARTRE • split 7"

Two German bands who play with a lot of American influences share sides of this fine little record. Maggat are the more kinetic of the two, playing with melodic, emotionally charged, loud rock (with fairly "emo" vocals sung in English) that rests somewhere between the chaotic tunefulness of Harriet The Spy and the earnest, driven presentation of Stratego/Braids. It does sound a bit dated, as the formula seems to be going bald, but they do it well, and that's more than I could ask for. On the flip, 125RM approach Indian Summer but never explode like you'd want them to. Restrained, sung-spoken female vocals seem to keep the rest of the band in check. I am reminded of Boys Life in the way their songs build, but the payoff never comes. They sound good, though, and I'd definitely like to hear more, but Maggat win this one. DM (The Disappointed's Love Letter c/o Niels Metzger/Rolandstrasse 4/33615 Bielefeld/Germany)

URBAN TRASH/INDIGNATION • split 7"

Urban Trash are from Quebec and blast out some politicrock. Any young upstanding humans within earshot should be asking, "Is this Aus-Rotten?" No, I say. Not as memorable. This damn record keeps skipping too fast. From personal, but I get the drift... these people are worried about the future and think that we're all fucked, an attitude I don't at all share. Indignation, from Sweden, rule this record... three manic, short blasts of aggro-HC metal furor. Two vocalists (one screaming, the other Cookie Monster) duke it out over a bass that just goes faster and faster and man do I want to get in the pit RIGHT FUCKEN NOW. DM (Tobacco Shit Records c/o Simon Paré/827 Goldbourne/Greenfield Park, PQ/J4V 3H4/Canada)

V/A • New Disorder Records sampler CD

A sampler from a label that releases many raw garage punk rock bands. I haven't heard much from this label other than DBS that play a good live show. Soda Pop Fuck You, The Criminals, and DBS are the highlights on this CD. 11 other tracks by bands like The Gods Hate Kansas, The Pist, and Hall Empty that all seemed to give a good rockin'. Remember kids, this is just a sampler. SA (New Disorder Records/445 14th St/San Francisco, CA 94107)

V/A • All Points In CD

Compilations often get a raw deal... this review will make up for all of the bands that have been skipped over with nary a mention in past reviews... The Spiny Anteaters start the comp. off with a song that has the potential to kick all asses, but it fails to fully develop... too long a build and too sloppy a groove for it to be the totally solid kick-off that the CD needs. Regardless, the song is one of the highlights of the disc. Fisheye Lens' minute-long "Caroline" sounds like a lo-fi Built To Spill-meets-Foo Fighters, but ends before it really begins. The Swingset follows with an emo-y song (that reminded me of another Canadian group, Sprucehill) that sounds promising, but comes off too cheesy to work for me. Holding Pattern sounds just like Tortoise, Sea & Cake and all of the John McIntyre projects minus some of the ingenuity and cohesion. Princess Auto plays some instrumental stuff that is sort of like a sloppy indie-jazz fusion mess. Kinda good, kinda not. Victoria Stanton's "Mica Thin Micro Thinner" is the most embarrassing thing I've EVER heard. It's like a fucked-up child's poetry reading... one of those annoying PBS Reading Rainbow sort of poems. Just when you think it's going to end... it keeps going and going and going. And going. After that test of my patience, Prisons Come Home rock me with a good Sleepytime Trio/Shotmaker style piece of hardcore that makes up for the previous track. Magic User's "Gungi Mindswitch" is nothing but a five minute long subtle noise intro to a song that never happens. Sofa is fronted by Elvis Presley, which is kind of neat. Or maybe it's the guy from Hal Al Shedad. The song is cool, too. Beans plays one of those songs that consists of diddling guitars and rim shots and is an all-around eerie five minutes of music. Seppuka's "Open" is some chaotic noise with piano playing, beeps and boops and jungle drumming. Hing Lung plays the soft-spoken (even whispered) style that Seam, Codeine and numerous others have made their forte. Slow and low, that is the tempo. It's beautiful. Finally, the Nick Fraser Trio play "jazz" that consists (as far as I can tell) of a drummer randomly doing rolls, a bassist tooling around and a sax player squealing away. No thanks. Please stop. The songs get a little long, but there's some real solid stuff in between the filler... 13 songs, 61 minutes. DO (Sweet Chin Music Records/Post Office Box 161 Station B/Ottawa, ON/K1P 6C4/Canada; sweetchin@canada.com)

V/A • Record Shop Answer double LP

This double LP is filled with Japanese bands playing songs in every possible punk and hardcore style you could imagine. It is all here. The line up includes (but is not limited) to Cigaretteman, Mental Disease, Strike Out, Unholy Grave, Tomorrow, Endeavors, Catch 23, Boss Pitt, Flash Gordon, New Dawn, Result, Scratch Tomorrow, Nice View, Furious About, Juno, Juum, Maniac High Sence, Rotary Beginners, Screw Up, System Kills, Stab 4 Reason, and Marten's. If you're looking to discover some new Japanese hardcore then this is one way to start your research. The LP comes with a really nice booklet (with some interesting stuff from the bands) and also a tobacco pouch. KM (Record Shop Answer/Hase Bld. No. 2 B1/5-49 Osu 3 Naka-Ku/Nagoya-City/Aichi 460/Japan)

V/A • Gerbil Assault 7"

Four bands. The Dolomites sound like The Pogues, Elmer sounds like some country/rockabilly bullshit. Ding Dang sings a song about alcohol. Rumbleseat sings a song about alcohol. This is really bad. Xpleasedon'tourX. S (\$3 to No Idea/Very Small Records/PO Box 12839/Gainesville, FL 32604)

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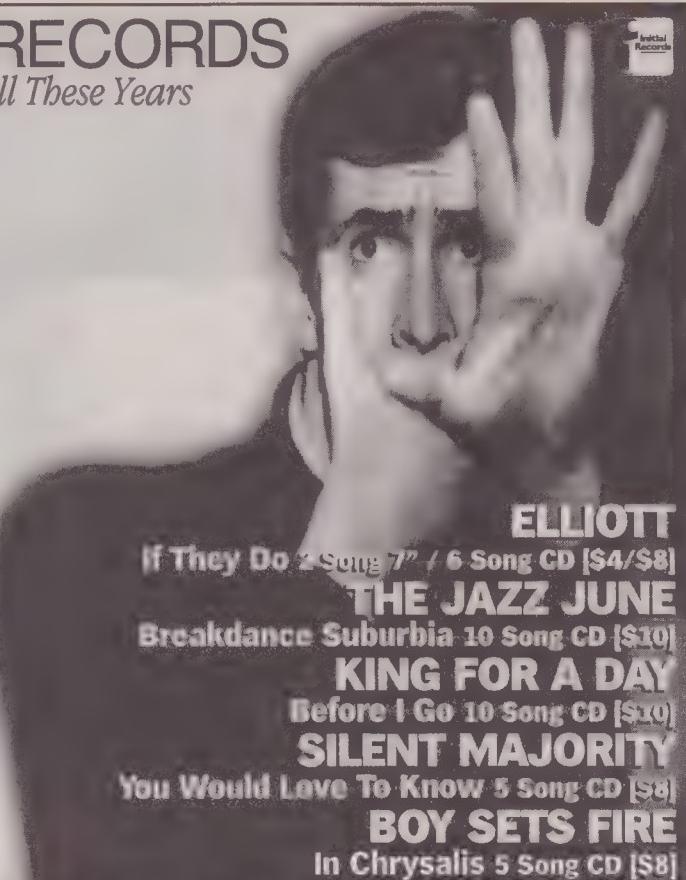
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V/A • Choice Cuts CD

This sampler from Trustkill and Ferret has 24 tracks of prereleased stuff spanning 4 years of these labels. Most of what here is harsh, metal-influenced hardcore—such as the tracks from Harvest, Endeavor, Nora, Bother's Keeper, Disembodied, Ractrator, and Despair. Unfortunately for them, it was sent to HaC when I am neck deep in my hatred for mosh metal. Good thing there were a couple indie rock tunes and that horrid Rancid song from the Embrace covers comp in there to break up the monotony. Did I just say that? My personal tastes aside, these labels have done a lot to promote the sounds on this CD. If you were ever curious about the bands I've listed then I suggest you spend the \$5 to check out a bunch of different stuff LO (\$5 to Trustkill/23 Farm Edge/Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

V/A • Self De-Construction CD

This is a really cool CD compilation with the proceeds going to benefit all sorts of left wing organizations. The comp comes with addresses and a personal but inspirational intro from the fellow behind Underworld Records (in English and French-Canadian). The comp includes tracks by Youth Brigade, Fifth Hour Hero, Anti Flag, Griver, One For One, Officer Down, Rhythm Collision, Ricordz, Milemarker, Jersey, I Farm, Subb, My Big Wheel, Roller Starter, Equation Of State, and a few others. I wish more compilations coming out today would have a reason for existence. Self De-Construction shows that comps can have more substance than the latest CD sampler advertisement designed to move units rather than to spread ideas and concepts. KM (Underworld Records/10738 Millen/Montreal, PQ/H2C 2E6/Canada)

V/A • Pickle Patch CD

This compilation is about as eclectic as the shows that occurred at the Pickle Patch. All the songs were recorded live at the Pickle Patch of course, and the sound quality does vary some but in general is pretty good. Some of the tracks are quite good in my opinion and some are quite boring. I don't dig indie rock too much, and indie rockers won't dig the hardcore bands... a bit too eclectic for my tastes. The bands include Submission Hold, Sawpit, Former Members Of Alfonsin, Behead, The Prophet No Lord Shall Live, Atom And His Package, Fury 66, Disembodied, Planes Mistaken For Stars, Dynamic Seven, Blue Ontario, Creeper Lagoon, I Wish I, Give Until Gone, St. James Infirmary, The Third Sex, Uphollow, The Thrones, No Knife, and Most Secret Method. It was cool to listen to some of the crowd interaction since I know so many of the people from the shows. The Submission Hold track, for example, really captures the energy of the Pickle Patch with some funny crowd interaction, and the booklet has a lot of writings from local folks who were involved with the Patch. All in all this is a pretty good release for people that were part of the Patch, but I am not sure if people from other parts of the world would really give a shit. In theory this is like the first of dozens of live Pickle Patch comps that Dim Mak has planned, though I wouldn't be surprised if this is the only one to see the light of day. The Pickle Patch was closed down this summer but it is up again now. Long live the Patch. KM (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

V/A • 5 Years Of Pandemonium CD

This sampler marks the five year anniversary of Pandemonium Records. Pandemonium is a label from France that has dedicated itself to releasing music from noise bands, or as they call them "noize" bands. Each track on here is downright strange in some way. I don't really get most noise stuff but I actually found myself liking parts of this comp, especially the Unsane and Tea Of A Doll tracks. Maybe that is because the bands played stuff that still resembled music in the traditional fashion that I might understand. Nevertheless, this sampler was like little I had heard before. The bands included Guapo, Condense, Ronruins, Unsane, Mug, Alboth, Tear Of A Doll, Exsonant, Camp Blackfoot, God Is My Co-Pilot, Double Nelson, Coping Saw, and Hint. LO (Pandemonium Records c/o Kinetic Vibes/B.P. 64/13192 Marseille Cx. 20/France)

V/A • The Tie That Binds: A Richmond Compilation 7"

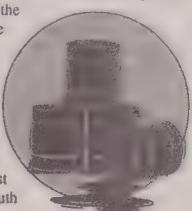
Songs here from Tri State Killing Spree, Hands Held Out, and The Zentraedi. Hands Held Out play awesome chaotic and melodic hardcore with two vocalists. Tri State Killing Spree play harder, faster, and more intense. Reminds me of Trial in parts, but more speed and angry energy. Zentraedi play poppy arty sounding rock, reminds me of a lot of '80s pop bands, but more Bjork-ish. Awesome DIY packaging and lyric booklet. A neat look at the Richmond scene as of late. ARB (Cathartic Recordings/PO Box 4909/Richmond, VA 23220)

V/A • Black Eyes And Broken Bottles LP

The twenty bands on this LP comp cover the many styles on Beer City. This doesn't mean that all of the bands included are on other Beer City releases, but that it is the kind of stuff the label likes. The bands are The US Bombs, The Wretched Ones, White Trash Debutantes, The Bristles, The Idiots, 10-96, Brastacks, The Bolts, 4th Class, The Ferguson Five, United Super Villains, Oppressed Logic, 30 Seconds Over Tokyo, Wanda Chrome & The Leather Pharaohs, The Deacons, Very Metal, Pinkerton Thugs, Rat Bastards, and The Crusties. I don't have much information about these bands since the comp only listed their addresses and after 20 tracks all the punk sort of meshed together into one rebellious din. LO (\$10 to Beer City Records/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226)

V/A • Speed Freaks Volume 4 7"

This crazy 7" has a pretty good line-up with Tumult, Cripple Bastards, Dudman, Ruido, Dahmer, and Demon System 13. Each band brings insane noise to the table, but they don't all do it the same. Demon System 13 and Tumult have heavier, more methodical approaches while Dahmer, Ruido, Dudman, and Cripple Bastards blow out as much sound as they can as quickly as possible. Though there are eleven tracks on the 45 rpm 7", fans of fast music should check out this record because it actually good stuff from bands with something to say and not just speed. LO (Knot Music/PO Box 501/South Haven, MI 49090)



V/A • Can't Stop This Train CD

Lately there have been a ton of awful CD comps that have been flooding my "to listen to" box, and with that in mind I have to say that my tolerance for comps is really low right now. However, *Can't Stop This Train* is a great comp even in a sea of comp crap. The mix of bands is solid from the savage assault of Seein' Red, Asslick, Sabeth, Reversal Of Man, Encyclopedia Of American Traitors, Man Vs. Humanity, and My Hero Died Today to the more sedate sounds of Boy Sets Fire, Waifle, and Frodus. The CD comes in a nice packet that is much like a 'zine with political writings about the world and why the comp exists combined with lyrics and contact information. It looks real swell, and sounds great, plus it has content which is what hardcore comps are all about in the first place. Other bands include Refused (techno?), Mine, Enfold, Separation, Cataract, Burning Inside, Blue Water Boy, and Jetison. This is one CD that isn't just a promotional sample of what some label has for sale. KM (Join The Team Player Records c/o Marco Walzel/Altöttingerstr. 6A/81673 München/Germany)

V/A • Vort 'N Vis HC Festival 1998 CD

In the small town of Ieper, Belgium, there's an annual hardcore fest which claims to be "the most important underground HC festival in Europe (and maybe even worldwide)," in which "people from all over Europe (but also from other continents) travel to come and see the bands." Last summer, I was one of those "people from other continents" getting my first taste of European hardcore. It was incredibly fun... but at the same time, disappointing. While I was at the show during the second day of the festival, my entire backpack (I was traveling with only a backpack) was stolen from the campsite. It made me sad. Out of all the places this could happen, it happened at a "positive" hardcore fest... oh well. I guess there are a few bad seeds in every bunch. Anyway, this is a live comp of the 1998 fest. Mosh metal. Most of the bands sound like they could be on Genet (and many of them are). I really like the cuts by Reiziger and Driven, but that's about it. The worst part about this album is the liner notes... there are comments for every track that are pretty bad... overhyped, unspecific rambles. But, I suppose this CD would make a good souvenir of the fest... ALP (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

V/A • We're Not Generation X CD

29 bands on this comp. Many from different parts of the world. Highlights for me were Free Verse (US) who sounded like 80's new wave punk, hip hop from The Mighty Bloodfang (US) who reminded me of Company Flow, and Charlie Don't Surf (Belgium) who do fast hc. There's really all kinds of styles represented here which with this many bands makes it a music sampler more than anything. MA (G.C. Records/PO Box 3743/ Laguna Hills, CA 92654)

V/A • Tagteam/Third Wheel Records four-band 7"

Lewistown and Flesh Eating Creeps make up the a-side of the 7", while Tri-State Killing Spree and Our Time compose the b-side. Musically, the only one that does anything for me would be Our Time... but that might be due to me being an "emo kid" or some stupid fucking shit like that. Or it could be because the recording sucks, aside from their song. Lyrically, these cats all do a fair job—taking shots at apathy, jocks "dancing" at shows, religious pride and patriotism. Most of the songs just come off sounding quite sloppy and ineffective. Our Time wins with their slowed-down Fingerprint-meets-Boy Sets Fire style, hands-down. A mediocre record with good intentions. DO (\$3 to Tagteam/9615 Hitchin Dr./Richmond, VA 23233; members.tripod.com/~tagteamrecords) or (\$3 to Third Wheel/9609 January Dr./Richmond, VA 23233; thirdwheelrecords@hotmail.com)

V/A • Delivers Multiple Personalities CD

This compilation CD has two or three songs from each band and it features Naked Aggression, Turnedown, Insurgence, Stinkaholic, and Officer Negative. Naked Aggression starts it all off with a hilarious little skit for an intro. I always find Naked Aggression to be hilarious, though I don't think they ever mean to be so funny. It is certainly a case of me laughing at them rather than with them. But I must say they have improved a lot musically and I actually liked their songs on this release. Insurgence play harder sounding hardcore with screaming vocals. Turnedown play melodic hardcore with some variations and creativity here and there. Officer Negative play abrasive punk. Stinkaholic (not one of Dr. Phood's old bands) play fast melodic hardcore/punk with a rough edge. Unfortunately the comp does not include lyrics but just the band's addresses. KM (Doughmain Records/PO Box 1489/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358-0489)

V/A • Beat Us If You Can 7"

Starting off this awesome European comp 7" is Engrave with an excellent mid-paced hardcore song. Emotional and melodic yet harsh at the same time. Next, Turnover does a quick song—simple, to the point, yelled hardcore about dishonesty. Next is Simulcast with another straight-ahead hardcore song, with lyrics I can't read, strained vocals and powerful playing. Side 2 starts with Force Of Change belting out an old school 88 style hardcore song about sticking together. Kate Mosh do an incredible song about capital punishment. Mid-paced heavy hardcore and growled vocals. Awesome! Next is Separation with a great song about original sin and religious guilt. Straight to the point with a few melodic parts. Highly recommended listening. ARB (X Remaining Thoughts Records X c/o Dirk Modrok/ Brageler Str. 39/49393 Lohne/Germany; straightedge@topmail.de)

V/A • Aftermath double LP

This benefit for Profane Existence marks the end of Profane's existence and also captures some of the great work that Profane did over the years. The cover which folds out into a poster includes writings political writings, band lyrics and a lengthy explanation of what Profane Existence was all about and why their end finally came to be. A must have for anyone that has enjoyed and learned from Profane releases over the years. The music is provided by Abuso Sonoro, React, Resist & Exist, Forca Macabre, Hellkrusher, Doom, Seein' Red, Diskonto, Dir Yassin, Axiom, Rectify, Sin Dios, Those Poor Bastards, Cress, Operation, and a host of others from all over the planet. If you are going to go out then go out with a bang, and that is exactly what *Aftermath* is for Profane. KM (Blackened Distribution/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

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V/A • Violent Core Attack 7"

This is what it is all about. Some of Canada's most brutal crust, grind, and hardcore bands. Inconvenience, Existence (whom I had the extreme pleasure of also reviewing their awesome CD), Dega-Nation, Crazy Head Urban Trash, The Ultimate Disagree, Day Of Mourning, Useless Solution, and Global Holocaust. The bands are all pretty political and it seems the subject of this 7" is in protest to the war in Kosovo. You don't know what you're missing if you don't get this. CF (Tobacco Shit Records c/o Simon Pare/827 Goldburn/Greenfield Park, PQ/J4V 3H4/Canada)

MURDERED MINORITY • A Call Of Reason demo

Thoughtful peace punk, which reminds me (in spirit) of a more modern version of the Crass/Conflict genre. Simple but neat packaging. Well played and full of feeling. Apparently this is part of a ten inch that will soon be released, and they are looking for labels to help release it. Great stuff that left me with a feeling of sincerity and dedication. Look for the ten inch. ARB (PO Box 158185/Nashville, TN 37215)

KILLSHOT • demo

Chugga chugga metal/hc with personal lyrics that seem to have a lot of hatred in them. The recording is pretty good for a demo. MA (Bill Page/348 North Pleasant Pkwy./Cheektowaga, NY 14206)

FIFTH HOUR HERO • demo

Stupid name. Indie rock that doesn't do anything for me, the usual parts. The singer took a little while to get used to. The recording is a little muddy but you can still tell what's going on. This tape leaves an ambivalent feeling in me. ADI (958 Des Erables/St-Jean-Chrysostome, PQ/G6Z 1A9/Canada)

THE AWAKENED • Experimental Mayhem demo

This is a perfect representation of what I think of when I think of reviewing demo tapes: terribly-recorded, overloaded speakers with vocal hiss, vocals mixed too high and then too low and guitars and drums that sound like they're being played through a metal pipe many miles away. The highlight of the whole tape is the looped samples and hip-hop drum beat. That composes about ten seconds worth. And now... back to the noise. At times, I get the idea that they'd like to be eerie like Cerberus Shoal, but there's too little here to impress me. Four songs. DO (The Awakened; destroy013@yahoo.com)

GOAT SHANTY • demo

This band plays straight forward punk/thrash with a few metal chugga parts and screamy vocals dealing with this fucked up world, consumption, and God. Reminds me of Drop Dead at times, with drum beats sounding very Caveman-esque at times, sound quality is not that great with static, might be powerful live though. (Note to band—if you're going to record 10 minutes of material on a 60 minute tape, don't break the recording strips off.) AM (255 Hillcrest Ave./Athens, GA 30601)

BAD JUDGMENT • demo

They want you to know that they are all under eighteen. And the first person on the thank you list is "our savior Jesus Christ." Props for being young and doing a band. No props for songs about love lost and knocking Lauren off of her byke. If I knew these boys personally and I had not been fucked by every aspect of Christianity since I was their age I would have more of a posi-review, but I don't and I was. S (PO Box 904/Somis, CA 93066)

FIVE STARS FOR FAILURE • demo

These three boys come across energy-filled, in spite of a makeshift recording (probably on one track through a ghetto blaster). Hailing from Pennsylvania, the influence of bands like Spirit Assembly is hard to miss. This is not a bad thing by any means. Also reminds me somewhat of Sleepytime Trio/Maximilian Colby. I can't quite decipher what the lyrics are supposed to mean, as thoughts are never really completed, but the energy and melody (mixed with hooting and screaming) makes Five Stars For Failure one to keep in the back of your mind. I'd be interested in their live show and a better recording sometime in the future. Four songs. DO (Five Stars For Failure/410 Grant Ave./Warminster, PA 18974; www.rebel-alliance.net/fivestarsforfailure)

V/A • Food Is A Right... Not A Privilege tape

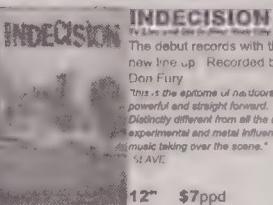
Really shitty recordings. I usually don't know what band is which. All the bands up to the Sweat Shop Boys all mashed into one sloppy mess and none of the other bands did anything to spawn any effort on my part to figure out who they even were, except Decimation Of Authority who were outstandingly horrible; it's really embarrassing listening to some guy screaming cheesy political rants over "music" that consists of just a snare drum, I hope this guy isn't serious because that would be pitiful. The Sweat Shop Boys songs were the only songs I could tolerate to listen to twice; kind of reminded me of the Dead Milkmen but poppier. The positive part of this demo is that it's all benefit for Food Not Bombs, but I'd suggest if you wanted to help just send them some money because this tape isn't really worth anything. ADI (\$4ppd to So Fucking What Records/253 Alexander St. #322/Rochester, NY 14607)

I DON'T THINK SO • In tape

From Croatia, personal and political pop punk. Like a harder No Use For A Name with vocals like The Broadways. Some songs are in Croatian. Very well done. I don't want to trivialize this, but I think that is all I can say. Good recording, thirteen songs. WM (Anubis Records/P.P. 6012/10 090 Zagreb/Croatia)

ERPICE • demo

This band is from Italy I'm guessing. I think they were on a 1 in 12 club compilation once. They play pretty straight forward punk with singing male vocals with lyrics about how to live and think positive around all the bullshit and chasing the personal demons away in an Italian with English translations. AM (via Filli Rosselli, 39/72015 Fasano (BR)/Italy)



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V/A • Come Tap Dance With Me tape

No lyrics, no address; I can't even tell which band is which. Punk for sure. If these were my friends bands I would have this as a mix tape in the car I don't have. All of the bands sound like they were recorded at practice one day on their little sister's boom box. Noise/punk/meta/gore/spoken word/performance/lo-fi/ska. I wish I could get more info on a few of the bands and some lyrics and addresses cause as punk and lo-fi as it is some of the fuzz sounds nice. S (no address)

SECRET SERVICE • demo

Three tracks of messy noisy rock with bad singing over it. You hear this type of stuff on college artsy rock radio stations. Not for me. MA (5500 SW 77 Ct. #308/Miami, FL 33155)

THE SELF ESTEEM PROJECT • demo

This is sweet music appealing to the "wimpy" side of me (see letter section, issue 23). A four piece out of Canada that seems to have broken up early summer of '99. Solid indie rock song writing in the Jimmy Eat World, Get Up Kids vein. Could be written off as just another corporate-emo band, but I'd recommend this to anyone that's a fan of the above bands. Plus they've got a few tricks of their own. Not sure of the lyrical content. ADI (\$4ppd to Greg/9774 154th St./Surrey, BC/V3R 7J1/Canada)

HOORAY FOR EVERYTHING • demo CD

Composed of two guitars, one bass, one drummer, and two singers (one from each team), Hooray For Everything sounds like just about every other band out there. They're a little sweet, a little angry, a little quiet, a little loud, a little Rainer Maria and need a little more practice before they're the next cover-kids for "Emo Stars Weekly." Now, take my sarcasm lightly, because these folks aren't terrible by any means. I've just gotten too cynical in my time as a reviewer. It doesn't help that they opt to have song titles like "Is That The World In Your Pocket Or Are You Just Happy To See Me?" and "Why Don't You Take A Picture; It Lasts Longer." They also lift signature Braid riffs all over the place and have lyrics like "Boys like tonight are boys that like tonight." I haven't got a clue what that's supposed to mean, but I'm sure it would make Bob Nanna and Davey von Bohlen cringe. Oh well. Keep trying. Seven songs, 29 minutes. DO (Ache/3279 Chaucer Ave./N. Vancouver, BC/V7K 2C2/Canada; zandoey@hotmail.com)

COLLATERAL DAMAGE/ERADICATE • split demo

Both bands hail from England and show that from a scene I keep hearing is really new still has some rocking bands. Collateral Damage play music similar to misery and other midwest crust bands. The vocals were kind of odd, but nothing that really made it bad. Mostly songs dealing with animal rights and selling out. Eradicate play more straight up Infest-type fast power-violence stuff. The singing is pretty brutal with the typical growling and screaming to infest style. They even do an Infest cover (no points on originality there!) and also a Lack Of Interest cover (they just made those points back!). I am definitely looking forward to hearing more from these bands. CF

AGE OF RUIN • The Opium Dead cassette

Age Of Ruin play burly hardcore with a metal backbone. Their songs are not all that fast, but the heavy bass based drumming, wispy guitar, and thick vocals create an overall heavy mood. Very dark. LO (ageofruin@aol.com)

00 • Ampli Works demo

Very strange and experimental noise. There are six songs on this demo; accompanying each is a number and the musical instruments/tools that made the song possible. For example, track one lists "computer, distortion, compression, and guitar ampli." The sounds range from trance to industrial. I had a hard time really grasping the music in this noise. LO (Luca Mauri/Via Lambro 8/20038 Seragno (MI)/Italy)

END ON END • demo

End On End play straight-ahead riff hardcore with some chug chug and some melody. The music is raw and fast and indistinguishable from so many other youth crew hardcore bands. The vocals work with the tunes in a sing along way. SJS (7706 Hollywood Blvd. #1/Los Angeles, CA 90046)

I. VALDEVA • The Sky Is Falling demo

This tape is pretty fucking brutal. Mostly in a metallic hardcore way (good), since the screamed vocals seem sincere and relevant (even though there are no lyrics listed) and the music is dynamic and varies from fast chugga to sludge. Otherwise, I would fear some false, "new metal" influence, like Korn or Limp Bizkit. Happily, these guys fuck shit up and leave "the nookie" for mainstream dipshtis to "stick it up their ass." Hardcore prevails again. I. Valdeva rocks like muthafuckas. A bit short, with four songs, but for fans of solid metal and hardcore, it's well worth the two dollar bill...uh...y'all. DO (\$2 to I. Valdeva/8 Humboldt Ave./Burlington, MA 01803)

NADA QUE HACER • Haciendo Pico demo

This demo comes from Uruguay. It's pretty much a Bad Religion style of band with a bit of a hardcore influence. They pull it off pretty well and the sound is good for a demo. The layout is complete with photos and lyrics, which doesn't help much for those who can not read Spanish. Did I mention that all the songs are in Spanish? Well, all but one song. I can see myself listening to this a couple of more times. Este banda toque muy bien la musica de rock. Espero que buscan algo que hacer y su pico sabe bueno. AF (Alquimia/C.C. 10.884 Suc. Pluna/Montevideo/Uruguay)

MOFA • tape

Great release from Buenos Aires. Mofa plays mid tempo to fast melodic/post hardcore with a blend of crunchy riffs, soft subtle guitar chords and moody vocals. Some parts remind me of early Lifetime because of the vocals and others of Ashes because of the music. Personal style lyrics which get a bit too spacey for my tastes but I guess go well with this style of music. Great production and nice cover art. I like it. MA (Septiembre/C.C. N. 13 Suc. San Fernando/C.P. (1646/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

AS WE ONCE WERE • Demo 1999 demo

Although this demo suffers from poor quality, the overall feel of his band comes through. As We Once Were play Gorilla Biscuits influenced, '88 style hardcore. The lyrics all bring back familiar youth crew themes like friendship, motivation, and staying positive in the scene. There are a plethora of catchy guitar parts and sing alongs. LO (Ben Cook/444 Scarborough Rd./Toronto, ON/M1N 3N2/Canada)

YODA • Dagobah tape

Old school youth crew from Argentina. What I like so much about this tape is that the singers voice reminds me a lot of HR from the Bad Brains. Imagine HR singing in a youth crew band... FUCK YEAH!! They throw in a good mix of mosh parts and sing alongs to keep the tradition, definitely not original but just as good. Plus if you're a Star Wars freak and you like when it's associated with hardcore then you'll love the cover on this thing. MA (Casilla de correo 4524/Codigo Postal (1000)/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

IN THE CLEAR • Steel City Straight Edge demo

Some U.K. Straight-Edge for you. The drummer is hectic. The rest of the band leaves much to be desired. The vocalist has a weird fucking method of singing the most typical lyrics and the "youth crew" can't seem to emphasize the key words all that well. Those who know anything about old school hardcore know that the sing-alongs are of the utmost importance and In The Clear fails miserably in this area. This embarrasses me, as a fan of bands like Gorilla Biscuits and Judge and youth crew straight edge as a bloody whole. Five songs. DO (Sure Hand/PO Box 1251/S11 8WE/UK; subsure@compuserve.com)

TEKKEN • We Killed Bruce demo

Goes from funny jokes to boring attempts at being obscene pretty quick. Grind with crazy Japan-style humor from France. Other than grind, drum machines, Cure cover, Shaggy Hound (?) cover, there is a Crass style poster/lyric sheet with photos of the band members and their respective sports cars. The lyrics range from fairly benign ("the world is like a toilet") to worthless offensive ("a day without an x movie is like a girl without a pussy"). The one redemption to my copy was the French hip-hop on the reverse side. File under novelty. WM (Tekken Records/40 Residence DeSeignan/09200 Montedotte/France)

THE UNIVERSAL FEARS • demo

These guys seem pretty goofy. Bass, drums and vocal trio. The bass player is pretty gnarly using distortion and the note range of the bass very well. Some riffs are death metal sounding at times but the way everything mixes together death metal is not what you'd think of. Other parts are slow and heavy or crazy noodle lines with a fair amount of repetition. The singer sounds like he's from Europe and English is not his first language, but his lyrics are actually cool; abstract but to the point, with a possible political slant. I don't know if the singer is serious because his style is pretty out there. But whatever, this is all pretty cool and, if nothing else, original sounding. ADI (307 Hayworth Dr./Knoxville, TN 37920)

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WE ACEDIASTS • demo

Total math-core, a genre which I'm not all that fond of, but it seems to be done pretty well nonetheless. The guitarist appears to be ex-Native Nod and is the focal driving point of this music. With clanky yet smooth slightly distorted guitar tone the guitarist seems quite good, playing odd chords and some strange riffs. The bass does a good job of adding dimension, and the drums do their part OK. The vocals need work, it almost seems like they're not quite sure what they should be singing half the time and the loud "puffs!!" could have been easily avoided. It took a while for the first part of this tape to play, I believe mainly due to the poor quality of the tape causing it to stick and not want to play. Recorded live with two mics in their practice studio, showing that you can get an OK sound without using lots of fancy equipment. ADI (acediast@hotmail.com)

CITTA SOTTERRANEA • demo

The sound on this demo is somewhat varied. Though Citta Sotterranea keep the same style, their songs combine drawn out slow melodies and precise points of the instrumental consolidation. Many of their slower parts are a little too slow. This may work well at a show, but the energy did not transfer onto this demo and I found myself getting bored. It liked their distorted edge but I needed to feel more energy to keep my interest up. LO (Luca Mauri/Via Lambro 8/20038 Seragno (MI)/Italy)

CROSS OF WAR • demo

There is a heavy Submission Hold influence on this demo. Going from hard punky parts to quirky flute having singy jam-jams. The boys have intelligent political lyrics and diss homophobes (yay!) and facists and sexist pigs. The vocals and over all feeling is like NoMeansNo or something. I hope this band continues for a while and gets focused and matures while keeping the message in the music. S (PO Box 474/Gladwyne, PA 19035)

VIOLENTLY ILL • Four Chords And A Beer 1999 demo

Nineteen songs in eighteen minutes. There wasn't anything beyond a track listing (with the times for each song) so it is hard for me to really say what the songs are about, especially since most of the vocals are heavily distorted. In fact, distorted is probably a good way to describe the overall sound. The raging guitar, pounding bass, and relentless drums are all fuzzed out by the quality of this tape. It is average punk stuff that is messed up but you aren't supposed to care. Unfortunately, the real spirit of the band doesn't really come through. At least, I hope not. LO (Knot Music/PO Box 501/South Haven, MI 49090)

THE KREMLIN • demo

Boy... I was so ready to abhor what was about to come out of my speakers when I read their disclaimer of being two brothers playing bass and drums. Then some craziness comes springing forth and I'm tapping my toes to the insanity and not hating it. Amazing. The bass is being strummed quickly and the drums keep up the tempo, while slightly strained vocals are yelled over minimal guitars, used only to thicken the sound a bit. The lack of real guitarwork is the only true drawback here... if they add a third member, they could be on to some really solid stuff. Only three songs on the cassette, which is a good thing, since I could see this getting old fairly quickly... but, for what this is, it is extremely well-done. They're on to something, but it just seeds a little something. DO (Rich/#2919 Vancouver St./Victoria, BC/V8V 3V6/Canada; rtrawick@uvic.ca)

MILES TO FAILURE • demo

Stratego played with these fellows in a basement in Eastern Pennsylvania this summer and I was blown away. Very gutsy and a perfect blend of melody, screams, rock and messages of personal and political nature. This tape is pretty good sound-quality and the songs represent them well. An awesome blend of Spirit Assembly, Still Life and Hot Water Music. There's not a whole lot more to say other than "this is just about the best demo I've heard since Anasarcia, Boy Sets Fire and Faceplant." Really excellent stuff. Get this now, if you know what's good for you. Five songs. DO (638 Lehigh Rd., Apt. M-10/Newark, DE 19711; chomskyluver@hotmail.com)

V/A • Flat Earth Records: The First Ten Years tape

This is exactly what the title says; a compilation of songs from the first ten years of Flat Earth releases. The bands include Generic, Electric Hippies, One By One, Sedition, Disaffect, Doom, Hiatus, Kitchner, Unhinged, Pink Turds In Space, Heath Hazard, Witchknot, Headache, Recusant, Dropdead, Whirling Pig Dirvish, Suffer, VR, Scatha, Ebola, Oi Polloi, and Los Crudos. I am not sure if this came out in England (where Flat Earth is from) or only in Poland, but the tape sounds great and is a great way to check out some of the great bands that have done tracks with Flat Earth. Some of this material is long gone and some is still available. The tape comes with lyrics for all the songs and also some words from Mr. Flat Earth himself. KM (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

OI POLLOI • Guilty! tape

This is a comp tape of old Oi Polloi releases. It includes tracks from Resist The Atomic Menace, Endless Struggle, Guilty!, and their self-titled 1993 7". All of the songs are classic Oi Polloi. The lyrics are printed in both English and in Polish. Anarchist politics and plenty of rage against a society filled with injustice and corruption. Quite good. I guess a review is sort of unnecessary since Oi Polloi has been around for so damn long and at this point they have a well established following. I assume this tape was released for a tour that they did in Eastern Europe. KM (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

FECAL FACE AND THE TOILET SLAVES • tape

This is perhaps the dumbest crap that I reviewed for this issue, but what can you expect from Fecal Face? Here are some wonderful lyrics "...Skank, whore, you're a pussing sora! Take it up the asshole, that's where you'll get it, not with my cock or I'll fuckin' regret it!" and "...back stabbing, shit talking, pussy fucks!" and "...Tattooed preppies following the trend, like I said fag, it's just a fag!" and one more "I'm gonna kill, kill, kill your relatives, fuck your pets, and burn your kids." Really bad music as well. Simple song structures and low-fi recording. Bad, bad, bad! If they come to town keep your cat indoors. KM (PO Box 1550/Rosamond, CA 93560)



BORN AGAINST

I took this photo the last time Born Against played in Goleta. It was really loud and I put some toilet tissue in my ear. Unfortunately the wad of tissue went way too far in my ear canal and I couldn't get it out. I didn't really enjoy the show since I spent most of the time freaking out about my ear. After I got home Sonia pulled out the wad of tissue with a pair of tweezers. That felt damn good. —Kent

3AM #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

This is a benefit issue for Big Woods Earth First in Minneapolis. A collection of writings on creative resistance, boycotting, the modeling industry, and many other issues leaning towards the political. I think some are written by different people. A lot of it is written from personal points of view. Not bad. MA (Colin/5023 Norwood St./Duluth, MN 55804)

A DAY IN JUNE 5.5x4.25 \$1 16pgs.

Yet another poetry 'zine... but wait, this one is different... straight edge poetry? Yes, but less like XEarth CrisisX and more like Frail. This feels intensely personal: the poems read like letters, but have relevance outside of themselves. One in particular I felt I connected with seemed to be about a losing a friend to a drug-related death. This happened to me only five months ago and was therefore extremely relevant to my life and experiences. This is put together in a very DIY fashion and looks really appealing. I liked it because it has the feeling of being part of a larger whole. One of my favorite things this time around. TS (1345 Neil Ave. #1A/Columbus, OH 43201)

AQUA #2-#4 8.5x12 \$7 60/56/64pgs.

We got a copy of each issue and all are really outstanding. This 'zine comes from Brazil and is written in Portuguese. All three issues are really thick and packed with a lot to read. The best thing for me about these 'zines are the eye-catching images, pictures, and drawings. They have very intense personal/political writings or messages next to them about sexism, music and life. Inspiring writing from a woman's perspective (the editor) on many issues. The 'zines seem to be done cut'n'paste—but neatly and with style. Here's a quick run down on what each issue includes. Issue #2 has an interview with David Hilliard (ex-Black Panther), a story on a trip, and drawings by a female prisoner. Issue #3 has a very awesome interview (that if you can read this you should definitely check out) with a fellow Brazilian priest. Plus female prison stories and lots more. Issue #4 has stuff on independent publishing used by communities, MST and anarchism. It's great how this 'zine has a lot to do with music but at the same time it doesn't. Get them and you'll know what I mean. MA (Carol Pfister/R. Simao Alavares 745/11/05417 000 SP/SP Brazil)

ANTIPATHY #5 5.5x8.5 \$2 100pgs.

Antipathy is written by a guy named Mike who lives in a forest in Southern Oregon. Mike enjoys playing devil's advocate, gadfly, and shit stirrer on many topics held sacred in the punk and hardcore underground. Fortunately, he is not a blathering moron. In this issue he writes long essays on Anarchism, patriatism, misanthropy, the use of violence, Christians, Food Not Bombs, the state of working class America and Neo-Wobblies, and how to be vegan. What informs all of these essays and the remainder of the 'zine is a deeply held respect for the earth, the need for all people to accept full responsibility for their actions, and the need for everyone to continuously question everything, including ourselves. Most of his opinions scrape against the grain of commonly held beliefs in our community. Mike bases his definition of patriotism on being concerned with and caring for the region in which you live. That makes good sense. His thoughts on collecting roadkill and hunting on your own land as part of a vegan diet seem to stretch that definition into unintended territory. Elsewhere Mike writes of his experiences while hitchhiking and trainhopping around the US. He rants a bit about what is and is not punk and what is wrong with punks today. He tells a horrifying story about the fate of a piece of forest destroyed by clear-cut logging and the relationship he had with the ecology of that land. In the introduction to this issue, Mike describes how after all the political bullshit, destruction, and hatred that humanity tosses at each other and our planet nature, the only constant, will always get the last word. He closes with an invitation to Cascadia for all the eco-punks looking to make a change. SJS (PO Box 11703/Eugene, OR 97440)

ARMCHAIRWATERBOY #8 & #9 7x8.5 \$7 24/28pgs

Wow, poetry—and lots of it. Both issues of this 'zine are comprised of 95% poetry and 5% reprints of *Calvin And Hobbes* panels. I don't know how qualified I am to comment on this; I have never really been turned on by poetry and this poetry is of the cryptically personal persuasion. I feel like I've said this before, but I just can't get much out of stuff this personal unless there is some kind of expansion, explanation, or commentary to bring it home to me, to allow me to understand and relate. Many, many references are made to Christian icons (angels, temples, heaven, salvation, etc.) and quite a few to scary male sexual behavior. Wacky. The layout is cut-and-paste and looks really nice. Both 'zines are bound with red yarn, a nice touch. My friend and former roommate, Wendy, shows up on the cover of issue #9, flanked by what I believe to be the Little Rock skyline. TS (3418 W 7th St./Little Rock, AR 72205)

AVOW #9 5.5x8.5 \$3 64pgs.

Hope I counted them—there pages correctly. Lots of the pages are made up of fashion photography of their friends wearing clothes and stuff. Other contents are interviews with the bands Good Riddance, D.R.I., Neurosis, and A.F.I. or record and 'zine reviews. There is a fascinating piece on water fountains and which are the good ones in the Kansas City area (including pictures of some) and a funny thing called "Ten Things I Hate About Teen Movies." All in all, it's a good 'zine with a nice amount of stuff in it. Not too long, not too short. If any of this interests you, then check it out. RG (1210 W 68th Terr./Kansas City, MO 64113)

ATHENA'S SCAPEGOAT #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 80pgs.

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BACK TO SCHOOL GUIDE '99-2000

4.25x5.5 \$7 32pgs.

A tiny little 'zine about education, actually it has more to do about school and the reasoning behind why people attend them. Everything you ever wanted to know about why you go to school, why you shouldn't go to school, and other alternatives to getting schooled. I found this quite interesting since I work at an elementary school and I get to see first hand all the fucked up and racist doings in this city's education system. MA (PO Box 2624/Portland, OR 97208-2624)

THE BLACK PANTHER #6 news \$2 16pgs.

Here we get the latest issue of this very important newspaper that comes right out of my own neighborhood here in the south central Los Angeles area. The International Panther Headquarters has been located here for quite sometime now and have played a major factor in getting a lot of needed information out to our community through meetings, marches, and this paper, *The Black Panther*. Covering the things that mainstream newspapers and prime time news fail to cover correctly or even cover at all, and doing it with more professionalism than the so called "professional journalists." This time around they cover the crisis in the American educational system, Mumia Abu-Jamal, Elaine Brown, the Mexico Movement and much more. Every punk out there that cares about social change should definitely look into one of these, for decades the Black Panthers have been using similar means to spread information the way the DIY punk movement does—and there is still a lot more we can learn from them. So get thin and take your ass to school. MA (1470 W Martin Luther King Blvd./Los Angeles, CA 90062)

BURN COLLECTOR #10 5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

Ah, *Burn Collector*, a 'zine that never disappoints. The stories in this issue are more than just anecdotes, as they tie together themes making the pieces seem much more intentional and meaningful. This issue gives more detail into what Al's experiences and notices going on around him. "Saturday Night" and "Ergonomics" talk about people's lives and the things that effect us in ways that made me think. I could go on and on about those pieces, but in order to not spoil it for someone else I'll remain vague. It is fucking good stuff, believe me! LO (Stickfigure Distro/PO Box 5546/Atlanta, GA 30308)

CHUMP: REFLECTIONS ON A HIGH SCHOOL UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER #5 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 24pgs.

From the title and the questionable-at-best Pamela Lee Anderson comic on the cover, I thought I would be in for another horrifying insight into the minds of the US's high-schoolers. But what a surprise! This is one of the most intelligently written and right-on 'zines I got this time around. It is basically, as the sub-title suggests, the contents of two issues of a 'zine produced at the authors' high school written as a response to the censoring of the school's regular student paper. It includes some history to contextualize everything and commentary, as some years have passed since the original publications were made. The commentaries are fairly self-conscious, and I can understand since it seems the authors have grown a bit, but the quality of the writing is already way above that of most other 'zines. I find this especially impressive and inspiring since some of the writings were penned by sophomores! I don't want to sound ageist, but I think these kids are writing way above any expectations held on high schoolers. Addressed here are issues of the legality of students to produce and distribute their own literature, military spending and service, the police/prison industry, corporate control, consumerism, drug use, racism, and homophobia. Smart kids! I hope the authors continue along this path. TS (Messeloid Distro/PO Box 6647/Grand Rapids, MI 48156)

CHUMPIRE #118 8.5x11 33¢ 2pgs.

I'm on a e-mail list with a network of ten or twenty friends scattered across the country. We continuously post music, movie, and show reviews, as well as share our observations on whatever comes up. *Chumpire* is basically a low tech version of this. The one page (front and back) update is a pretty useful communication tool for Greg to keep in touch with friends, acquaintances, or whoever is interested. DF (PO Box 680/Coneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

CHUMPIRE #119 8.5x11 33¢ 2pgs. (see above address)

This is listed separately from issue #118 because it is not the standard *Chumpire* format. Greg went to Argentina for "24 days of cold, sunny nose, exceptional hospitality, punk, and sore feet," and this 'zine serves to document his experience there. A nice mix of observations and interpretation is organized in the usual *Chumpire* manner. That is, a series of short, self-contained entries. I would highly recommend this to anybody who likes travel writing, Argentina, or previous *Chumpire* material. DF

from Cryptic Slaughter #10

'zine reviews

ASK WHY #7 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 20pgs.

Not many pages in this little thing, but the few that are here are all filled with sincere writing about what is important to the editor and why. Straightedge as a political movement, homophobia, Anti-racist action, and more. Great name for a 'zine. MA (Chad McMann/1600 Grand Ave./St. Paul, MN 55105)

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CHUMPIRE #121 8.5x11 33¢ 2pgs. (see above address)

The latest issue of *Chumpire* has a mix of longer pieces and short commentary about what Greg has been up to. Information on a mass of punk releases, thoughts on pop culture, and anecdotes fill this issue. LO

CATALYST #1 5.5x8.5 \$7 48pgs.

An activist 'zine dedicated to the true spirit of DIY. Lots of tips on radical actions and columns on Christian brainwash, animal rights, etc. My favorite was the one on male liberation. There is lots of humor, too. I definitely recommend this to all the women reading this out there. CF (PO Box 38155/Cambridge, MA 02238)

COLONIZATION IS ALWAYS WAR #1

5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

This pamphlet contains a philosophical analysis of the situation in which indigenous peoples of the Western Hemisphere currently find themselves. By employing a broad definition of war, the author determines that the home invasion began in 1492 and then escalated to full-scale war on indigenous people continuing to this day. The current means by which the battle continues are economic, ideological, cultural, technological, diplomatic, as well as military. The author then sets out to develop a philosophy of decolonization that could become a foundation for people struggling to overcome their existing conditions. SJS (PO Box 26014/16 Sherbrook St./Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4K9/Canada)

COMPLETE CONTROL #4 5.5x8.5 55¢ 28pgs.

This is a personal type 'zine from Greg of Richmond, VA. He takes a look at how his city has changed, and not for the best. It seems a university and a convention center want to expand into an older low income neighbor hood, bringing destruction and gentrification of the existing communities. Next there is an overview of how the city persecutes prostitutes. Also, Greg discusses some of the jobs he has had and what he was able to get away with while working or not. Lastly, he tells the story of a critical mass demo and its aftermath. SJS (PO Box 5021/Richmond, VA 23220)

CAUSTIC TRUTHS #68 8.5x11 \$2 24pgs.

Where have I been? This 'zine has done 68 issues and I have never even seen it until now. Maybe cuz it's not to interesting to me. Ads make up most of this 'zine along with the interviews of Zamora the Torture King, Queens of the Stone Age, and the Lower East Side Stitches. Columns and reviews in there to fill it up as well. MA (PO Box 92548/152 Carlton St./Toronto, ON/M5A 2K0/Canada)

COUNTER THEORY #1 8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.

A music fanzine that leans more towards the indie rock crowd. Nothing really new here: tons of columns, reviews, and ads. Interviews with Fugazi, At The Drive-In, Kill Holiday, Sarge, and more. The interviews were really boring to me but that's probably because I don't like any of these bands. You might. MA (12850 St. Rd. 84 11-10/Davie, FL 33325)

COWARD 4.25x4 \$7 36pgs.

I still haven't quite figured most of this out... this strange little 'zine consists of bits and pieces of one-line stories that are supposed to make the reader think, but most of the time it causes only confusion and mild frustration. (i.e.: "Am I stupid? Does this make any sense to smart people? Am I just being weeded out?") It's all xeroxed and cut-and-pasted words over pictures, often of porno shots, and things that make you go hmn. There's the anecdote about a guy who gets drunk and wakes up missing his kidneys. There's a quick shot at people (an over-worked wife/mother in this instance) taking other people for granted and taking advantage of them. It's sort of a mish-mash and is only slightly of interest to me. E-mail the guy and get his insights... DO (johnnyforward@hotmail.com)

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #10 5.5x4.25 \$1 56pgs.

Small and sometimes hard (for me) to read, but content-wise I am very content. This guy has got a view on life that really speaks to me: go outside and do stuff. So, we hear some nice stories about things that he does, such as hitch hiking in Europe. There is a good show review with a nice theme to it, 'zine reviews, interview with Still Life, and some good ol' stories about life and what goes on in his. There is a funny thing on why the 1950s suck and that punks (or whoever) should not think that decade was so cool. I'm not going to say I was totally convinced, but it still enlightened me somewhat. Nothing crappy, so check it out. RG (Giovanni/PO Box 1781/Ispokane, WA 99210)

DEADSTOP #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

A straightforward 'zine with no bands in it, just a lot of writing. Actually very little of it has to do with sex; which is probably a good thing. Lots of personal stories and written thoughts here by different contributors which were interesting, short, and to the point. A lot of the things written in here are things that probably lingered through your own mind once or twice. MA (8127 Waterbury Dr. #203/Woodridge, IL 60517)

DISARMAMENT #1 8.5x11 \$7 20pgs.

This is one of the best 'zines I have gotten in a long time; three of my favorite bands are featured: Caliboused, Decrepit, and Krishno. This 'zine is dedicated to fighting homophobia in the punk and metal scenes. The record reviews are the writers favorites, including some of the best picked crust, grind, and metal from all over. These guys have great taste! There is even a crossword puzzle! If you get all the answers right they will send you a tape, so you better brush up on your punk rock trivia! Anyone who thinks they are really into crust should check this out. The 'zine of the month in my opinion. CF (PO Box 33326/Seattle, WA 98133)

DISCORDIA #2 8.5x11 \$3 40pgs.

This is a strictly metal 'zine, which occasionally mentions hardcore bands such as Earth Crisis, VOD, and All Out War. If you're interested in the metal scene, I'd check this out because I'd think it would pretty informative. GD (Pete Richards/16894 St. Andrews Rd./Caledon East, ON/L0N 1E0/Canada)

DO NOT CRUSH #2 5.5x8.5 \$7 36pgs.

To be honest, I didn't exactly make what to skip around between pages when reading, and I'm sure that I must have missed some parts. I think I felt that way because each pages reminds me of a brief journal entry that has been typed out—it's not like there is some flow from page one to page thirty-six, but rather a stop-start feel to the whole thing. I don't know. If you're interested in reading a bunch of observations about different things, *Do Not Crush* can offer you that. If, on the other hand, you are in an impatient mood, or want to read lengthy analyses, this is not the place to turn. While it's not poorly done, I just couldn't get into it. LK (no address)

ELOQUENCE OF A PARIAH #2

8.5x11 \$7 60pgs. Your typical hardcore 'zine which focuses a bit more on the metal-core crossover bands than others. Okay in quality with lots of interviews and the usual stuff like ads and reviews. (Jan Vanden Boer/Weimortels 73/3920 Lommel/Belgium)

ENGINE #5 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

Engine is very well done with interviews with Devolva, Crudos, DS-13, Devoid, Of Faith, Hellnation, Opstand, Scatha, and some others as well. There is an interesting intro from the editor about hardcore nostalgia, as well as columns and reviews. The whole 'zine is really well done, and reminds me of the quality hardcore 'zines that were coming out in the early '90s (except that *Engine* is printed on newsprint ala *Heartattack* which really wasn't very common back then). KM (\$2 to PO Box 64666/Los Angeles, CA 90064)

ETHEL MORMON #1 5.5x8.5 \$7 28pgs.

Writings by two friends who decide to start a 'zine. There is a very informative piece on the Emergency Contraceptive Pill or the "morning after pill," a little rant on porn e-mails which are common if you have AOL, some thoughts on body image, and a personal piece on how behavior and language reinforces cultural norms. Also included are writings on observing a spoken word night at a club and a piece called "Why Vegans Piss Me Off." Which I'm trying to figure for sarcasm or just a bunch of generalizations made by a meat eater, like I might generalize that all 'zine writers are just a bunch of self absorbed idiots looking for attention because their band didn't make it big. (Sarcasm.) This 'zine is pretty good for first issue. AM (Latisha/PO Box 202/Dallastown, PA 17313)

EPI-LOGUE: 'ZINE OF EPICENTER'S DEMISE

7.8x5 \$1 24pgs.

At first I didn't really understand what the point of this would be, so I sort of put off reading it. But once I sat down and actually read through the entire 'zine, I found that it was pretty interesting. Basically this is the story of the Epicenter Zone in San Francisco, and it talks both about the good and bad times that were had by this record store/community center/show space/etc. For anyone interested in the story of Epicenter, this 'zine offers a brief look into just that. LK (Gordon/740 A 14th St. #207/San Francisco, CA 94114)

EXCARCERATE #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 56pgs.

Here's a 'zine for the politically-minded information seekers. This one has a lot to do with prisons. Social control function of prisons, political prisoners, prison labor/privatization, prisoner support, etc. All the writing seems to have been researched very well with contact addresses provided to do your own researching. Honestly, the way the 'zine is layed-out makes it very boring to read, but the info within is very interesting and can spark up a lot of critical thinking from the reader. When a 'zine can do that it's done it's duty. Oh... and this 'zine is free to prisoners. MA (PO Box 30924/Philadelphia, PA 19104)

FILLING THE FRAME #2 8.5x5.5 free 32pgs.

A photo 'zine that lives up to its name. Each page, save for the intro and a couple of ads, is a full-page photo of a band. Contained are shots of Braid, Hot Water Music, Jets To Brazil, and of the 1999 Michigan Fest. Fairly well put together, this was one of the better 'zinies I got in my review stack. No lame poetry, no pointless interviews—just photos of bands in action. My most serious complaints are that the edges of the photos (and what little text there is) are often cut off badly and that the photos aren't reproduced so well. Maybe a finer DPI and borders around the photos could spruce things up a little next time. TS (3909 Central Ave./Western Springs, IL 60558)

FOOD GEEK #1 4.25x5.5 \$1 20pgs.

Although I've never had the pleasure of reading *Dishwasher* 'zine, this is (albeit quite a bit smaller) perhaps the food equivalent. Personal testimonies about food, ovens, rangeflops, and whatever else might be associated with eating. Some fun comics that double as recipes for pico de gallo and tofu sprawl, as well as silliness about making "charred paper towels" and the "mighty power of the chili." Cute, well-executed 'zine with some worthwhile recipes. Next time, I hope that there's a few more recipes and a little more of everything. DO (PO Box 481051/Los Angeles, CA 90048)

FRAME 609 #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

Frame 609 is compiled of letters written and mailed to various friends and acquaintances. The editor, Mike, writes about the events of his life and how his relationships with people and places effect his emotions, well being, and day to day life. The letters in this issue cover autumn into early winter in Boston. Mike is working at a record store and anticipating his return to the University of New Hampshire after some time off from higher education. Two interesting things are revealed in these letters. Mike spends a lot of time describing how he begins and composes them and how sleep and dreaming are useful tools for writing. So, occasionally the letters are about writing letters. Scattered throughout the pages are references or analogies to the movie like nature of life. Indeed, Mike writes each letter as an excerpt from a continuous flow of people, places, conversations, and events into which the thread of his life is woven. The letters are constructed for visual effect using words for image making devices. Because following the intimate details of other people's lives can be endlessly fascinating when the story is well told, *Frame 609* is a pleasure to read. SJS (Mike F/184 Oak Hill Rd./Concord, NH 03301)

FRANKENBONES 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

This is a comic book by Emily Heiple and Nate Powell about some troublemaking cats, but actually much more. The art is fantastic, and was quite an entertaining read. Check it out. GD (Food Chain Productions/7205 Geronomo/N Little Rock, AR 72116)

FRESH COW PIE #4 6.5x10 \$2 32pgs.

Farmer P is an amazing individual. He's an actual family farmer who works his own land, listens to good indie-rock, and faces off with the corrupt US Government on a daily basis. This young man wrote a testimonial regarding the problems on small American farms today, posed mostly due to the HUGE commercial farms that are supported by our own government, and was supposed to take it to Washington to testify. Instead, his trip is canceled, his research is plagiarized and his farm continues to struggle to stay afloat. This 'zine has lots of interesting insight into the whole issue, as well as lots of solid reviews of indie and punk records. He uses his great sense of humor to keep the interest level high and his true love of the farm to keep the reader inspired by what he's done. Includes an e-mail interview with a member of Mogwai and funny-ass commentary on life in rural North Dakota. DO (5112 77th Ave. SE/Montpelier, ND 58472)

FSHUT STONCA #6 5.5x8.5 \$7 76pgs.

A Polish 'zine about hardcore, poetry, and ecology. As far as I can tell, this issue features interviews with I Can Vanish, Usta Syracha, Frontoise, Tomahawk, and Rumor, as well as columns, poetry, ads, and reviews. All writing is in Polish as far as I can tell. LO (Rafak Grodnicki/Skoneczna 79/38-200 Jasko/Poland)

FUN, FOREST AND FANTASY #2 5.5x8.5 55¢ 20pgs.

I enjoyed this little 'zine. The story about hitchhiking in Alabama was told well, the piece on cars showed original thought, and the anecdote about sneaking out of the house let you in on the kind of person the author is. My only complaint was that the 'zine was so short. I could have read twice as much as what was here and not been bored. As is, I was actually hoping for a little more. Perhaps in issue #3... LO (Tim Rakunze/PO Box 5272/Ventura, CA 93005)

GALAXY 666 #8 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 32pgs.

This is the final issue of *Galaxy 666*; a 'zine that strove to share thoughts and experiences with its readers. The final result wasn't always the most original stuff, but it was very honest and open to voices from all over. This issue features rants about Christianity, evolution, unions, and Communism. For me, the rants have always been the signature part of this 'zine. There are also some thoughts about pirate philosophy and Mumia, some short book reviews, incantations, and a few recipes. The arduous nature of 'zine creation eventually wore this group down. At least they're out on a good note. LO (Jeff Maris/PO Box 492/Buckley, WA 98321)

GIRL/BOY 7x8.5 \$3 84pgs.

I took this 'zine for review because I was intrigued by the concept of—it-one half of the 'zine (with a pink cover) is entitled "Girl," and if you look at it from the other direction (the blue cover), you see the "Boy" section. While the two 'zine halves complement each other, they are distinctly separated in the collaboration. Shyla Ann (author of the "Girl" half) discusses her interest in porn in great detail. She also interviews a dancer, Cream, about her experiences. Additionally, there is a story and information on pregnancy and abortion, and an interview with a woman in the military (which was really quite interesting). Robnoxious put together the "Boy" half of the 'zine, and does a nice job as well. Like Shyla Ann, he talks about pornography as well. Other topics include being a father, relationships, patriarchy, male beauty standards, and more. Both halves are well done, and the collaboration turned out quite well. LK (Left Bank Distribution/1004 Turner Way E/Seattle, WA 98112)

GLORYBOX #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

This 'zine is dated from December 1997 so it took some time to get here. *Glorybox* is a personal 'zine with an emotional edge. The contents are mostly short journal entries from a guy who is obsessing over whether a girl likes him or not. He seems reconciled to having an unrequited crush. Some of the printing is nearly unreadable due to tiny font size or white/black reversal not working out well. SJS (Even Skar/Skeraberget 52/4365 Naerbo/Norway)

GOAT SCROTE 23 #38 5.5x8.5 \$2 8pgs.

I doubt this is the 38th issue since the entire thing is convoluted, sensationalist ramblings about penises and anal sex. Actually, there is one short rant about circumcision but it hardly makes up for the rest of the content. What cut and paste horror! I can't even tell if they are into it or making fun of it. Why, why, why, does this crap come in for review? LO (pruneboot@netscape.net or jkr@nptlx.net)

HANDJIVE #1 5.5x8.5 \$7 28pgs.

I am in awe of Emily Heiple's ability to write really precise and insightful stuff. If you've read any of the stuff we have previously published in HaC then you know what I mean. All of her stories are about aspects of people's lives and really capture the essence of what is up. This 'zine talks about dreams, families, love, and much more. There are poems and contributions as well. This is really great. LO (5522 Stonewall Rd./Little Rock, AR 72207)

HAZLO TU MISMO #6 8x11 \$2 32pgs.

This is another 'zine from Argentina which comes out regularly and consistently. And an important one at that as they continue to document their own history by doing a 'zine that supports and promotes their local DIY punk/hardcore community just like *Heariatack*, *Maximum Rock'n'roll*, and others do in this country. This issues theme is education as they explore the what, how, and why of the topic with opinions from punks all around the globe. Also included is a lengthy interview with Former Members of Alfonso, Purpura, and G3. A group of columns and reviews as well. MA (CC 213 Suc 12 (B)/CP (1412) Buenos Aires/Argentina)

HAZLO TU MISMO #7 8x11 \$2 48pgs.

Here's the latest offering from HTM which keeps getting fatter and fatter with the design looking better and better. The editorial intro to this issue is the best one to date, full of conviction and sincerity with no apologies. As usual you get a big letters and columns section where plenty of good writing is found, bunch of reviews and interviews with Garage Fuzz, Discount, Fugazi, Kontraattaque, Catharsis, and Maldito Flanders. MA (CC 213 Suc 12 (B)/CP (1412) Buenos Aires/Argentina)

HERE BE DRAGONS #6 5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

The name caught my eye after reading an article on worm composting from this 'zine in *The Zine Yearbook #3*, so I wanted to check out more.

The 'zine, at first glance, isn't that exciting to look at visually. But that's okay 'cause the content makes up for it with some quality writing. There's a travel log, stuff on invasive species, disposable cameras, info on Linux system (which is an alternative to Windows 98), computer stuff, good tips in here on how to watch out for greedy landlords, and article on the findings of extinct mountain lions. So much stuff in here, wish I could explain each article to you because this small review doesn't do justice to all the information in here. The articles don't look like they are from some academic journal either so it's a good easy read for our short attention spans. Good stuff worth the money. AM (Mike Q. Roth/PO Box 8131/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

TS-Tim Sheehan, LK-Leslie Kahan, AM-Amal Mongia, DF-Dan Fontaine, KM-Kent McClard, MA-Mike Amezcua, DO-Dylan Ostendorf, RG-Ryan Gratzer, CF-Chuck Franco, DF-Dan Fontaine, SJS-Steve Snyder, LO-Lisa Oglesby, & GD-Graham Donath

I really enjoyed this 'zine. It's short and messy with cool images and great writing to catch my attention. It's cut'n'paste and it seems like most of it was written with a typewriter. It has an interview with the band Xiole Blue and an article on animal rights plus personal/political writings. Comes across very sincere. MA (Luciano/Del 168 Albatros 27/Punta Alta (8109/Bs As/Argentina)

IMAGINE #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 48pgs.

A very well done first issue! The editor of *Imagine* wanted to set up a journal that discusses Anarchy which would finally answer all of the questions people pose him. I think he has done this and more. Unlike many other 'zinies and journals about political theory, *Imagine* does not beat you over the head with facts like a textbook. Rather, there is commentary, discussion, stories, and a good sense of what is an is not interesting to a reader. This is an asset to someone looking to engage new people who have some interest in your cause. Some of the topics in this issue are police violence, vegan cooking, Noam Chomsky, some strange questions about Anarchy that he has answered, and personal freedom. I'm looking forward to issue #2 of *Imagine*. LO (PO Box 8145/Reno, NV 89507)

IMPACT PRESS #22 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

Impact Press just keeps going. This time the guys take on the following issues: the downside of space exploration and the negative impacts an expanding program could have on our planet and others; ticket broker scum and the high prices that result; how the continuing embargo and military action against Iraq is killing off the population of that country, American prisoners of conscience; and, lastly, the ways that businesses are collecting personal information to help themselves better target consumers. The authors of each write their essays in brief but direct rhetoric and provide addresses for further information. The *Impact Press* columnists always come up with some worthwhile reading. This time Don Pfaster does a good job discussing how Christianity might save itself from itself. There are the ubiquitous pages of short music reviews and a humorous take on urine tests. SJS (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

IMPULSE #11 8.5x11 free 6pgs.

This 'zine is comprised entirely of one really long column. The piece discusses the author's disdain for urban punks and how punks need to get more in touch with country living. This means not only living in the country but also appreciating underground/political country acts that are the heartbeat of that lifestyle. I enjoyed the idea and thought the column was well written. LO (Jon George/1457 Wildcat Ct. #305/River Falls, WI 54022)

KISS OFF #4 5.5x8.5 50¢/trade 26pgs.

This is an easily read cut and paste personal 'zine written as summer arrives in Ottawa and the punks try to come out of hibernation. There is some disillusion with their world though. The author wrestles with the privilege that allows him to live against the status quo. Then he writes an open letter to the public school that tried to make him conform to its standards. The letter is heartfelt and optimistic and provides a bright ray of sunlight in an otherwise overcast day kind of 'zine. SJS (Chris Landry/26 Assiniboine Dr./Nepean, ON/K2E 5R7/Canada)

LIPSTICK MY ESPIONAGE #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.

This 'zine digs into and brings to light some aspects of underground culture that are not often explored. The editor Kat starts off with some information on the life and accomplishments of Margaret Stanger. She is the originator of Planned Parenthood and early disseminator of information about contraception. Then there is an essay about contraception, sexual health, and sexual pleasure during the time of AIDS, and another excellent piece on the joys of using glamour as one's secret weapon and public statement of personal politics. There is an essay on truly DIY filmmaking that asks for something more than underground than trust fund kids scrabbling to get into the Sundance Festival. This issue concludes with some excellent music, film, and print reviews preceded by an analysis of methods and reasons for writing reviews. Kat says that reviewing is a part of the process by which people communicate ideas amongst themselves. *Lipstick My Espionage* is a wonderful 'zine. I hope there will be many more. SJS (K. Asharya/31 Tiemann Pl. #28/New York, NY 10027)

LOSE #2 4.25x5.5 \$1+2 stamps 60pgs.

Lose is a small 'zine packed cover to cover with the basic 'zine contents done in an eminently readable way. There are intelligently conducted interviews with Harriet the Spy, Incept, and Combat Wounded Veteran that give the band members opportunities to discuss issues important to them with wit and wisdom. Some areas covered include growing older, making money, computers, public schools, and punk rock. There is a fourth interview with skater Corey Wells that covers some personal history and his opinion on kids, the skate scene, and grown-ups. Other stuff includes humorous instructions for playing craps and a short story about an emotionally neglected child whose arms fall off. There is some music reviews that involve rating records with creative murder. SJS (Jason/PO Box 230823/Boston, MA 02123)

THE LAND OF DOOM #1 5.5x8.5 free 20pgs.

There is nothing here to review in my opinion, unless I tell you about whether or not this person's musical tastes are up to par with mine. This is called a "companion tip sheet" for a metal/he/doom radio show in Cleveland and some music reviews. So unless you live in the Ohio area this won't help you any, actually I don't see the need for this even if you do live in Ohio. AM (Christopher J. Klasa/PO Box 14157/Cleveland, OH 44114)

LIBERANDO AÑOS DE SILENCIO #34

8.5x11 \$3 44pgs.

Damm this is a big 'zine! This comes from Argentina and is mostly dedicated to covering ska and oi but not limited to that. It's mainly a music 'zine and has interview with Sandino Rockers, Otra Salida, K.V.M., and a bunch more. Plus a history of ska, Cro-Mags, and Dragonball Z. The best thing about this 'zine for me was the huge review section where they review almost entirely pure South American punk and hc. MA (CC 37/Correo Central/CP (5500)/Mendoza/Argentina)

MAC PARIADKA #70-#73 8.5x11 \$4 80pgs.

This is a long running anarchist magazine from Poland. According to the descriptions in their letter, they seem to be very timely and interesting. The only draw back for me is that I cannot read Polish. After the plenitude of political content there is a punk section that talks about things in the scene and has some interviews in each issue. Sounds like good stuff. LO (Redakcja/PO Box 67/81 806 Sopot/Poland or pariadka@polbox.com)

MANANA LOS CHICOS SERAN PRIMERAS #7

5.5x8.5 \$7 24pgs.

I really enjoyed this 'zine. It's short and messy with cool images and great writing to catch my attention. It's cut'n'paste and it seems like most of it was written with a typewriter. It has an interview with the band Xiole Blue and an article on animal rights plus personal/political writings. Comes across very sincere. MA (Luciano/Del 168 Albatros 27/Punta Alta (8109/Bs As/Argentina)

THE MATCH! #94 7x8.5 \$2.75 64pgs.

The amount of content in this is amazing. I've been casually reading this for weeks and have still not finished it. I can only imagine the incredible amount of work it must take to compile and create *The Match!* All of the content is centered on Anarchist thought, and I must say it is very discerning stuff. I enjoyed reading the current news and the contributors thoughts about them. Though they all sound very smart they also have a good sense of humor, making each piece all the more interesting to read. I am impressed that the editor has managed to self-publish this for thirty years; the experience he has gained is obvious throughout. I highly recommend this to anyone interested in reading more about Anarchism. LO (PO Box 3012/Tucson, AZ 85707)

MILPOOL #2 8.5x11 \$1 24pgs.

The interviews in this issue of *Milpool* are with Trepan Nation, Catch 22, and Gods Reflex. Also included are some informative political articles about Walmart and the degradation of Native American Culture at the University of Illinois. Some more personal rants close out the 'zine. I don't have any reason to think it, but I feel like this should be from England. Hmnn... LK (Jason/3922 Grand Ave./Western Springs, IL 60558)

MISC. NOID #1 8.5x5 \$1 12pgs.

A short first issue containing thoughts on the "outing" of Teletubby Tinky Winky, environmentalism, the mistreatment of greyhounds, teen relations, and the possibility of life on other planets. All the pieces are short and very fitting for a first issue. There are also a couple long poems from the editor. LO (Derik Boik/350 Harbour Isle Way/Longwood, FL 32750)

MOO #7 5.5x8.5 \$7 24pgs.

This is basically a punk 'zine with stories about what the editors like and dislike. They write about how they like to shop at Wal Mart, they review a Blink 182 CD, and print Rancid lyrics. There's other stuff in here but nothing worth mentioning. MA (108 Milta Ln./Kissimmee, FL 34743)

MOO! #8 5.5x8.5 \$7 24pgs.

The authors of this 'zine offer up thoughts on how the military is good and how anti-military 'zinies are disgusting, enlightening views into how third-shift waitresses at Waffle House should have friendlier attitudes, the notion that saying white males are largely responsible for oppression is somehow "fruity," a bit implying that Cuba and Castro are without merit, and a check list to see if your band is "mainstream." I know that these are younger people with possibly very different experiences than mine, and I know that it is very possible that they are just coming into things, but I really want the kids involved in punk/hardcore culture not to advocate ideas that sound like they could come straight out of any conservative, right-wing person's mouth. TS (see above address)

MR. POOHHEAD #6 5.5x8.5 \$3 (£1 in the UK) 48pgs.

I liked the fact that there was so much content in this 'zine. Inside you'll find lots of photos and reviews, annoying games you can play with your friends (whether they like it or not), a report on the S.T.E. two day fest, plus interviews with Rydell and Imbalance. The writer has a good sense of humor and does a commendable job of making the content interesting. LO (Adam/80 Grove Rd./Shirley/Southampton/SO15 3GG/UK)

NATURAL MYSTIC #10 8.5x11 \$3 24pgs.

This thing is as consistent as a monthly bill, but this one's a pleasure to look at. 10 issues and going strong. Great letters, columns, and review sections. Nothing is too sacred to talk about in this 'zine and the editor never holds back, which is what I like about it. Interviews with Diferentes Actitudes Juveniles and the band that loves to hate you emo kids, the mighty Hellionata, MA (CC 3893/Corre Central (1000)/Argentina)

NO LONGER BLIND #4 8.5x11 \$2.50 24pgs.

This comes with *Low Act #1* (a one-sided, one-page 'zine) and stickers. A very typical hardcore zine. Photocopied, average interviews, including our favorite, Earth Crisis. Also, Toe to Toe, Arms Reach, Thinking Positive Records, and Age of Distrust. Reviews, columns, all that jazz. GD (74 Gladstone Ave./Wollongong, NSW/2500/Australia)

NOR I #4 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

This is the second issue of *Nor I* that I got to read and has now become one my favorite LA 'zines, not that we have that me here anyway. Small little 'zine packed with stories of all kinds of things. Some written by the editor and others by contributors, the editors are my favorites though especially when he writes about the crazy things that happen to him in just one day. Great presentation as well. Give it a try. MA (Ron A/PO Box 66143/Los Angeles, CA 90066)

NOT FAR ENOUGH #6 4.25x5.5 50¢ 88pgs.

This is the second time I've seen an issue of *Not Far Enough*, and both times I thoroughly enjoyed it. This time around, Erin relies solely on her writing as opposed to accepting contributions from her friends. The end result is 88 pages of interesting, thought provoking, and well written content—both personal and political. Many different issues are tackled, including (but not limited to) the death of a good friend, women and their place in society (historically), punk, Emma Goldman, and avocados. This 'zine is well-rounded and offers enough varied content to keep it interesting, while still maintaining enough consistency that it is not disjointed. Just like last time, I look forward to future issues. LK (Erin/6044 Quinpool Rd./#5/Halifax, NS/B3L 1A1/Canada)

ONE DIRTY BIRD #1 5.5x8.5 free 16pgs.

This 'zine suffers from a lack of focus. Okay, lots of 'zines suffer from this, but this one does, too. In the pieces about the Southern Girls Convention, Satan, The Adicts, and graffiti you get a sense of where this person is coming from. Unfortunately, the rambling, bad drawings, and potty-mouth nature of the pieces got old fast. This editor needs to take a serious look at where she wants to go with the 'zine and tailor the stuff accordingly. LO (1976 Tammwood/Memphis, TN 38116)

OPEN 'ZINE #8 8.5x11 free 48pgs.

Open 'Zine is a hardcore 'zine out of Miami that focuses on the street tough hardcore, hip hop music, the scene, and the celebrity that some of its longtime members attain. The layout of this 'zine is top notch with active, readable pages throughout. Included in this issue are interviews with Agnostic Front and Maximum Penalty. Also the editors of *Open 'Zine* tell about being wronged by a local television show and a big time club. There are some musings about the internet, as well as music and 'zine reviews. The best stuff in this 'zine is the photos of Miami graffiti and the paintings by one of the editors that are on one of the last pages. More information about graffiti and how its energy and style has influenced the lives of the *Open 'Zine* crew would make this 'zine more interesting and unique. SJS (PO Box 562243/Miami, FL 33256)

OUNCE OF DOUBT #2 8.5x11 free 24pgs.

Once Of Doubt is a DIY cut and paste fanzine from New Jersey. This issue contains some ranting about the sorry state of his local scene and the odd references to straight edge in *Time* magazine. There is a nice story about exploring an abandoned mental institution that quite effectively expresses the author's scary experience. Joe, the editor, reprints some letters he wrote to HaC and makes further comments on how religion and hardcore cannot be reconciled. There are short reviews in here, too. The bulk of this issue is reprinted from elsewhere. From MRR the folks of Negativeland tell all the dirty secret about CDs and the high price labels charge for them. From *No Answers*, the Born Against interview is reprinted in all its majesty. Joe proves to be a thoughtful person in the stuff he wrote. I just wish he had filled this 'zine with more of his own experiences. SJS (61 Hacklebarney Rd./Long Valley, NJ 07853)

OUR PROJECT 8.5x11 free 16pgs.

I'm not actually sure what to call this; the makers refer to it as their project in their note and I think it makes enough sense. Anyway, this is a packet of sixteen separate pages of art and thought. Though I was hard pressed to find any central theme, I was able to pick up on the subtle indictments of culture and life that these pieces convey. I wished to had been able to really understand this art but it very likely went over my head. If you have an interest in abstract poster-style art then you may want to write for this. LO (David Jr/1044 Peninsula St./Ventura, CA 93001)

POTATOE #3 & #4 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

Potatoe is a dandy personal 'zine written in a friendly conversational style. The editor just opens up and lets stories from his life flow. Fortunately he has some good tales to tell. Issue #3 is compiled of recent events that often involve walking around cities. In one story the editor, Robert, is hassled by a cop while walking late at night. Elsewhere he takes a vacation in San Francisco and walks the city for 10 days. There is an ill-fated excursion into an abandoned building and an equally ill-fated punk party. Other stories involve road trips; one is about a trip to go swimming in Oklahoma one is a dance with death on the Arkansas interstates, and one more about a punk show deep in the woods and a friend with only one thing to say. There is also a short story about a guy hitchhiking away from his fate. Issue #4 is all stories about small towns. The authors write about living there, going to school, and watching whom stays behind and how they change. There are some contributions from folks writing about Granite City, IL, Havre de Grace, MD, and towns in Oregon and Nebraska. The majority of this issue revolves around Berryville, Arkansas and the editor's childhood. He begins with a description of the town and his house and continues on to describe the church his family went to and its slow collapse. Lots of writing about school, his interactions with fellow students, and a fifth grade teacher who took pleasure in harassing him straight into anti-authoritarianism. The remainder covers a fire, a prom, and memories of dead friends. *Potatoe* is a wonderful travelogue from person who knows his life is what he makes of it. SJS (PO Box 1891/Fayetteville, AR 72702)

PERCHANCE #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

This is a short story about miserable and disillusioned people who find a brief time of happiness before their doomed existence ends. One male punk suffering through the late stage of HIV infection and one female punk trying to escape the ruins of her idealized destroyism meet up by chance on an interstate. Their attempt to escape to Mexico and start a new life leads to a celebratory arc of mayhem, murder, and blaze of glory deaths in the Utah desert. This violent story is not easy to read but once I started, I finished it quickly. Hopefully it was therapeutic or cathartic or both for its author. SJS (The Death to Literature Collective/Firescar Ranch Land Trust/1672 Dead Indian Road/Ashland, OR 97520)

POOR CHILDREN KILLING MISLEADING GODS #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

This 'zine is a collaboration between five friends with similar interests for the most part. They would like to read you some of their poetry, tell you about their favorite stuff: authors like Ann Rice, bands like Sleater Kinney and Pavement in the form of reviews, TV shows like "Dawson's Creek," some movie reviews, and how they live the 'zine's name by eating "ghetto lunches." There isn't much here that caught my eye, although there is a sort of in depth article on a bookstore in NYC which carries small publications like 'zines including racist, pedophilic propaganda with a couple quotes from shoppers/boycotters. AM (89000 20th Ave./Brooklyn, NY 11214)

PASS THE PORK #10 5.5x8.5 \$1/donation 24pgs.

Pass The Pork focuses on veganism and socio-political-nutritional food issues, as well as adding some cynical commentary on the institution of marriage. It gets a bit too "preachy" at times, but the editor's personal experiences certainly warrant it. I'm quite impressed by the initiative taken by Missi when it comes to label-reading and contacting food companies when some question arises about their products' contents. The 'zine deals with Rice Dream issues, Bovine Growth Hormone, and a fictional (?) man named Milton with dirty secrets hidden in his refrigerator. Pretty good stuff overall. DO (929 Hampton Ct./Valparaiso, IN 46383)

PANIC STRIPS 5.5x8.5 \$1/2 stamps 24pgs.

This is a collection of comics that includes multitudes of characters in brief wacky situations or single panel punch lines. There are snowmen, animals, utensils, stuffed bears, and mutants of every sort. Some of these comics are quite humorous. They are definitely the products of an active imagination. The quickly scrawled nature of the images implies that the author is cranking them out as fast as he can. More power to him. SJS (Shannon Harle/PO Box 2224/Asheville, NC 28802)

PAPER RADIO #1 4.25x5.5 \$7 32pgs.

Hmm... How can I explain this. Imagine, if you will, that you have just woken up from an amazing dream. As you try to explain it to someone else you remember less and less—so by the time you are done with the story you don't even find it all that interesting. Now, imagine that you are describing it in comic form. All the pieces will not fit together and the best parts will no doubt be missing. This 'zine is comprised of about 60 two-section comics just like that. I read it twice to make sure I really didn't understand. I really didn't. LO (4243 Alta Mirano Way/San Diego, CA 92103)

POTTSIE NATION #13 8.5x11 \$2/trade 44pgs.

Wow, I'm really not sure what to say about this one. I can tell that Suzy invests a lot of time, work, and energy into this and its related projects, but I am confused about her intent. So much energy and space devoted to such topics as smoker's rights, television shows, popular culture, pro-wrestling, The Rye Coalition, support for punks selling out, "weird" (read: shock value) news bits, and "dead baby" jokes. I think the attitude is, "You're offended? Then fuck off." It's not really so much offensive as it just is depressing, insensitive, and pointless. Not too far from shit like *Maxim*, which begs the question: "Why does this shit deserve a voice in the underground?" Does the tobacco industry really need supposedly punk (which I've always believed to mean radical anti-corporate, anti-authoritarian kids) voicing defense for them? I know that there are many different people coming from many different experiences out there, but I feel myself growing more militant every year, and I've come to expect a lot more out of people. The way I figure it is that if you're not working to make some kind of positive difference in the world, then you're only aiding and abetting the individuals and systems of power that are making this place a hell for everyone that is not white and/or privileged. TS (15501 SW 42 Ave./Ellendale, MN 56026)

POURATAK OTPISANIN #3 8.5x11 \$7 44pgs.

This 'zine is entirely in Croatian, so the letter from the editor is the only guide I have as to what is inside. This issue features columns about the state of hardcore, the exploitation of sex in the media, Capitalism, depression, and more, as well as of interviews with I Don't Think So, Abinbandha, and Eterna Incocencia. There are also many reviews of records and 'zines and an argumentative letters section. LO (Mario Egic/F. Lovrica 24/44000 Sisak/Croatia)

RAINBOW GHETTO #6 4.25x5.5 33¢ 32pgs.

Trash, utter trash. *Rainbow Ghetto* consists of little more than talking shit about homeless men and women. The author makes claims of all the things he would do to "bums" given the wealth to buy enough liquor to exploit their "chemical crutches." There is something seriously wrong with anyone that would find this shit amusing. Pat writes: "Stab a bum in the head... steal a bum's backpack... get under the table and slash a bum's ankle." Call me a tough-guy, but if I caught anyone in my town pulling this kind of shit their ass or collective asses would get rolled. In the words of the immortal Tully McAndrews, "Don't fuck around." TS Send hate mail to: (Silent Psychic/PMB 183/111 Broadway Suite 133/Boise, ID 83702)

RATS IN THE HALLWAY #12 8.5x11 \$2 84pgs.

This is a big 'zine full of good reading. First, there are a lot of columns and opinion pieces including a nice story about a black eye from Kap, the guy who writes *Comfort Creature* 'zine. There are short interviews with Oxymoron and One Car Pile-up, and a longer talk with The Messyhairs. At the heart of the issue are excellent interviews with Winston Smith and Ted Rall. In these *Rats In The Hallway* editor Stefan asks thoughtful questions and receives extensive responses from both men. The talking flows smoothly through politics and philosophy and personal history and is a pleasure to read. The rest of the pages are filled with book reviews, 'zine reviews, and music reviews. There is a bit of violent and bloody fiction thrown in for good measure. SJS (PO Box 7151/Boulder, CO 80306)

REBELLION RULEZ #1 8.5x5.5 \$7 56pgs.

While the interviews with Kevin Huey Proudhon, Jeff Gameface and Lisa Oglesby were interesting, I have to say that first and foremost I am blown away by the sheer determination of the two creators of this 'zine, Stasa and Boris. *Rebellion Rulez* has been put together by these two folks while they were in the midst of bombs falling around them in Yugoslavia. The writings are mostly of a personal nature, and there are many different folks from throughout Europe that contribute to this 'zine. A bunch of "writings and babbings" fill out the remaining pages of the issue. Well done. If you want to get in touch with these two, e-mail might be best as regular mail to the area is still uncertain. LK (rebellionrulez@hotmail.com)

ROMPE LAS ARMAS #1 5.5x8.5 \$7 36pgs.

A self-labeled "hc-punk-sxe-vegan-'zine" and seems to be just that. The editor expresses lots of opinions in here all related to personal and social change but written in a very basic and general manner. There's also band interviews with 720, Loquero, Vieja Escuela, Charlie Brown, and Noise Crew. All writing in Spanish. MA (Claudio/Aranguren 1677/CP 1406/Bs As/Argentina)

REGULATE #3 5.5x8.5 free 28pgs.

I met a woman at a show who had some really cool ideas. When she walked away I reflected on the fact that we had a real conversation; the kind I had been missing lately. This good feeling seeped its way into this 'zine as I read it. Most of the content is made up of opinions, reviews, thoughts, and humor. These are all things that display a lot of personality, something I think most 'zines lack. This issue features anecdotes about a trip to Montreal, stories about women, thoughts on females who skate, an interview with Against The Grain, and never-ending top tens lists. I hope to hear more of her thoughts in future issues. My only real complaint was the handwriting became difficult to read as the pieces got longer. LO (1923 Stonestage St./Westlake Village, CA 91061)

RESKATOR #2 8.5x12 \$7 64pgs.

Man, I wish I could read this 'zine. It's written in Czech and it looks great. I mean really, it's got a very sharp professional look; lots of money and hard work probably went into this one. This music focused 'zine is 64 pages packed with hardcore from all over the world in the form of interviews, pictures, ads, and reviews. I'm gonna go get my hands on a Czech/English dictionary now, bye. MA (Tomas Miadek/V Krovinach 16-1540/Praha 4-Branik 147 00/Czech Republic)

RETROGRESSION August 99 news \$1 8pgs.

This issue covers a bunch of recent traveling done by the editor Dave Grenier. He describes his experiences during protest against the NATO bombing of Serbia and the trip to D.C. and back. He found the nationalism of many Serbians in attendance disturbing and questions the effectiveness of the rally at the Pentagon. More inspiring is his diary of a summer vacation that included visits to the hardcore festivals in Wilkes-Barre, PA and Columbus, and visits with friends in Pittsburgh and Louisville. Another essay discusses loneliness and discomfort with making new acquaintances. A contributed article covers some recent decisions by Congress that deals with juvenile justice of various sorts and a critical analysis of flag "desecration." There are some solid music and 'zine reviews, including a lengthy essay tying together many social issues into a discussion of the new Trial recording. SJS (PO Box 815/Norton, MA 02766)

THE RIGHT PATH #6 #8 8.5x11 \$1 20pgs. each

Issue #6 is photocopied with a few columns, lots of reviews, and a mediocre interview with Fred Hammer of *It's Alive*. A very short read for a dollar. Issue #7 is on newsprint with a few columns, lots of reviews, a few ads, and mediocre interviews with Indecision and Hatebreed. Issue #8 is again, photocopied with a few columns, lots of reviews, a few ads, and interviews with Buried Alive, In My Eyes, Committed, and Asinine Solution. I particularly like the photo on the cover of the individual with one pant leg pulled up and hat sideways. Humorous. GD (Josh Lyons/49 Wilcox St./Rochester, NY 14607)

SACK LUNCH #1 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 24pgs.

Sack Lunch is a comic 'zine compiled of work by a number of folks. Most of the pieces tell personal stories with some humor. The drawing styles are varied and the stories are all pretty good. Rebecca Dillon tells of minor irritations and an odd request from her son's father. Carrie McNinch has four entries that deal with internal growths, body odor, parents, and house-sitting using her fine blend of sarcasm and sensitivity. There are bizarre stories about elves and gnomes, assassinating Scott Baio, lawyers in bed, and mullets. Anne Thalheimer contributes three stories about her housemates that center on refrigerator contents, food, and dinner conversation. All in all this is a very nice 'zine. SJS (Mikeal Van Cleave/319 E Michigan/Galesburg, MI 49053)

SECOND RATE #1 5.5x8.5 free 12pgs.

There are two small problems with this 'zine. First, they had handwritten a number of their pieces and have printed them very small. This makes it way too hard to actually read these sections. Second, their interviews with John Cougar Concentration Camp and someone from United Records Pressing Plant were just too short. Now, I understand that not everyone can have great interviews the first time out. I am noting this mostly so it gets better. Make them longer and make sure they have content! Aside from that, there is your average 'zine fare, including short rants on the scene and media outrage. LO (Kevin Allesce/PO Box 2510/Port Charlotte, FL 33949)

SELF-DEFENSE #5 5.5x8.5 \$1/3 stamps 42pgs.

This was a pretty enjoyable read. Marissa gives her thoughts on experiences with AmeriCorps, planning a trip to Chiapas (look for an article in issue #6), underground hip-hop, activism (that is activism via computer for you low techs), Detroit, and muscle cars. She also interviews Bald Rapunzel and the head honcho of *Jackhammer* and *Introspect* Publications. The layout is sometimes difficult to decipher, but if you can you find some cool stuff. LO (135 N Terrace/Wichita, KS 67208)

SILENT #2 5.5x8.5 \$7 52pgs.

This 'zine is part music and part personal. Within it's pages the editor debates with himself the reasons for doing a 'zine. He also writes about girls, scene politics, and staying DIY. There are some brief journal entries and a few poems. The bulk of this issue contains interviews with Gray Before My Eyes and Wasted Land. The latter starts off slow but gets better as they discuss straight edge and the distinctions between commercial and underground culture. There are many reviews. It is nice to see that the number of 'zine, book, and film reviews is about equal to the music reviews. SJS (Rik/Duvelsbroek 5/2400 Mol/Belgium)

SILENT WITNESS #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

This is one woman's written efforts to make some sense of her experiences. She tackles some heavy issues, such as watching her mother have a breakdown and her own rape. This is very cathartic, and a very strong attempt to break some of the silence suggested by the title. I know how important it is to get shit like this out of your head so that it can be dealt with, and I hope Jen finds some of the healing and closure she deserves. TS (10584 GSS/Durham, NH 03824)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS 5.5x8.5 \$7-20pgs.

Poetry of above average quality, heavily laden with imagery-inducing words. Many allusions are made to classical Greek mythology. Very personal content; I'm not exactly sure what to make of it all. I'm thinking that the title implies that the reader will tap into the kind of energy of the "sleepless night" experience, similar to what *In Abandon* does. Where the aforementioned 'zine succeeds at this, this one does not. Sparse. TS (34 Fountain St./Burlington, VT 05401)

SPANK FANZINE #27 8.5x11 \$3 76pgs.

This is a glossy cover 'zine from Des Moines, which packs quite a lot into this issue. You will find short interviews with Carter Peace Mission, The Kiss Offs, The Lillingtons, No Motiv, the guy who runs Bad Monkey records, and the guy who runs Stiff Pole records. There are longer and more engaging interviews with The Pinehurst kids, Moral Crux, and The Capitol City Dusters. Authors who have intelligence and passion and can reconcile the two write the columns that open *Spank*. The remainder of the pages is filled with music and 'zine reviews that are short but often helpful. SJS (1004 Rose Ave./Des Moines, IA 50313-3000)

SLUG AND LETTUCE #60 news 55¢ 16pgs.

Few publications are more worthy of your 55¢ (the USA postage cost) than an issue of *Slug & Lettuce*. With other 'zines I sometimes feel that nothing new has been said; the S&L columns, on the other hand, are intelligent and original. Plus, the music and 'zine reviews are numerous. Chris shares her thoughts on community, communication, and her wedding in this issue. DF (Christine Boats Larson/PO Box 2632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632)

SO FUCKIN WHAT? #8 8.5x11 \$2 26pgs.

Issue #8 is declared to be the "No Rock Issue" and, as you might guess, there are no band interviews contained within the pages. Instead, there are a bunch of columns (some of which were pretty interesting) and articles about different political happenings—including stuff on Mumia Abu-Jamal and the presence of toxic dumping sites located near residential areas. The remaining pages are filled with record and 'zine reviews, and a few general rants. LK (253 Alexander St. #322/Rochester, NY 14607-2538)

SOUND VIEWS #54 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs. \$2

In this issue of *Sound Views* you will find interviews with New York City ska band Inspector 7 and author Henry Flesh. The latter covers his coming of age at the fringes of the Factory scene in the late '60s and his thoughts on the state of gay politics and relationships at the end of the '90s. Other stuff this issue includes an overview and discussion of NYC cabaret laws and how it effects clubs. There is a reassessment of the Live Skull discography, and a lengthy article on two summer concert series in Brooklyn. Other items of note are the ongoing column by Jonathan Dixon in which he tells all about his string of bad dating experiences and a long description of a week spent exploring Paris. The music reviews are diverse and insightful as usual. Another fine issue. SJS (PO Box 23523/Brooklyn, NY 11202-3523)

STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE #2

8.5x12 free 4pgs.

Stamped Addressed Envelope is pretty much what you are reading here, a long section of 'zine reviews. The reviews are well done and emphasize a number of projects from the UK and Europe. This is mostly because the project is based out of the UK and is very interested in getting people to order the 'zines from the local 'zine distros they site. A good little resource if that is where you are at, or if you are just into 'zine reviews. They post this on the web as well. LO (Ewan Frater/84 Oakhill Rd./Sutton/Surrey/SM1 3AL/UK)

STAY GOLD JESSE... STAY GOLD #3

4.25x5.5 \$1 24pgs.

A short and sweet little personal 'zine of anecdotes and observations. Jesse tells of his adventures at a backwoods wedding chapel, high school graduation, living in a "student ghetto," getting a job, going to the road blockade in Minnehaha Freestate, and riding trains. It is all hand written, so be sure to have one your glasses. LO (300 W 14th St./Lawrence, KS 66040)

STINKERBELLE #12 5.5x8.5 free 16pgs.

This is the last issue of *Stinkerbelles* ever because he wishes to move on. He's out of high school, etc. The 'zine is subtle with its cut and paste layout and not a whole lot of stuff on the pages, but it still gets nice amount of good content. There is some information bits on avoiding the draft (practical?), not buying the cancer stamps, and others. There is also poetry and a few stories. So sad to see you go, *Stinkerbelles*. Just kidding, I'm just trying to make you feel bad. RG (4952 Inspiration Dr./Hilliard, OH 43062)

SULLIVAN #2 8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.

This 'zine didn't really speak to me or talk about much that I was directly interested in, so it had a hard time convincing me of its merit. This issue has pieces about the editor's adventures at the Cleveland Fest, the thirty year career of musician Commander Cody, personal anecdotes, and a how-to guide for a European vacation as well all the usual contents of reviews and columns. There was also a 'zine within this 'zine called *Catharsis* that had a lot of personal pieces, an exposé of Procter & Gamble, and a discussion of the club Soma. Alright at best. LO (306 NW El Norte Pkwy. PMB 305/Escondido, CA 92026)

SWALLOW GLASS 5.5x8.5 \$7 20pgs.

Angry and bitter, this is a personal 'zine of the extremely bent. It's almost like reading a letter you found under the table at the café: you don't know the people, you don't know the situation, and you don't really get much out of reading it except for a creepy feeling. Maybe some commentary on the pieces would have made it a little more accessible. The layout is cut and paste, but not the good kind... Several of the fourteen pieces were titled "Untitled." TS (Tom Naughton/19 Palmer Rd./Foxboro, MA 02035)

SWEET AMERIKA #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

I have a bone to pick with this 'zine because of a small piece written in here by one of the editors called "Reverso Racism." It seems this guy is bothered by black people taking care of their own and being vocal about it. This guy is bothered by the popular black owned clothing line called FUBU who make clothes with black people in mind, he calls it reverse racism because "it's made by black people and made for black people." You really have to read this article for yourself because the way it came across to me was that this guy is basically trying to say that shit was fucked up a long time ago and now it's not so bad, but when people do this type of stuff (such as FUBU) it's gonna make it fucked up again. Then he starts waving the fucking "unity" and "all men are created equal" flag. Obviously I don't agree with none of this guy's shit and there's a lot of stuff I'd like to express here but I know this is only a review. The rest of the 'zine sucked ass. MA (Bagobmx@aol.com)

TEENAGE DEATH SONGS #11 7x8.5 \$7 28pgs.

It's funny how often in life I am inundated with odd coincidences, like meeting strangers that I share mutual friends or acquaintances with. This 'zine is by Kim, the woman that did *Square Suckers*. She grew up in the same small and shitty rural Tennessee town that I did. In fact, she was best friends with my younger brother throughout high school. She now lives in Virginia and her 'zine finds its way into my reviews batch here in California. Kim is an amazing writer. Like in *Cometbus*, she can write of things like old friends or old towns and make them fascinating and relevant to everyone... anyone. But better than in *Cometbus*, she writes with a woman's perspective and with quite a bit more humility. This is a personal 'zine that transcends the tired clichéd-ness of its ilk. Highly recommended. TS (PO Box 5664/Richmond, VA 23220)

TMA-I 8.5x11 33¢ 4pgs.

A very short newsletter from a person who has just begun to unleash their thoughts upon the world. The hope is that this project will grow into a "running dialogue" with the scene, so the editor has typed out a few ideas that will hopefully encourage response. Or, at least, briefly give some background. The contents include book, movie, and record reviews and a short piece about realizing the sexism in his life. I'm curious to see what this becomes; my guess is something along the lines of *Chumpire*. LO (David Robitaille/473 Church St./Putnam, MA 06260)

TIEMPO DE CAMBIO #14 8x11 \$2 24pgs.

Tiempo De Cambio has easily become one of my favorite 'zines in recent months. There's so much to read here I couldn't possibly do it all at once, but by bits and pieces I eventually got through it. You could say this is a music 'zine but there is really more to it than that since there's more writing than band interviews. I really like the editors writing, it's done with lots of humor and sarcasm. There's a very funny piece in here called "Tell Me How You Dress And I Will Tell You What You Are" where the editor pokes fun by categorizing the various "fashions" of the scene where he is from, such as straight-edgers, anarcho-punks, emo-kids, etc. It's funny to me because it could've easily been written about the scene here in the states; we've become very predictable. Along with all that, there is interviews with Whisper and the incredible Dance Of Days, plus reviews and ads. All in Spanish. MA (CC 4524/Suc. (1000)/Bs As/Argentina)

THAT GIRL #10 7x8.5 \$2 56pgs.

This issue chronicles Kelli's cross country train adventure more than anything else. On the train you have lots and lots of time, so why not write page upon page of funny observations and descriptions of your fellow passengers? You do get a few travel anecdotes in between though. Other content includes wise words from her mother, thoughts on stagnant feminism, her trip to "Sally," and some other thoughts. There is also a bit of news from her love life, poor girl. That shit is just hard. Overall, this 'zine is like a real person: good for the most part with a few flaws here and there. I like the woman who comes through in this 'zine, so I like the 'zine. LO (PO Box 170612/San Francisco, CA 94117)

UGLY AMERICAN 8.5x11 \$5 214pgs.

This incredibly large 'zine has rather eclectic content. Approximately 170 of the pages contain musical analyses of bands ranging from Marilyn Manson, to Earth Crisis, to Fatboy Slim, to Sepultura, to Fugazi, to Rob Zombie. We can't imagine that people would be interested in all of this, but there is bound to be one or two sections of interest for most people. The sections in which we felt any sort of connection to the band or music discussed ended up being interesting in an analytical way, which is odd to find in the context of punk. Contrasting (or complementing?) the musical sections there are also a handful of interviews with various porn superstars. The questions all pertain to the business of sex entertainment. LK/LO (Greg Chapman/PO Box 264/Little Silver, NJ 07739)

UNDERDOG #27 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

More good stuff from Chicago's *Underdog* 'zine. This time out we get feature articles on the rise and fall of silent filmmaking in Chicago and an analysis of glam rock that includes a look at some of the finer LPs to come from that misunderstood precursor to punk. A bunch of folks write about personal experiences, including some class analysis from a Subway restaurant, a recollection of domestic violence, an essay on trust, and a long description of a family vacation that was doomed from the start. The movie reviewed for this issue is "The Boy In The Plastic Bubble" and a few intriguing tid-bits come to light about its cast. *Underdog* opens with a lengthy section devoted to all current information about the Chicago punk and hardcore underground including bands, tours, shows, 'zines, and a fabulous letter section. SJS (1513 N Western Ave./Chicago, IL 60622-1747)

VEGAN ACTION NEWSLETTER 8.5x11 \$1 16pgs.

This isn't really a 'zine, but rather it's a newsletter from Vegan Action. If you aren't already familiar with Vegan Action, it's a group dedicated to the vegan cause (which you can probably guess from the name). I remember when they were first starting up, and this newsletter definitely shows that they have grown and changed a lot in the past several years. This newsletter mostly contains information about the newly established Vegan Action chapters that are popping up in different cities worldwide. If you would like more information about veganism, or possibly starting your own Vegan Action group, write to these folks or check out their website (www.vegan.org) and I'm sure they'll be helpful. LK (Vegan Action/PO Box 4353/Berkeley, CA 94704)

WE DARE BE FREE #5 news \$1 20pgs.

This is the newspaper of several New England anarchist organizations. It contains much information about Anarchist sponsored or affiliated agitation and activities from around the world and around the Northeast of the US. It opens with a piece entitled "Anarchism and Revolution" excerpted from a longer work by Peter Kropotkin. The center contains an essay by French anarchist Elisee Reclus that discusses the close connections between evolution and revolution. The last essay focuses on the history of the Free Women organization during the Spanish Revolution. Between these large pieces are pages of short articles that tell of many actions, victories, and setbacks for every movement you've heard of and many not so well known. From Jamaica to Greece and Montevideo to Chilika, India you get the lowdown on what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. It is often inspiring to read about so much unrest in places that our media prefers to ignore. SJS (PO Box 230685/Boston, MA 02123)

WHERE I'VE BEEN #2 4.25x5.5 75¢ 24pgs.

The content of this short personal 'zine has some heartbreak, but is mostly a dialog from somebody trying to grapple with the complexity of living in this world. Although I didn't make a personal connection with the material, the feelings are passionate and the writing is intelligent. The stitched binding is cool, too! DF (Mike Corman/1995 Stewart Ave./Courtenay, BC/V9N 3H8/Canada)

YUMA #4 4.25x5.5 \$1.55 52pgs.

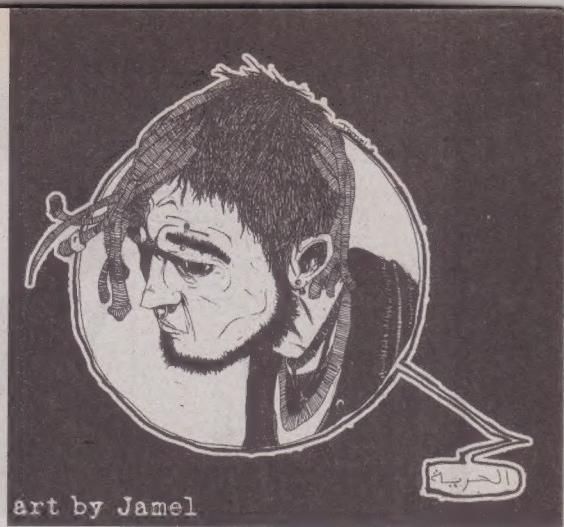
Thick tiny 'zine filled with all kinds of personal writing, some enjoyable to me some not. The enjoyable parts grew on me after awhile, so since it fits in my back pocket I'll probably just carry it with me and see what else I get out of it. It's that interesting. MA (Stickfigure 'Zine Distro/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

ZIPPER #7 & #8 4.25x7 \$1.32/48pgs.

I was incredibly impressed with these two issues of this 'zine. For the youth by the youth and fucking amazing! This kid, and I say that only because the editor is very proud of the fact, writes with style and impressive insight about the world around him/her. Many of the things in these pages are youth centered issues such as schooling, curfews, and rebellion but there are plenty of other pieces on body image, critical mass, Mumia, tamps, public school shootings, milk, and vegan recipes. This is the most refreshing and honest 'zine I have read in a long time. Read this!! LO (PO Box 2624/Portland, OR 97208)

SO FUCKIN WHAT? #7/YOU'RE NOT NORMAL #10 8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.

I have had the good fortune of reviewing *So Fuckin What?* 'zine before. This one is of course a joint effort with *You're Not Normal* 'zine. It keeps getting better and better. More columns, more reviews and more punk rock politics. I don't really know much about the Rochester scene but it seems like they have a good thing going. In this issue you will find interviews with Global Holocaust, Dark Skies Fallen, Standfast, and A Death Between Seasons, plus they take on homelessness, hemp, anarcho punk and loads of other stuff. CF (253 Alexander St. #322/Rochester, NY 14607-2538)



art by Jamel

FUCKTOOTH #24/SPECTACLE #5 5.5x8.5 \$3 100pgs.

The collaborative efforts of Jen and Theo have created something quite spectacular here. Each lend their voices on the issues involving technology and its effects on our world, and each do it well. There are also contributions about hacking, nuclear testing, gene technology and bio-technology, and computers. Complementing these are fabulous interviews with animal rights activist Tony Wong and activist/city councilman Nathan Berg. As of late, there has been much discussion of the impact of technology. I'm not sure if the impetus lies with Y2K or the increasing fears of our disconnection with nature. No matter, the point here is that a great piece of reading has come out of it. I heartily suggest reading this 'zine. LO (Tree Of Knowledge/PO Box 251766/Little Rock, AR 72225)

CONFESIONS TO CORY #3/ANOTHER NAME FOR NOTHING #4 5.5x8.5 \$1/3 stamps 44pgs.

Haim or Feldman? Okay, I know the name of issue #3 is spelled differently. This starts out with this guy writing stuff and a bird commenting on the things he writes. Pretty weird idea, but it manages to get some messages across in a new way. The rest of this half has some personal writings. One thing I thought was funny was when someone was talking about a band he played in and he says that his friend John played drums "even though he plays bass in real life." Hmm, okay, so this band was in fake life? Or maybe the story is fiction with real life characters. The other side of this split, ANFN is similar in genre in that it has mostly personal writings and stories. There is more writing in it though. Some funny and interesting stories about pool hopping in the summer and other stuff. They compliment each other well, and both were good. So sayeth me: RG (Chris Carroll/1725 Greenwood Rd./Roanoke, VA 24015)

TEENAGE DEATH SONGS #10/KOLE KOLE #1

7x5.5 \$7 36pgs.

I think literary 'zines should do two things when reading them, keep you interested enough where you don't want to do anything else till you finish or inspire the reader to write their own thoughts down. Although I don't think this would work in everyone's case, but this 'zine pretty much inspires me to do a 'zine. There isn't much exciting stuff in here, just the writers thoughts down on paper. But the good cut and paste layout artwork compliment the words beautifully. The writing is personal, some is kind of abstract like how your mind might work in 3 am. There is some poetry and a long story about high school, growing up, and making friends in Richmond. I enjoyed looking at this and reading it. AM (Kim/PO Box 5664 Richmond VA 23220)

Stuff we liked:
Fucktooth #24/Spectacle #5
Girl/Boy
Not Far Enough #6
Rebellion Rulez #1
Zipper #7 & #8
Burn Collector #10
Agua #2-#4
Chump: Reflections On A High School Underground Newspaper
Disarmament #1
Potatoe #3 & #4
Slug & Lettuce #60
Teenage Death Songs #11

SENTIMENTOS OPRIMIDOS/DORTIES split ep
 SHORT MATE TEMPER/GODSTOMPER split ep
 KONTRATTAKUE "LUCHAS, TRAGEDIAS E HISTORIAS..." ep
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